Radio MIRROR

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FADDEN
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When RUDY
VALLEE
Runs Away

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says
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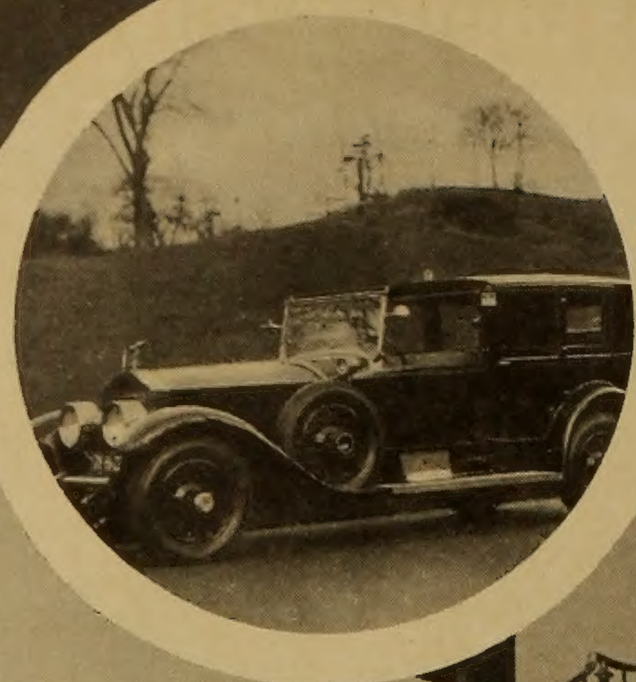
the Morro Castle

RUDY
VALLEE



FUR COAT FROM REVILLON FRÈRES

HAT BY LILY DACHE

INTERIOR DECORATION BY W. & J. SLOANE

JEWELRY FROM MARCUS & CO.

All hers!

. . yet she uses a 25¢ tooth paste

why?

At Palm Beach and Nassau, California and Cannes, every year they flock by scores — those smart, cultured women with enough money to indulge the slightest whim. And the number of them who use Listerine Tooth Paste is amazing. Obviously price could be no factor in their choice. Why then did they choose this tooth paste with its modest price of 25¢? Only one answer: better results.

Direct Cleansing

Listerine Tooth Paste *does* cleanse teeth better than ordinary pastes, says a great dental authority. That is because its cleansing agents come in *Direct Contact* with decaying matter on teeth. With the aid of the tooth brush they spread over tooth surfaces and penetrate hard-to-reach crevices, attacking tartar and sweeping away germ laden debris and discolorations.

Unlike some dentifrices, Listerine Tooth Paste does not cover teeth with a slippery barrier over which the brush slides only partly removing the debris beneath.

See and Feel the Difference

You can *feel* the difference Direct Cleansing makes, the moment you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Your teeth actually *feel* cleaner when you run your tongue over them. Try it yourself and see. And within a few days your mirror tells you that they *look* whiter.

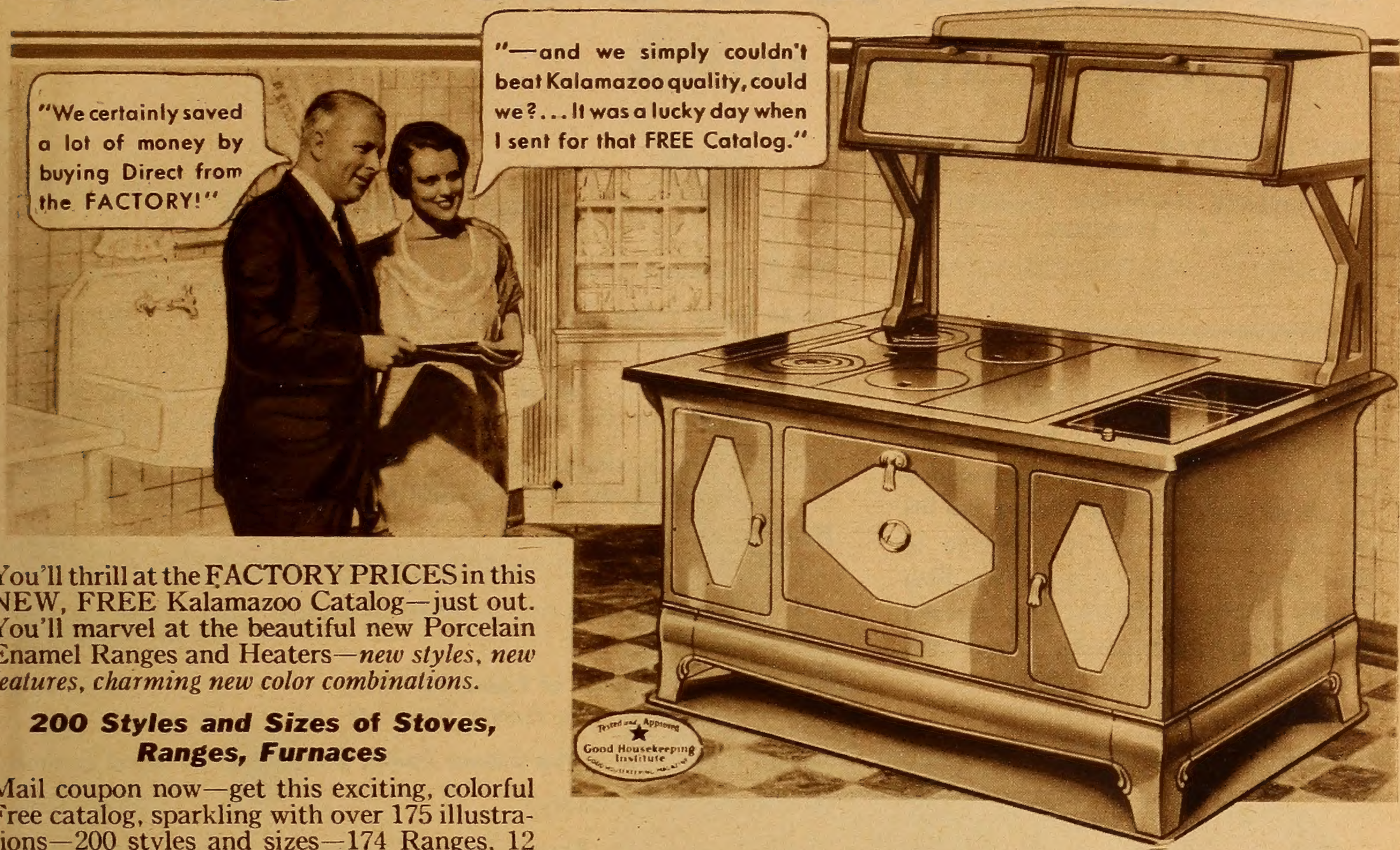
Try It One Week

Why not give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial? Why not let it make your teeth cleaner, more brilliant, more sparkling? In every way this modern tooth paste is worthy of the quality name it bears; worthy too, of the confidence placed in it by millions of women. In 2 sizes—regular 25¢ and double size 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

850,000 Customers have *proved* the economy of

FACTORY PRICES



You'll thrill at the FACTORY PRICES in this NEW, FREE Kalamazoo Catalog—just out. You'll marvel at the beautiful new Porcelain Enamel Ranges and Heaters—*new styles, new features, charming new color combinations.*

200 Styles and Sizes of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces

Mail coupon now—get this exciting, colorful Free catalog, sparkling with over 175 illustrations—200 styles and sizes—174 Ranges, 12 Different Heaters; 22 Furnaces—the finest Catalog Kalamazoo ever printed. More bargains than in 20 Big Stores—Come straight to the Factory. Quality that over 850,000 satisfied customers have trusted for *34 years.*

What This Catalog Offers You

1. **Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges; Coal and Wood Ranges; Circulating Heaters; Furnaces**—both pipe and one-register type—all at FACTORY PRICES.
2. **Cash or Easy Terms**—Year to Pay—A New Money Saving Payment Plan.
3. **30 Days FREE Trial**—360 Days Approval Test.
4. **24 Hour Shipment**—Safe Delivery Guaranteed.
5. **$100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction.**
6. **5 Year Parts Guarantee.**
7. **FREE Furnace Plans—FREE Service.**

The "Oven That Floats in Flame"

Read about the marvelous "Oven that Floats in Flame"—also new Non-Scorch Lids, new Copper Reservoirs and other new features. Everybody will be talking about this FREE Catalog.

Quality Heaters and Furnaces

Many styles of Porcelain Enamel Heaters—both Walnut and Black. Also Wood-burning stoves at bargain prices. Make a double saving by ordering your furnace at the factory price and installing it yourself. Thousands do. It's easy. Send rough sketch of your rooms. We furnish FREE plans.

Buy Your Stoves Direct from the Men Who Make Them

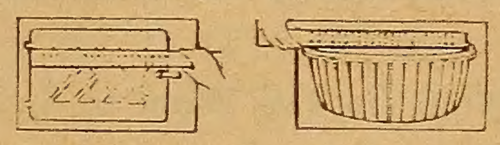
You don't have to pay *more* than the Factory Price. Don't "guess" at quality. Follow the lead of 850,000 others who saved millions of dollars by buying their stoves direct from the men who make them. Come straight to the Factory. Mail coupon *now* for this interesting FREE Catalog.

THE KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, *Manufacturers*
469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich. *Warehouses: Utica, N. Y.; Akron, Ohio*

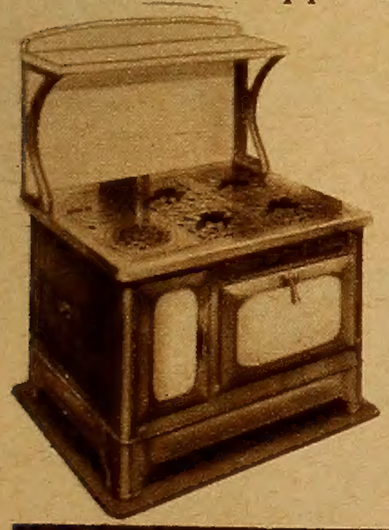
Prepare for a Cold Winter

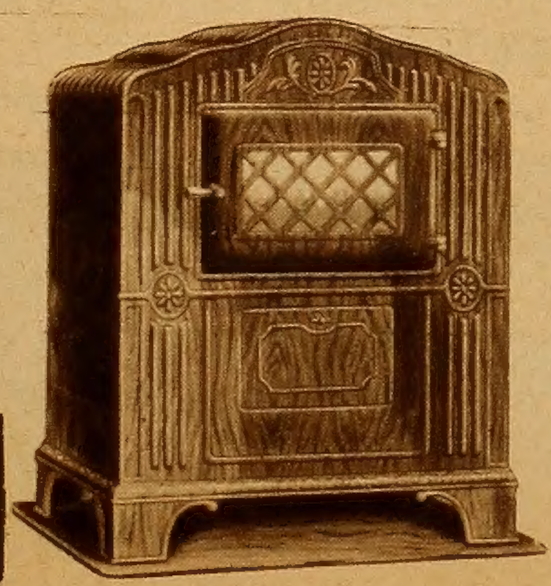
20 inches wide Fire Door takes logs 11½ inches thick, 18 inches long.

22½ inches wide Fire Pot takes big chunks of coal. Holds fire 15 hrs.



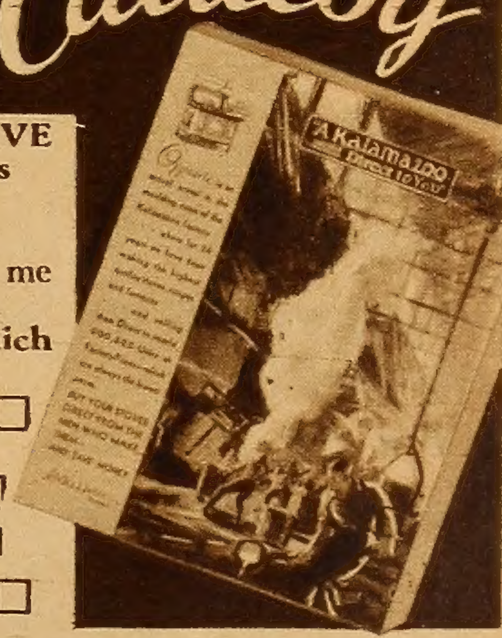
NEW FRANKLIN HEATER





"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade Mark Registered

FREE *Catalog*



KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Manufacturers
469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE Catalog. Check articles in which you are interested.

- Coal and Wood Ranges ☐
- Comb. Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges ☐
- Oil Stoves ☐ Heaters ☐
- Furnaces ☐

Name .....
(Please Print Name Plainly)

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Radio MIRROR

VOL • 3 NO • 2
DECEMBER • 1934

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL
ART DIRECTOR

In January RADIO MIRROR:

A revealing story about Kate Smith's Matinee . . . Phil Baker's Honeymoon for Three . . . The stars confess the little sins of which they're ashamed in their past . . . and a surprising Bing Crosby feature! Below, the Crosby twins themselves, in person (first photo).

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3 trying moments conquered!

How WONDERSOFT KOTEX gives women freedom never before dreamed of

Ice-skating is Vigorous!

● But the modern girl can enjoy sports without discomfort. Wondersoft Kotex never ropes or pulls; it keeps readjusting itself because of the special center—unlike other pads.

Bridge takes concentration

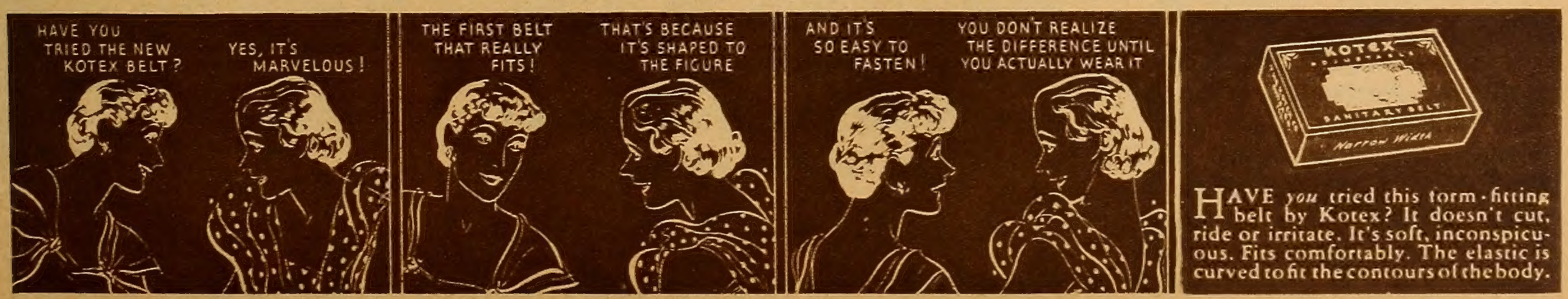
● At the bridge-table, she used to squirm and fidget on *those* days. But Wondersoft Kotex stays dry at the edges, stays soft for hours. No chafing or harsh rubbing because sides are covered in filmy cotton.

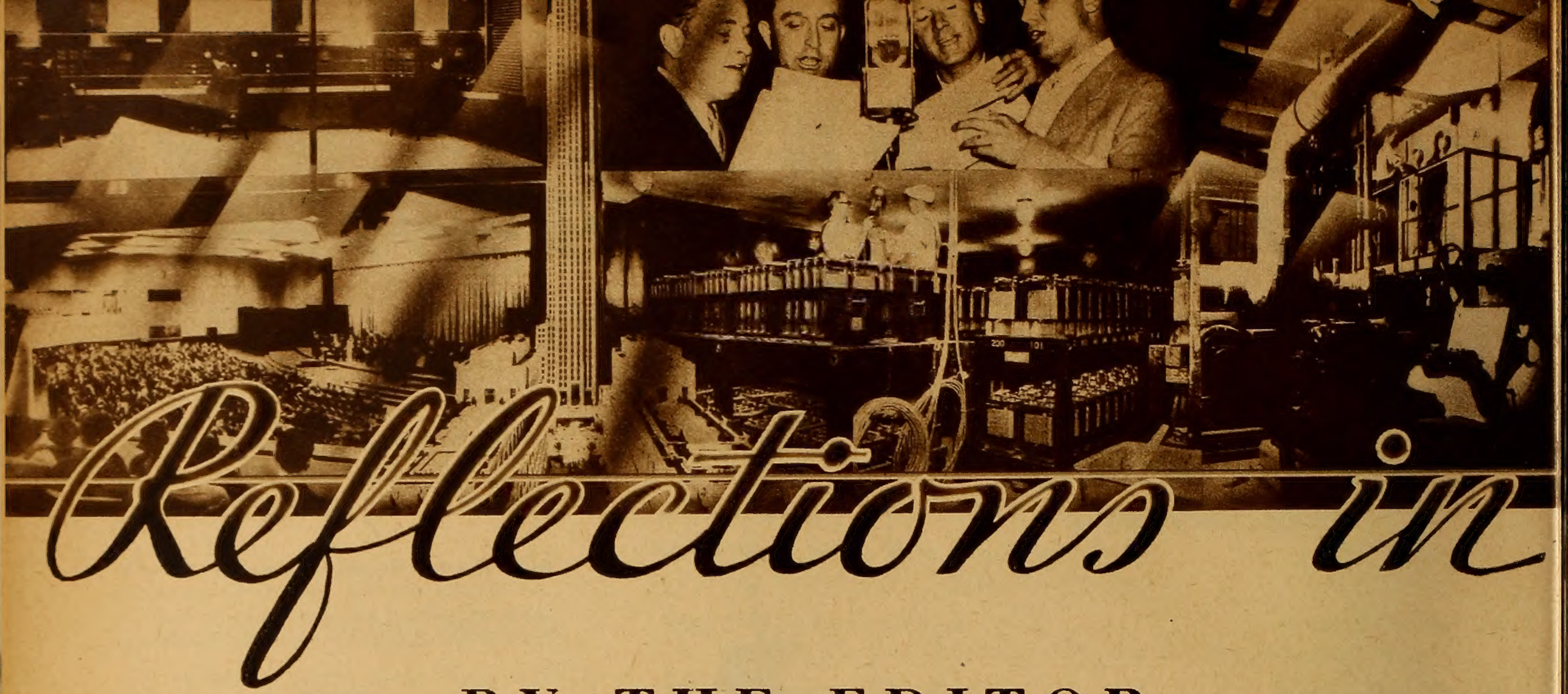
A filmy, daring frock

● The kind of frock she wouldn't have dared to wear yesterday; so sheer, so light in color. But she is sure of absolute protection to both dress and lingerie, when she wears Wondersoft Kotex. The special center absorbs safely; the sides stay dry. And not a single tell-tale line shows.

● Too bad all women don't know the special patented advantages found only in Wondersoft Kotex. Wear it on either side, of course. Buy it in that smart new box that doesn't look like a sanitary napkin package. All stores have it—and you pay the same price for either Super or regular size. In emergency, find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

One Woman Tells Another About This New Comfort





Reflections in

BY THE EDITOR

BUILDERS of sponsored programs should take a lesson from the lark which Waring's Pennsylvanians have with the Ford advertising flashes. They're painless, unobstrusive, and amusingly handled.

And while I'm about it, my enthusiastic vote goes to Fred Waring for the most consistently high-powered, most brilliantly put together, and most cleverly directed program on the air.

ASIDE to Buddy Rogers: You're working hard on your Ward Bread program and it's coming along fine. But you make a big mistake featuring your imitator of Fred Waring's Poley. The sincerest form of flattery is poison to the radio listener. Don't put your program in the class of the Gracie Allen imitators.

WHEN should studio audiences applaud?

According to the present system, the visitors are told when. The director raises his hand and the thunder of approval rumbles. The reason is that if studio audiences were allowed to clap whenever they felt like it, it might hold up the program, drown out a wisecrack, an announcement or something equally sacred.

Sometimes this system works out all right. But witness Fred Allen's program for proof of how it can endanger the popularity of a swell comedian, break down the faith of the tuner-inner in the sincerity of the presentation.

The interpolated skits which advertise Sal-Hepatica and Ipana are followed by a few bars of orchestral music which effectively ring down the curtain. Then what? Then deafening rounds of applause. Why?

The Bristol-Myers Company has evolved a clever way of putting over its products. But no radio listener can believe that the studio listeners are so impressed with these sketches that they'd receive them with such frantic approval. It makes that audience seem like a claque.

The program costs loads of money. It wouldn't cost a dime to tell the director to keep his hand down.

ONE of the swellest presentations on the air, according to my lights, is also one of the least pretentious. It's Captain Tim Healy's Ivory Stamp Club.

Any teller of tales can profit by listening to the grand tempo that Captain Tim achieves when he recounts the adventures of famous spies and the stories behind national stamps. That slight accent of his only makes his style more ingratiating.

Perhaps his sponsors have found out that the program, designed for kids, is just as entertaining to grandpa and dad as it is to sonny. Now it's an NBC network broadcast on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at quarter of six, Eastern Time.

THE Morro Castle is in the limbo of yesterday's news. But the opinions of the Radio Operators, Rogers and Alagna, that appear in this issue, are of vital interest to every thinking American.

There's one other angle to be put in the records: Hundreds of relatives spent dragging hours of anxiety waiting for a list of survivors of the catastrophe. Radio's agreement with the newspapers prevented it from putting on the air the names of the missing and dead and rescued which it could have done long before the papers could come out with them.

In the case of extreme necessity such a working agreement should be temporarily voided. Radio should be allowed to serve humanity whenever possible. The suspense between anxiety and relief or even between anxiety and grief is the most dreadful human experience—when it can be allayed there should be no thought of rivalry or competition.

Here are my frank, unvarnished personal opinions on what's right and what's wrong with radio. Whether you agree or disagree, let's have your opinions. If you don't win one of the prizes, I'll pay space rates for any of your suggestions I publish. Let's hear from you.

Ernest V. Heyn

Photographic Composites by Charles Sander

BY THE READERS

READERS this month have offered some very good advice to sponsors, broadcasting officials, as well as to you tuner-inners.

Have you tried for a prize? Why don't you sit down and write your letter now? Not only will you be helping those who are anxious to provide the sort of entertainment you want, but you may win one of the larger prizes.

From the great big batch of letters received this month the following prize winners were selected:

$20.00 PRIZE

YOU ask for constructive criticism of radio programs and I hope this will fill the bill. I am not writing my own likes or dislikes, but what I believe to be the thoughts of all radio fans.

First comes advertising, a necessary part of radio if we want good programs. But intelligent advertising is necessary also. There are too many useless adjectives, such as: "remarkable," "wonderful," and so forth, ad nauseum.

Today all that needs to be mentioned is the name of the product and listeners know immediately what it is and what it is for. I believe the most clever advertising is done by the General Tire Co. and Pabst Blue Ribbon. They both use comedy in putting across their products. And laughs are certainly helpful.

Another mistake made by the master minds is to broadcast a program on all stations and sometimes on all networks. Why make everyone listen to one program? For instance: big league ball games and so on. Let those who like these programs listen to them. But why not have something else on, so that the people who do not like this kind of program can listen to what they want.

Miss E. C. Stacy claims that a listener can always get transcriptions, but who wants to listen to transcriptions after hearing good music?

If the sponsors used a little more variety in the presentation of their programs they would probably be more successful also. Every time a sponsored program is presented it is introduced and ended in the same way.

In closing, a word for your magazine. I believe there is enough variety in it to please any taste. You might call it the "almost perfect radio program."

Here's hoping for better programs.

HERBERT C. ADLINGTON, Baltimore, Md.

$10.00 PRIZE

HOW can people expect the radio to have only the programs they like on the air every minute? If they would but listen and try, I'm sure they would find something valuable to them in every program.

Living in a small town as I do, one can get very narrow-minded, but our radio is a life-saver, as it helps us in keeping up with the world. Whenever I get a program I don't particularly care for I take lessons in grammar and listen for errors the speaker might make and try to improve my own speech. Constant listening, you know, of some educated speaker improves your own speech.

Radio just can't displease me. I'm very fond of music, so that it takes all kinds to satisfy me. Frankly, I'm partial to Ben Bernie and Guy Lombardo.

RADIO MIRROR goes with our radio. What would be the use of listening if you didn't have RADIO MIRROR to describe these interesting people so you could really see them at their work?

MRS. G. H. WRIGHT, Anderson, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE

TODAY'S radio and the good programs emanating therefrom are a great boon to our nation. Now that the New Deal in Washington is doing wonderful work in laying low Ol' Man Depression, I believe the radio fans should have a New Deal of

(*Continued on page 86*)

Twenty dollars is paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best and one dollar each for the next five. Write today to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City. Send your letter, not exceeding 200 words, before Dec. 22. Give us your ideas.

What's New on Radio Row

by Jay Peters

WHATEVER in the world is the matter with radio announcers and their wives? Why can't they live together in connubial bliss? Certainly, mike masters have a most public life and their spouses should have no difficulty in keeping tabs on them. If they don't get home to dinner and telephone they are detained at the office on business, all the missus has to do is to tune in on their station and find out what the business is. The whole world knows where they are and what they are doing.

FIRST it was Graham McNamee whose ties were severed by the divorce courts. Then it was Ted Husing, his rival sports announcer on the rival networks, who got Renovated. Now it's James Wallington whose wife told her troubles to the judge. Here you have probably the three best known air ambassadors, all involved in marital rifts. There are others, too, including Paul Douglas, another prominent Columbian.

McNamee, after an interval, married again. Husing at this writing is still unattached but rumor links his name with every eligible in the country including Peggy Joyce and Jean Harlow. However, a persistent report has it Ted and his erstwhile missus are still very much in love and will remarry.

THE first Mrs. Wallington was a Russian dancer (Stanislawa Butkiewicz was her tag and Jimmy, 'tis said, even though he afterwards became a diction medal winner, had great difficulty pronouncing her name when he wooed her) and Jimmy turned right around and married another dancer.

The second Mrs. Wallington is the former Anita Furman, who was a member of the Rockettes, the dancing troupe at the Radio City Music Hall. She was divorced last June from Eugene Walker Newman, of Brooklyn, New York.

Right: If Lou Holtz tells another dialect story Rudy Vallee will have to stop the show. Lou has been panicing them week after week with those famous yarns of his.

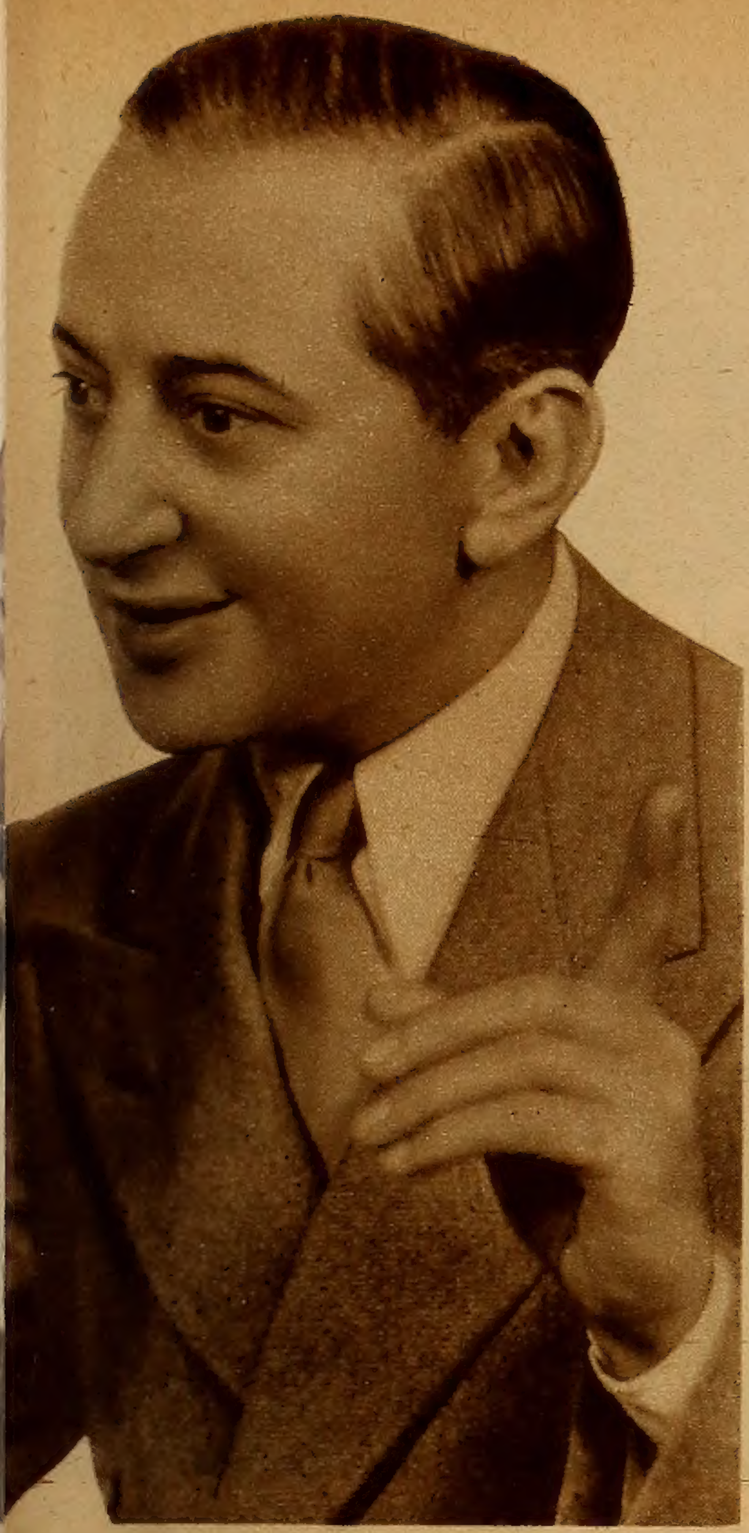
Below, Hollywood presents us with radio personalities and what is just as important — with Ruby Keeler. Al Jolson, Ruby and Dick Powell with Maxine Doyle.

Grace Moore in New York with her husband to see the premiere of "One Night of Love" which is an entree into radio, pictures, and opera for the little Southern gal, and she's probably used it, too.

AND by the way, Dick Leibert, organist at the Radio City Music Hall, played the wedding march at the Wallington-Furman nuptials. It was his first performance at any wedding. Dick, as you perhaps know, is now presiding also at the console at the Stratosphere Club, swank night spot operated by the Rockefellers on the 65th floor of the RCA Building.

* * *

SPEAKING of announcers, as we just were, we're reminded that the turnover in microphone masters is getting serious. Some time ago Ted Jew-



ett, night supervisor of NBC's mike men, departed from that post. More recently John Holbrook, another honored by the American Academy of Arts and Letters for his perfection in speech, bowed out at the National.

About the same time Tom Coates got his notice at Columbia. A woman connected with one of the advertising agencies is generally credited with his dismissal. According to the story, she objected to Coates because he sounded too much like all the other CBS couriers. The lady, representing a sponsor, of course had a lot of influence and Coates had to take what the boys in the announcers' room, call the rap. It won't be long now, they say, before the slogan "The sponsor is always right" will be ruling the networks.

* * *

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS:

Rudy Vallee has nothing but Cadillacs which he buys only from an old Portland, Maine, friend, George Davis. On any kind of a tour Rudy invariably makes the chauffeur move over and he will clip off 350 to 400 miles per day with the slightest excuse . . . **May Singhi Breen,** the Ukulele Lady, and her composer-husband, **Peter de Rose,** have closed their New Rochelle, N. Y. home and moved into New York City for the winter. They found commuting into Radio City for their daily broadcasts last winter a hardship in severe weather . . . **Mary Small,** the 12-year-old girl prodigy, is being worked pretty hard off the air rather than on. One

Women Must Avoid Harsh Laxatives

THE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get genuine Ex-Lax — spelled E-X-L-A-X — to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Out Hollywood Way, Jimmy Durante took a chance and was photographed with a saxophone, Betty Grable and Maxine Doyle. The scene was a night rendezvous.

What's New on Radio Row

Continued

morning recently she sang in three different towns on Long Island—Lynnbrook, Hempstead and Great Neck—and that's a strain on any little girl's voice, even though it be a big one like Mary's.

Paul Dumont is back on the air again and are his admirers happy! For some time Paul was one of NBC's ablest announcers; more recently he was in that networks' production department; now he is writing and acting in that new minstrel show for Molle . . . **Jack Berger** boasts he is the only aerial artist who never hears a radio. Jack says he is interested in only one program—his own—and can't tune in on himself . . . Now the Reds are getting into the studios—or so suspects **Henry King,** the maestro. When his men got together the other day for rehearsal they found all the horns had been plentifully sprinkled with red pepper! If the sabotage hadn't been discovered before the broadcast the results might have been disastrous.

Paul Whiteman, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are in a huddle at this writing plotting a one night stand tour of the country early in 1935 . . . **Grace Moore** is doing a series of "guest" appearances for Atwater Kent. It was the radio manufacturer back in 1925 who introduced the "guest artist" to radio. . . . The latest in electrical instruments is the vivitone cello. Juice is generated when the bow is drawn across the strings. Maybe **Leopold Stokowski's** prediction of a few years ago will come true yet. Remember he said the time was coming when symphony concerts would be produced entirely by electrical instruments?

* * *

FOOTBALL at Notre Dame has been a far different thing this fall, what with one thing and another. But the biggest change was inaugurated by Roy Shields, leader of the Armour orchestra. At the behest of Elmer Layden, who coaches the fighting Irish, he composed "Notre Dame Shift March",

Ted Husing is always there with the umph when it's needed. He is snapped in action by some CBS photographer who followed Ted to the very scene of the crime itself.

and not even five guesses would get you the right answer on what it's being used for. The footballers are pounding up and down the practice field to the tune of this song. Layden mumbled something about swivel-hipping in explanation, but it won't explain if some of the backs suddenly join hands and play ring around the rosey between halves.

* * *

THE late Robert Louis Stevenson may have rolled uneasily in his grave at the news that "Treasure Island" was being made over into a motion picture, but it would be nothing to what is going on beneath Jules Verne's six-foot plot of ground. NBC's decided that his works need a three-a-week dramatization and are putting them on the air.

* * *

FRANK PARKER can't seem to quite get his hand on the top rung of the success ladder. Every time he reaches up, someone steps on his fingers. In plainer language, he keeps getting offers for something bigger all the time. He's been contracted lately to

Fred Waring ran into martial law out in Minneapolis on his recent record breaking personal appearance tour. They wouldn't allow any trucks on the streets which left Fred with this backbreaking wardrobe trunk.

Repeated tests prove conclusively that the

HEALTH-PROMOTING VITAMINS A AND D

of a teaspoonful of cod liver oil have been concentrated into each of these candy-like tablets

The seal of the American Medical Association (Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry) bears witness to this fact, as do the seals of The Good Housekeeping Bureau and the American Dental Association.

No more struggles over cod liver oil—no more messy, sticky bottles and spoons! For patient scientists have finally found the way to concentrate all the precious vitamins A and D of cod liver oil into little pleasant tablets—without the nauseating fatty acids which are so often upsetting.

White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are so easy to take—*anywhere, at any time.* Each tablet has an assured vitamin potency. It is an accurate dose—equivalent in vitamins A and D to a teaspoonful of oil. They can't lose their potency because the vitamins are protected against the destructive effects of time, light, and atmospheric changes.

White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are the easy, modern way to give the children those cod liver oil properties which help build strong teeth and bones, sound bodies, and promote resistance to disease in general. See for yourself how eagerly your child takes them.

White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are a blessing to grown-ups. They can be carried in purse or pocket.

And these tablets are well suited for infant feeding. They dissolve quickly and thoroughly — just crush them and mix with orange juice, tomato juice, or formula.

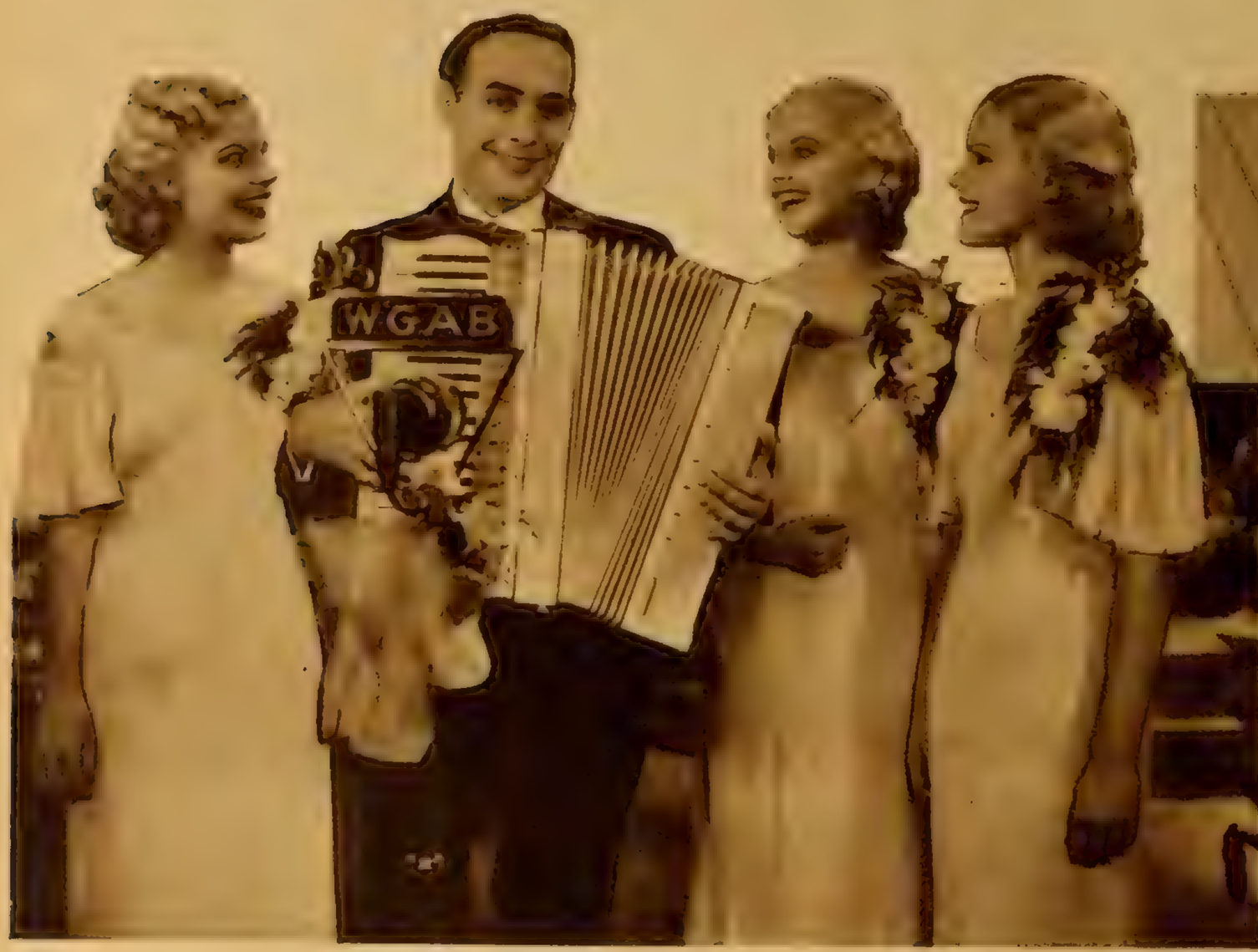
White's COD LIVER OIL CONCENTRATE TABLETS

What's New on Radio Row

Continued

Mrs. and Mr. Charles J. Correll who, rumor has it, have some connection with Amos and Andy. Charles resumed his blackface in October, after an Alaskan fishing trip this summer.

Below, Phil Baker came back to the Armour Hour after a much needed vacation which the Downey sisters helped make pleasant.



Right, the singer now starring in the "Hollywood Hotel" Campbell Soup program, Rowene Williams. She's talking to another contestant, Irene Barclay and Leon Belasco.

impersonate famous radio stars in movie shorts, and he ought to know about them by now.

* * *

THERE'S a swell reason why Fred Waring's new baby daughter has been named Dixie. The night that she was born, Fred was somewhere between Sulpher Springs and New York, but it was close to the Mason and Dixon line, so, according to his press agent, he insisted that she be tagged "Dixie", and it's up to you to believe it.

* * *

FOR thousands of radio listeners the saddest news of the month is Cap'n Henry's announcement that he is withdrawing from the Showboat Hour. He was lured from the stage two years ago and now he's anxious to go back. Not that the grease paint is in his blood, but it seems he is going to earn more money. Which is reasonable enough for everyone but Maxwell House, which is really up in the air now, what with the loss of another star, Annette Hanshaw.

* * *

JACK BENNY has covered practically every hour of the day and every sponsor in the industry, but you can't keep him off the air. He's back on his old Sunday night spot, with the above mentioned Frank Parker and Don Bestor, who provides musical interludes when the comedian runs down. This may be a more permanent relationship.

* * *

DID you hear that hour program at midnight about a month ago in honor of a Bob Crosby, who turned out to be a younger brother of Bing's? Anyway, Bob has been in New York, lying in wait for the day Bing breaks down over the strain of raising a family. Then he'll step out with his fine baritone and keep up the tradition of the Crosby name. At least he says he will. Bing doesn't say a word.

RADIO is getting more of a break with its music these days. In the first place, original pieces are being written for broadcasts over at NBC, and by such well known composers as Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, who have been hired by Ivory to help build up the Gibson Family. Then Sigmund Romberg has agreed to let radio present some of his compositions for the first time.

* * *

ONE sponsor this winter is going to learn what dealing with an artist really means. Pity Cream of Wheat who had the nerve to hire Alexander Woollcott for broadcasting. The town crier only works because he can't think of anything else to do, and he's not going to let any supervisor look over his shoulder and frown when he says something someone doesn't like. You can't blame him, though, after all those years he was holding down a newspaper job and taking it from the city editor.

* * *

CHESTERFIELD has backed down and is giving the public some popular music on its program this winter. That's all the fault of Andre Kostelanetz who decided that Mondays should

be tango nights. He's really a Russian, but there must be some hidden southern blood in the director.

* * *

WALTER O'KEEFE who might be suspected of being an old circus performer from the song he made famous, is shopping around these days for a light house. He thinks solitude will be good for him, but no one else can understand his motives unless he wants to try setting up in light housekeeping.

* * *

HAVE you noticed all the opera stars and former opera stars on the air this winter? Of course, there are those veterans—Mme. Schumann-Heink and John McCormack—and the Metropolitan operas themselves broadcast every Saturday afternoon by NBC. The long list includes Gladys Swarthout, Helen Jepson, Everett Marshall, Rose Bampton, Grete Stueckgold, Lawrence Tibbett, Rosa Ponselle, Nino Martini and Queena Mario. When this was typed their programs hadn't been definitely set but Richard Crooks, John Charles Thomas and Mario Chamlee were among the opera luminaries preparing for radio recitals.

* * *

ROXY, who is back on the air at CBS of all places, was about to become a grandfather for the first time as we went to press. His daughter, Beta, who is married to the advertising manager of a Newark department store, is making this possible for the veteran showman. Roxy has a son, Arthur, who is single, so he can't expect much from him in this particular direction. In Beta's maiden days she used to have a personal theme song with which swains serenaded her. Her boy friends, with a kindly wink at her father's super-colossal amusement enterprises, always greeted her with a few strains of "Bigger and Beta Than Ever." Sorreh.

* * *

OF course she doesn't do it now on the radio, television being still "around the corner," but time was when Grace Hayes attracted attention by splitting her skirts on the sides and painting her legs. Grace used also to carry a big fan on the stage with her because her hands were so clumsy. She originally sang on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco, her home town. Grace was born below the Slot, which is equivalent to Tenth Avenue in New York City, so you know what that means. Once in her early days out there she appeared on the same vaudeville bill with Marilyn Miller and the Miller family. She sang such hot songs that Marilyn's dad wouldn't let little Marilyn listen to her for fear that his innocent child might be corrupted!

* * *

STUDIO SIDELIGHTS

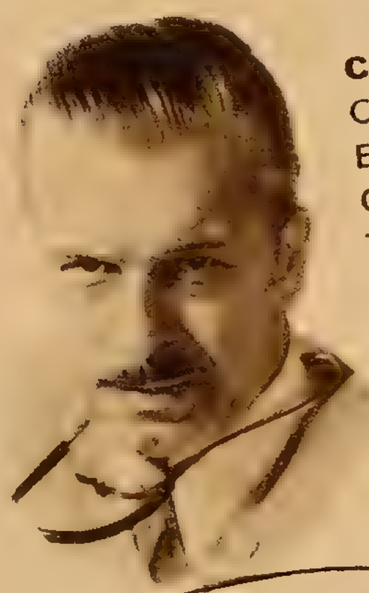
Abe Lyman, commissioned a Kentucky Colonel, immediately started cultivating a Southern accent, yah sah . . . *Georgie Price* is now a broker on the New York Stock Exchange. However, he doesn't (*Continued on page 68*)

SICK HEADACHES were driving me CRAZY!

• I suffered intensely from sick headaches for years—until I wished my head would open to relieve the pain. Nothing seemed to help the constipation that caused them. When I was visiting my sister-in-law in Tacoma she gave me her favorite medicine, FEEN-A-MINT. I feel duty bound to let you know what a help FEEN-A-MINT has been. It cleansed out my system wonderfully—all the poisons went. And it keeps me so regular that I am a new woman. It doesn't cramp or gripe a person either. I've told all my friends about it.

The easy, pleasant way to combat constipation

Typical of hundreds of unsolicited letters in our files! Over 15,000,000 men and women have found that FEEN-A-MINT is the easy, pleasant way to combat constipation and all its attendant ills. It is *thorough* and at the same time *gentle.* Pleasant to take—children think it's just nice chewing gum. Because you *chew* it, it works more thoroughly than ordinary laxatives. Try it and see—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... CHEWING DISTRIBUTES IT EVENLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED INTESTINES SO THAT IT DOES A MORE THOROUGH JOB WITHOUT HARMFUL VIOLENCE. THAT IS WHY **FEEN-A-MINT** IS ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

The Real Reason

On the left Mary is talking with Marconi who so much influenced her plans, and below she is shown signing for her present series of broadcasts. The gentleman is Neil McKay, her representative.

"TELEVISION is *not* a thing of the future!" Mary Pickford told me, the day after she had signed for her present series of broadcasts this fall. "Another year will see it alongside radio in the home.

"It is no longer a matter of guess work. The inventors are certain it will go on the market as a popular instrument for entertainment before another twelve months go by."

Imagine yourself sitting back in a big easy chair. You turn on the switch at your finger tips and lo! the deep blue eyes, blonde curls, and petite form of America's sweetheart flash before your very eyes as she enacts any one of a dozen favorite roles—Little Lord Fauntleroy, in modern form, perhaps.

Thanks to the magic of electrical impulses along the air waves, television has rubbed Alladin's lamp and brought her into your home, placed her at your feet, for your amusement.

Mary firmly believes that this imaginative scene will actually take place next season in radio! That is the real reason she is on the air, why she signed a radio contract this fall, after snubbing its advances for seven years.

She wants to be ready when the change comes, and she knows that she must have at least a season of radio broadcasts behind her for experience.

"I guess I must be a pioneer," she confessed. "Here is the whole new field of television and I want to be the first to enter it. I'm terribly ambitious, you know."

She looked it right then, her small, shapely hands clenched at her sides, her slim body held erect, pronouncing every word carefully, slowly that each one might count.

We were seated in her Fifth Avenue suite of rooms, high above New York's roaring thoroughfare. Her business manager hovered nervously in the background—they were to be packed and on their way in an hour.

"Now that I've something to look forward to, something to plan for, I'm terribly eager to get started," she continued.

Which explains the secret of Mary's weekly arrival at the microphone. Not like another star who sees radio only as a willing wage earner, Mary knows it as the springboard into the future, into a new stardom—in television!

It was late this summer that Mary suddenly saw the light, like a stricken sinner at a revivalist meeting, and even then it was only by the luckiest kind of a break that she was able to make her decision to prepare for the coming of television in another twelve months.

"It's a funny thing," she confessed to me. "Here are all these people in radio who refuse to believe that television will come along. It's just like the advent of talkies in the movie industry. Not until it was too late did most of the stars begin preparations for the revolution which meant a new era.

"I WAS the same way myself about radio, only a little worse. I wouldn't even think of going on the air. But that was before this summer. That was when I had my eyes opened for me.

"Part of my European trip took me to Italy. One afternoon at a tea given for me I met Guglielmo Marconi, father of the wireless. Whether it's generally known or not, he is one of the most enthusiastic supporters and co-workers for television. I had no idea at the time that our conversation would hold so much importance for me.

"Curious about television and its future—I'd heard so many conflicting stories about it—I thought I'd ask Marconi. Then came the revelation that woke me up as to what was occurring in the field of radio.

MARY PICKFORD *Turned to Radio*

What did Mary Pickford have up her sleeve when she suddenly signed a radio contract this fall?

by FRED RUTLEDGE

"'Television,' he said, 'now stands complete—an inexpensive household appliance. It is only a matter of months before it will be marketed.'"

To Mary—to the founder of the Pickfair estate whose business acumen made possible its elevation into America's number one entertainment palace for nobility from the seven corners of the world—Marconi's startling statement meant just one thing—

A nation's sweetheart would return triumphant. A star reborn would flicker across television screens in every home from coast to coast.

A fifteen minute conversation, a chance remark, meant a swift, abrupt altering in the course of her career. Mary saw opening up before her an entirely new vista. Gone were plans for approaching middle age—in their place youthful enthusiasm, irrepressible energy and buoyancy.

"I'll never forget that day," Mary told me, drawing a deep breath. "Later Marconi described the secret invention which he said would mean the immediate popular success of television. I knew then that he was dead right."

Nearly all the rest of Mary's trip was forgotten in the excitement of making ready for her return to New York. Then came her chance for a radio contract. The actress who had been unapproachable up to this time lost no

(*Continued on page 72*)

WHEN Rudy Va RUNS AWAY FROM

How'd you like to be a guest at Rudy's hide-out on the shores of beautiful Lake Kezar?

by BILL VALLEE

A TALL figure detaches itself from the group of impatient tourists waiting for the State of Maine Express to pull out of the Grand Central Station and dashes down the track. An irate passenger sticks his head out of a window and bellows at the trucking master:

"Who's that guy?"

"That guy," the master informs him proudly, "is Rudy Vallee! We hold the train for him like this every week."

That guy Vallee is hurrying on his way to the cool, fragrant pine forests of his beloved Maine, to freedom and quiet, to the lodge which has come to be his first pride and joy. Twelve hours from this moment he will have discarded his matched shirt and tie, hung up his neatly pressed suit, and will be comfortably stretched out in the worst disarray of clothing he can find. Mostly it will be old pants and shoes left over from last summer.

Each Thursday night, when the curtain has been rung down on the Fleischmann Yeast hour, Rudy is rushed down an express elevator, guided to his car, and with the aid of willing motorcycle escorts is brought to the Grand Central where a train has been held behind its regular running time.

From the last of April until the first of November Rudy frets impatiently for nine o'clock of each Thursday night. He is aching for the solitude his peaceful log cabin at Lake Kezar will bring him. And well he might, for it is an exceptional back-to-the-nature rendezvous which he has built. (I can speak impersonally for no credit is due me in the matter.)

It is a different, more kindly Vallee that brushes the leaves of his Maine trees from his coat. There is no need for pretense here. No one whom he must mistrust, no one who is only waiting for his back to be turned before drawing a knife, is within a thousand miles of the secluded camp.

The story of how the Lodge came about is another of those fanciful tales of a good deed well done for a hapless friend of college days.

Rudy bought an outboard motor boat from a chum who needed the money. He couldn't take his new possession home with him, and he had no boathouse in which to lodge it. Rather than lose out entirely on the deal, he bought land, and then lumber at lake Kezar. Which solved more than the problem of housing the boat. It became a real haven for the over-worked, sorely taxed young bandmaster.

Once he was started in the work, he left nothing undone. Out of scraggly jack pines, huge boulders and sandy soil rose a camp that surpassed all ordinary ideas of outing

This is the house that Rudy built, where he hides when he steps out of his character as Director of the Fleischmann Yeast Hour. These scenes were snapped by Rudy himself on a recent holiday.

Quaint bar, isn't it? It contains a radio—honest! On the opposite page we see Vallee enjoying a game of billiards and next, he's all set, paddle, pump 'n everything for a bit of water sport on the lake.

Vallee

IT ALL

Right, Skipper Vallee is ready for some snappy weather; above, he's at the wheel of his own Chris-Craft which speeds a mile a minute.

The Captain pauses for a moment to have his picture taken. To the right Rudy awakens early to arrange the day's menu, a task he enjoys.

comfort. On three hundred acres of primeval forest near Fryeburg he ordered built four lodges and a boathouse—seventeen rooms and five baths in all, each one named after some song coincidental to the life and times of one Rudy Vallee.

To get to this group of buildings, respectively known as camp A, B, and C, the guest drives over a narrow, clay road which winds through a mile of solid virgin pine forest.

Near the blue, icy waters of the lake stands "A," the main lodge. Here, besides everything else, the cooking is done. And, if I remember correctly, considerable eating. The kitchen and pantry are certainly worthy of mention. The range is electric and the latest type. The refrigerator, large enough for a small hotel even to its electric lights, holds steaks, chops, chickens, everything anyone could possibly ask for in the line of comestibles.

The living room, by mutual consent, is turned into the dining room at sundown. Large and filled with sunshine during the day, it houses a full-sized pool table and a divan which seats about half as many people as Radio City Music Hall. This is fronted by a fireplace which is always kept burning.

Next, in the list of descriptions, come the bars and bathrooms. The baths *are* something in this camp. Each is completely done in colored tiles and fixtures. Each with its glass-enclosed shower, has a name. One for example is called "Americana", although it has never been disclosed just what national significance this may have.

The bars are two in number, one in the boathouse, the other in the main lodge. The former is a barrel affair, mounted on wheels about which high modernistic chairs stand in wait for the drinker.

Let me describe a typical room. Say the one in which I slept. A brass plate on the door announces that this is the "Vagabond Lover." Its soft box-spring bed, heavy chairs which caught flying articles of attire, and a colonial writing desk would have done justice to a Westchester country home.

The camp boasts its own water system for face and dish washing. Spring water is always served at the dining table. And while we're on the subject of water, I understand that the fire fighting equipment is considered remarkable for anything but a large city hotel. It is an immense red affair on wheels, standing near the lodges.

Lodge "C", mentioned but not explained, deserves more than passing notice, for it lodges a white-coated, wing-collared butler, only reminder of the New York life of the camp owner. In addition to the butler, five other servants have quarters here.

The boathouse, which was really the cause for this whole immense affair, has recently been enlarged. Over the house proper has been added another story, with a radio, pool table, bar, refrigerator, pantry and tiled bath. In Rudy's estimation it is the most important member of the family.

I thought I knew this brother of mine, but the complete transformation which comes over him when he finally arrives at Lake Kezar always newly mystifies me.

Reserved, rather aloof in New York, a taskmaster in his rehearsals for the show, Rudy makes few new friends, pre-

One of the famous bandmaster's hobbies is taking moving pictures. Above are interesting views of the cabin, a corner of the porch overlooking beautiful Lake Kezar and the boathouse. To the extreme right, Vallee doesn't forsake his beloved saxophone when he runs away to Maine.

ferring the ones he grew up with in the trade. His is a typically Manhattan life, filled with long hours of work and very few minutes of play.

At camp, the protecting cloak of reserve which he has pulled around him, drops away. Perhaps the best example of how he changes lies in his smoking habits. At the risk of appearing ridiculous, he pulls out a black stogie, after meals, and puffs contentedly on it. In the city he would be horrified at the thought.

The members of his orchestra with whom he usually shares this Maine retreat also drop any barriers which business might have raised and become, very simply, themselves.

The daily trip for the mail provides Rudy with the chance to do his own marketing. At the grocery store he walks happily about, prodding melons, baring ears of corn, examining the meat for the night's dinner. Secretly, I believe, Rudy feels sure he missed his calling in not being a world famous chef.

And his clothes. Old flannel shirts, stiff with paint and varnish, army breeches of some ancient make, shoes which were worn out years ago. Only when he slips into his white naval officer's uniform for a cruise in his speedboat does he look at all like the Vallee who carries off the show on Thursdays.

Much has already been said about Rudy's hobby—moving pictures which he takes himself—but unless you are given a picture of his camera work in the north woods, you can't realize how far he has gone with it.

I saw in this order one evening at the main lodge: Color movies of the camp; the complete "Vagabond Lover", sound and all; a Mack Sennett talking account of a shark hunt; a Paramount short of Rudy's, "The Musical Doctor."

Rudy's first job, as he mentioned in his autobiography, was in a picture theater where he swept out the aisles, the projection booth, oiled the machines and changed the carbons in the lamp houses.

He has never forgotten that boyhood work. Summer nights he uses two projection machines to show home movies, unheard of experiment for an amateur. Incidentally, that means he has one machine loaded with film and ready to start the minute the other is unwound.

His camera is made to order. Coming complete with necessary lens it costs more than the ordinary priced automobile. But what pictures it takes! It does everything, according to Rudy, but bark. Slow motion, backwards, inside out, whatever might appeal to his fancy.

Unlike the usual amateur who stands helplessly by and curses when the films break, Rudy calmly proceeds to apply his early training and in a minute or two everything is again jake, and you peer out over a golden lake mottled with the slanting rays of a sinking sun.

The summer and early fall months have not been in vain. Well rested, he goes into the winter shows with all the buoyancy and enthusiasm of his first radio days.

HE FINDS RELAXATION AT HIS LODGE IN MAINE

XMAS SHOPPING

Yuletide means something more this year to the Burns, the Pearls and the Bennys than ever before

"A SCOOTER?" Jack Benny glanced at the rest of us, seated about the spacious living room of his Central Park South apartment, on his face an air of patient interrogation.

"A scooter!" George Burns derided. "A scooter! Why you must be nuts, Jack. How could a six-months-old baby use a scooter? Now how about, say, a sled? There's an idea—a sled."

Jack Pearl guffawed loudly, and Benny, forgetting for the moment the niceties of being a host, joined him as both turned their laughter on the somewhat defiant Burns.

"A sled!" Benny exclaimed. "Now who's nuts? I'm asking you, is George nuts, or am I? A sled! Who ever heard of a six-months-old child sledding?"

"Maybe you had better keep out of this, George," Pearl broke in soothingly, "and let Jack and me decide on something nice. A sled! I'm surprised at you! Why you'll be suggesting that we get it—her, I mean—a revolver or a string of race horses."

Burns arose from his chair and swept the Messrs. Pearl and Benny with a glance whose interpretation would scarce bear translation into print. He strode huffily to a window overlooking the Park, his air that of a man who has been affronted grievously.

"Well, I guess none of us are so smart, if you come right down to it," he retorted at length. "We've had a fast one put over on us. Winnie and Mary and Gracie picked the soft end of this proposition for themselves. There they are out in Chicago, and us here using up gray matter that ought to be going into next week's program. . . ."

"If gray matter went into your program," Benny reminded him scathingly, as friends will sometimes, "you'd come under the Special Events department, and broadcast once a year. Now come on Jack. Let's get busy on this list."

This might have gone on all day. Indeed, the prospect of these three helpless males struggling with a Christmas list for four babies ranging in age from four months to a year, was, I confess, too appalling to view further without alarm. I thought I had better step in with a load of good advice, even though it hadn't been sought.

"May I suggest something," I piped diffidently, but amid the wrangling over the "list" my voice was lost hopelessly. I tried once more, this time coaxing from my throat a deep contralto which I flattered myself was commanding.

"Boys. Boys," I beseeched. "Will you *please* stop that shouting long enough to listen to me. I have an idea."

Benny and Pearl quieted hopefully. Even the morose Burns turned from his window.

Illustrated by

FOR BABIES !

By DOROTHY BROOKS

The men shopped for toys in New York — toys for the babies their wives were selecting in Chicago!

"If you have an idea, you don't belong here," he commented. "But shoot it, anyhow. It's more than either of those guys," with a derogatory gesture toward the other two, "have had for some time."

"Well, here is my suggestion," I offered, now that I had their attention. "You boys are up against the problem of getting together Christmas lists for four babies, and you know nothing whatever about it. I'd like to help you, but I don't know much more. So why not get some expert advice? Why don't you all go to a department store, and ask *them*. They'll know."

I do not recall ever having been the recipient of such concerted respectful admiration in my life. You would think I had discovered the fifth dimension or something. Pearl broke the silence first.

"Now that," he said admiringly, "is the berries."

"And that, Baron, is no lie," Benny joined in.

Even Burns' saturnine countenance took on a lighter look.

THE three comics of the airwaves whisked me into an elevator and into a waiting taxi, and together we were off. Benny directed the driver to one of Fifth Avenue's most imposing department stores. Alighting, we entered, and near the door, found the directory which guided us to the toy department. There an efficient looking young woman approached our little group courteously. Benny addressed her.

"Good morning, madam," he greeted her suavely. "Perhaps you can help us. My friends here and myself," he included the diffident Burns and Pearl in a sweeping glance, "are making up a Christmas list for our babies. You see, we are adopting babies. Indeed, myself and my wife have the . . ."

"My wife Gracie and I are adopting a girl," Burns impatiently interrupted, "so I'll want whatever you think would be . . ."

"Yes, yes," the Baron, unable to remain silent longer, put in. "My wife Winnie and I are adopting *two* children—a boy and a girl—and we thought . . ."

This time both Benny and Burns silenced the irrepressible Pearl.

"Keep quiet, Baron. Keep quiet," they demanded "You're not on the air now. You always want to go everyone else one better."

"Perhaps," the puzzled saleslady soothed the troubled comics, "if we could get this straight, one at a time. Now, sir," turning to Benny, "suppose you tell me how we can serve you." She flung a bright smile at the other two by way of atonement.

"Well, as I was saying," the triumphant Benny resumed, "my wife and I are adopting a baby. These other Gentlemen's (*Continued on page 62*)

Robert A. Cameron

"CHANGE RADIO

A stinging rebuke to the present laws which emphasize discipline at the expense of humanity

BECAUSE our radio laws need changing, over one hundred lives were needlessly lost in the *Morro Castle* disaster!

"If you would save lives at sea, if you would avert terrible disasters like the *Morro Castle* holocaust—change our radio laws, and do it quickly!" say George W. Rogers, Chief Radio Operator of the ill-fated *Morro Castle*, and his first assistant, George I. Alagna.

"Here's one of the laws I want changed," said Rogers, his blue eyes stern and uncompromising, as though they were living again through the horrors of the disaster which took a toll of 127 lives. *In an emergency, the radio operator on board a ship should be allowed to go ahead on his own initiative and send distress signals even if he has failed to get the sanction of the master of the vessel.*

"If I had been permitted to follow my own judgment, I would have sent an S.O.S. the moment I was awakened that horrible night of September 7. That was at 2:55 A. M. and already the flames were raging so fiercely that the ship was a veritable inferno. At least half an hour would have been saved, and that half hour would have meant the rescue of many more lives.

"If Captain Wilmott had been alive then, I'm certain the S.O.S. would have gone out immediately. Instead, it wasn't till my first assistant, George Alagna, had fought his way through the dense smoke and searing flames to the bridge several times for orders. He pleaded and argued with Captain Warms, until the captain finally OK'd the sending of an S.O.S. It went out at 3:25 A. M."

Why didn't Rogers, orders or no orders, send out the S.O.S.?

"Had I sent it out on my own, as I did the CQ and QRX messages to stand by and wait for an emergency call, I would have been liable to a $5,000 fine or five years in jail, or both, at the discretion of the court. For I would have been guilty of going over the head of my superior officer. That isn't a slight misdemeanor, it's a felony, and this is the penalty the Federal law prescribes for that offense!

George I. Alagna, first assistant wireless operator, who fervently seconds his former superior's plea.

"A radio man can't act on his own; he has no executive authority. He is an ambassador without a portfolio.

"Radio men are required to pass difficult tests; they are supposed to be men of high calibre and of intelligence, and yet their authority is next to nothing. Isn't it silly to invest a man with the power to save lives and then take all authority away from him?

"Look at the inconsistency of the thing: "Here's how they treat the radio men. They give you a fancy uniform with buttons, show you off to company, and then forget about you. The radio operator has plenty of authority over his own assistants, and there his power stops. Give him equal standing and authority with other officers," Rogers says.

says* GEORGE ROGERS, *Chief

OUR LAWS!"

by MARY JACOBS

"Why couldn't he be given more freedom? He is the most isolated person on board and can't go below his own decks. Practically all communications with him are through a go-between. All messages for me were filed in the purser's office, and then sent up by a bell-boy to the wireless room.

"What happens in an emergency? Should the radio room become isolated from the officers because of fire or because the means of communication fail, what then? Or what if the captain delays sending an S.O.S. Must the radio operators burn to death at their stations, powerless to lift a finger to save the lives of the passengers and crew?"

AS a matter of fact, that almost happened aboard the *Morro Castle*. Remember the fire scene: flames pouring forth from all sides, the radio room so filled with smoke and acrid fumes that Rogers had to tie a wet towel around his face to prevent suffocation. Alagna, half-conscious, reeling like a trapped animal, *(Continued on page 78)*

Radio Operator of the Morro Castle

DON'T BE AFRAID

I HAVE learned my lesson, once and for all. Those dreary, pain-wracked hours I spent last spring trying to recover from my illness and to keep the show going taught me the most important thing in life.

Don't be afraid to fail.

If I hadn't been ill, hadn't come back to my business to find that trouble was brewing, hadn't refused to stay under altered circumstances, I wouldn't be broadcasting at the present time.

If the program bearing my name which you hear Saturday nights seems to have more depth, more feeling, if it seems aimed directly at the heart, I have proved my statement:

Don't compromise with your ideals. Shoot for the moon and don't be afraid to fail. If you are earnest in your attempt, you can't aim too high. And you won't fail, if you are sincere. Even when it looks darkest, the darkness before a summer dawn, keep all your hopes, your ambitions. Success then will come to you.

Because I am back in radio, am bringing to the vast audience of the country the show which I have always dreamed about, I want to tell the readers of Radio Mirror what I learned the past year and how I hope to bring my new experience with me to broadcasting.

Perhaps you have read before that when I had those Sunday broadcasts with my "gang", I was always on the lookout for new talent, fresh voices that were spoiling for an opportunity. For twelve years I had the continual pleasure of supplying those voices with a chance. Several of them are now among the most popular stars of the day.

It is to all those young hopefuls throughout the country, and to those listeners-in on my broadcasts whose interest has been unflagging that I am sending my message.

There have been so many conflicting stories about my sickness last spring and my subsequent retirement from broadcasting, that I sometimes feel I don't know myself what really happened. But the truth is this: Because I refused to put aside my ideals, because I felt that money was of secondary importance at the time, I could not come to an agreement with the people with whom I was working.

After leaving the show which I had helped build up and into which I had sunk so much of my plans, hopes, and ambitions, I went on tour with the "Gang", covering most of the United States.

Roxy, it was being whispered in New York, is through, licked. He will never come back to radio. He's been on so

In this startling and inspiring story, Roxy writes: Don't compromise with your ideals but shoot for the moon and keep all your ambitions. Above all learn as early in life as possible to experiment—I have learned my lesson

Above—At the piano working out a new musical background arrangement for his Saturday night shows.

TØ FAIL!

by Roxy

Roxy gazes over Central Park from his West side Manhattan apartment, recovered from his recent illness.

long now that if he waits until fall, everyone will have forgotten about him. I felt that way sometimes, too. Trying to hide my sickness, knowing that none of my friends wanted me weeping on his shoulder, I had to fight a prolonged battle with myself. Roxy, in my estimation, would soon become plain Samuel Rothafel.

Then I began to strike back at forebodings. If you hadn't kept your ideals, I told myself, you would never have been happy again. Stick to it. As soon as you get back, begin laying plans for radio. It was then the truth began to dawn on me. No artist can sacrifice his ideals and remain an artist. Money, nothing, must stand in his way. Determine what you want, avoid making foolish mistakes, and success will come of its own accord. When I learned that I would be allowed to build up my own radio program, I knew that I had won my battle. And whether the broadcasts are a roaring success or not, and they won't be for awhile yet, I feel satisfied. I am doing exactly what I want to do.

I am thankful for another reason that I dropped out of radio for awhile. During my period off the air, I had time to gain a new perspective and to study radio from every angle. Now that I'm back, I have an enthusiasm and ideas which should prove immeasurably valuable.

Nothing spectacular is ever lasting. If some of you are disappointed with my programs, if you expected an all-star cast, and a super arrangement of music, let me explain. I wanted these broadcasts to be based on a more permanent foundation than mere showmanship. I strived, above all, for beauty. That is why I have

(*Continued on page 64*)

"I'M NOT MY SMASHED *says*

THAT evening sun, which every lonesome lover hates to see go down, filtered its last, sad farewell through the shadowed room. In the sombre half-light the svelt outline of a flame-clad girl was silhouetted against a baby-grand piano. Slender fingers caressed the keys. Then through the cloistered silence, her sobbing voice came softly in song.

"I ain't goin' to carry no torch. . . .

"You'll never see me moanin' low. . . ."

That's what she sang. But the plaintive dirge of her tones belied the lyric of her song.

The girl was Helen Morgan. Helen of the midnight violet eyes, deep as dreams. Helen with dark, touselled tresses tossed back to frame a face of marble pallor. Helen, whose carmined lips seemed always tremulous with the weight of ready kisses. Helen, a bitter bride, disappointed, disillusioned. About love. Her voice sobbed on:

"You'll never hear me sing a blue song . . .

'I'm just goin' to laugh and be gay. . . ."

But it is a strange sort of gaiety that fills violet eyes with a dew of tears. And when was laughter mournful?

Just over a year ago these pages chronicled Helen's happy pride at

CRYING OVER MARRIAGE"

Helen Morgan

By HERB CRUIKSHANK

Exclusively for Radio Mirror, she reveals the touching truth about her marital break-up

her marriage to young Maurice Maschke. A Lochinvar in a motor car had sped her to matrimony sealed with a twisted hair-pin for a ring. Everything seemed bright and hopeful as a morning-glory. But as that frail flower droops under a noon-day sun, so this romance died in the glare of a desert day. For it was literally on the desert's edge that these two said their last adieu. And now Helen, still a bride, is singing:

"I'll find some one new every day . . .
"So glad it happened this way . . .
"I'll get along without you . . .
"Too busy playing to cry . . .
"I'll learn to forget all about you . . .
"If it takes until the day I die. . . !"

The final cadences rang high, true, clear from the throat of this passionate nightingale. Then echoed into eternity. The sun had gone. Outside, street lights began to glimmer like earth-bound stars through the evening mist. She switched on a lamp, and the room took on a rosier hue.

"Tell me about it, kid," I said.

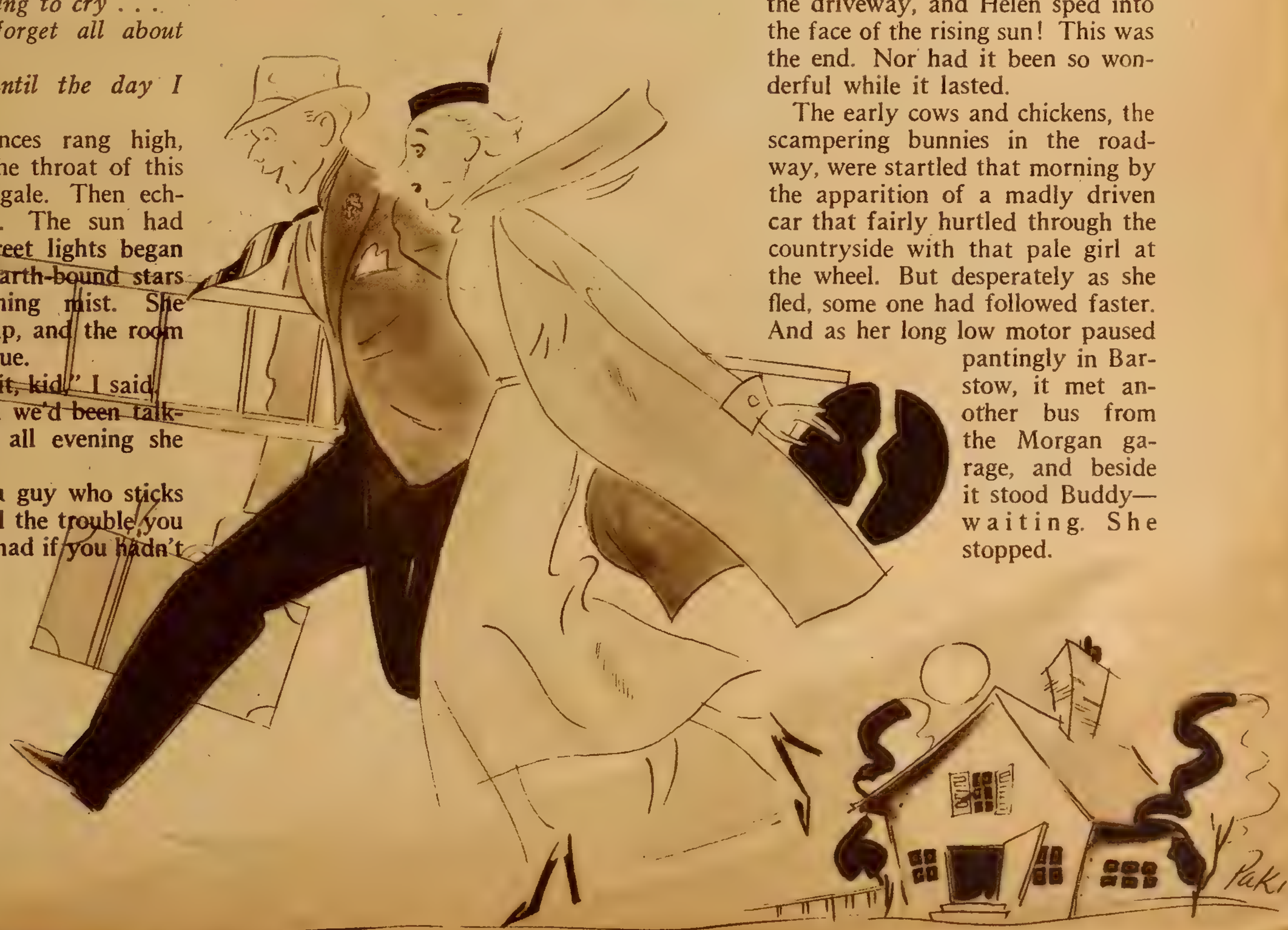
Then, as though we'd been talking on the topic all evening she said:

"A husband is a guy who sticks by you through all the trouble you would never have had if you hadn't married him," she said with a smile.

"It was just one of those things, Herb. That's all. There isn't much to say about it. Only—never again. I made a mistake. Both of us did. I found it out sooner than most. And when you find you're all wrong, there's only one thing to do about it. I did that thing."

Then she told me about her final departure from Buddy. It was as sudden, as unpremeditated, as startling as her elopement with him. A scribbled note, the rousing of a sleepy maid, a few feminine things tossed together in a travel-case, the muffled purr of a motor in the driveway, and Helen sped into the face of the rising sun! This was the end. Nor had it been so wonderful while it lasted.

The early cows and chickens, the scampering bunnies in the roadway, were startled that morning by the apparition of a madly driven car that fairly hurtled through the countryside with that pale girl at the wheel. But desperately as she fled, some one had followed faster. And as her long low motor paused pantingly in Barstow, it met another bus from the Morgan garage, and beside it stood Buddy—waiting. She stopped.



With a catch in her voice, Helen Morgan says, "A husband is a guy who sticks by you through all the trouble you would never have had if you hadn't married him."

"You forgot something," he said gently. "You forgot to kiss me good-bye."

Then the two darned fools cried.

"He brought me a birthday present," said Helen, laughing now, "and guess what it was?"

I didn't feel like guessing.

"Soap and bath salts!" she giggled. "And maybe you think they weren't 'just what I needed' after that drive East!"

Like a woman, she had started at the end of her story. Now I had to lead her back from effect to cause. They had seemed so happy, so foolishly happy, that night at the Club just before they went West. I remembered now how Buddy had laughed out loud at my warning against his interference in his wife's career, against any attempt on his part to "manage" her. Maybe Helen recalled it, too. I'm not the guy to say, "I told you so." Anyhow. . . .

"MARRIAGE and a career don't mix," announced the nightingale oracularly, "wifehood is a career in itself. I found that out when I tried to play five shows a day in a Coast theatre, do a couple of broadcasts, and came home to cook for Buddy and his friends, and attempted to be the life of their party. I have to sleep nights when I work days. No one appeared to give that a thought.

"Sure I'd like to be a wife. But I'll never try it again until I retire from my professional life. Then I'll graduate into housewifery, if the right fellow wants me to. But we'll move into the country, have a farm, and forget show business, motion pictures, radio and Broadway. They just won't exist. It'll be a new life. One that won't blend with footlights, cameras or microphones.

"And if any girl is faced with the age-old problem of choice between being an old man's darling or a young man's slave, let her take a tip from 'Mousie', and string along with maturity instead of adolescence. I'm beginning to realize what George Bernard Shaw meant when he made some crack about it being just too bad that youth is wasted on the young. They don't appreciate it. Or anything. Young men are essentially selfish. Unconsciously so, perhaps. But that innocence, or ignorance, doesn't do a bit of good to those whom they victimize by their self-centered ideas.

"I was very anxious for Buddy to have a career of his own. Something that would keep him occupied, as my work keeps me. If he had his own affairs to worry over, I thought, he wouldn't interfere in my business. But it didn't work out that way. Incidentally, there's a cardinal rule for successful matrimony—no interference by one party in the business of the other.

"I wonder, too, why jealousy always must appear on the scene. When Buddy finally replaced my hairpin wedding-ring with the regular article, he seemed to expect me to wear it like an African belle sports a nose-ring. Maybe he was right. But I find that interest in an artist is all too liable to wane when the world knows she's some one's 'little woman'. Kipling says, 'he travels the fastest who travels alone.' Well, Morgan changes that 'he' to 'she'. Wait 'till I tell you what I mean.

"For instance, if I go into a broadcasting studio with a masculine escort, not a man in the place is interested. No one extends the slightest assistance. I'm strictly on my own. But if I go in alone—that's something else again. It's 'Miss Morgan this', and 'Helen that' and 'Baby the other thing'. Every lad in the place is busy lending that old helping hand. Adjusting mikes, minding gloves, looking for music, yes, even boosting me on the piano! I don't know what it is. Maybe they figure there's always a chance, and no harm in trying. Anyway I like it. Every girl thrives on attention. You don't get it if you have a man in tow. The chances are that you don't even get it from him!

"Well, I've been talking about me. Buddy has his side of it. Between us, I think we managed to do him (*Continued on page 70*)

There was a real meeting of the twain when Paramount gathered under one roof, or rather in one football stadium, luminaries from radio, Broadway, and Hollywood. Reading from left to right and right from left, you see Lanny Ross, Joe Penner, Lyda Roberti, Jack Oakie, Helen Mack and Mary Brian, and they're smiling because they're working in "College Rhythm" which is probably a Paramount college picture.

LOWELL THOMAS

When the crack news commentator for NBC grew weary of camels and date dinners on his world-wide jaunts last summer he built his own studio in his quiet country home in upper New York state where he did all his broadcasting in comfort.

Portrait by Maurice Seymour

NBC had to dip deep below the Mason and Dixon line before it found three rhythmic voices that held promise of being a real challenge to any trio which rival chains might produce. Jane, Helen, and Patti are more in demand than ever this winter, singing as guest stars, and squeezing in on sustaining.

THE PICKENS SISTERS

MARY HOWARD

The Red Davis show of family life returned to the air this fall and found an enlarged network and a new feminine star happily waiting. NBC can't dig up any record of previous radio work which Mary Howard has done but it's willing to bet that she is a star before spring arrives.

GUESS WHO ?

Block and Sully railroaded the soft hearted Eddie into giving them a spot on one of his Sunday night broadcasts and much to their mutual surprise found themselves in high demand for radio work which they are continuing this fall over a Columbia network. They've just finished making "Kid Millions" out in Hollywood.

Photo by United Artists

PRISCILLA • LANE •

If you sing for Fred Waring you have every chance in the world to become famous, and Priscilla didn't miss one of them when the popular band leader signed her up for his unique organization. It wouldn't be fair to tell her age, she's so young, but she did come from Indiana and she has a sister named Rosemary who also can sing and does for the maestro.

Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElliott

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson

Portrait by Hal A. McAlpin

Any gray hairs in those false whiskers of Bing's for his next Paramount picture can be attributed to the rich baritone voice belonging to his brother Bob who is singing over the air from New York. He's a serious rival of the popular Bing and would like very much indeed a chance at Hollywood, once Bing really makes up his mind he's tired of working and wants a permanent vacation.

He opened the DOOR

by RUTH GERI

ONE man on Broadway, whose job it is to greet the stars backstage as they file into their dressing rooms, has opened more doors to fame for hopeful young actors than any famous discoverer of talent. Yet he is a man of humble position, known only to the few who have passed him on their way up.

He is Louie Witten, unsung doorman of the Palace Theater in New York. Grown grey with long years of service, he lives now in the memory of the days when he was friend and confidant to young hopefuls who today have become radio's most popular stars.

I resolved to hunt him up, this Louie Witten, and see what he had to tell about the stars of the airwaves back in the days when they were only starlets, climbing to fame via the vaudeville stage. In vaudeville, you know, to play the Palace was the ultimate aim of all players, great, near great, and obscure. The Palace in vaudeville had the distinction of the Metropolitan in grand opera.

I found Louie late one night, just before closing. He sat in a rickety chair backstage in the famous Times Square theater. Now that I think of it, the chair must have just looked rickety, for no rickety chair could stand Louie's weight. There he sat, hatless, coatless, the chair tilted against the wall, monarch of the stage door.

"Radio stars?" he pondered, at my question. "Why yes, I guess I do know some, I guess maybe I know a lot of 'em.

Above is Harry Richman when he was only a stooge for the forgotten violin player pictured to the right of him.

On the extreme left, Ed Wynn as Jester to the vodvil king tells one of his first gags; even then, Jack Pearl liked uniforms and Phil Baker liked accordions.

OF FAME *for them*

Louie Witten, the unsung doorman who rubbed elbows with radio's big shots when they were successful vaudeville stars, ups and tells on 'em

Above, Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit as they looked when they first confessed to Louie that they were in love with each other.

That cigar of Penner's has never gone out, and Jimmy Durante on the far left is explaining an act to his former partners. Fred Allen, when Louie knew him, didn't think everything was so vastly amusing.

That is, I did know 'em. I knew 'em when—.

"Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, his wife. Let me tell you, Miss, to my mind those two will always be the greatest couple I've ever known. I owe them a big debt.

"You see, I've known Frank Crumit for years. When I first met Mr. Crumit—Frank, he always liked me to call him—he was playing this theater in a single, and never a more perfect gentleman walked through a stage door. I was always glad to see him on the bill. Never a night he didn't stop for a pleasant word on the way out, and a gentleman who never gave the least bit of trouble he was, too. One day I read where he'd married Miss Sanderson. I didn't know her then. Naturally, I was kind of excited when I learned that they were booked into the Palace together, for I was fond of Mr. Crumit, like I said, and I was sort of anxious to meet the new missus. Well, they arrived, and I met her, and say—.

"Say, miss, I loved her! Everybody did. She was the sweetest lady! I've never seen a more wonderful or devoted couple. Every day they'd come to the theater together, and every night they'd leave arm in arm. The first time they came in, Mr. Crumit introduced me. 'Sweetheart,' he said, to Miss Sanderson, 'sweetheart, I want you to meet Louie. Louie,' he said, 'is an old pal of mine.' I remember that as though it had been yesterday, although it's more than eight years now."

"But this debt," I reminded him. "You said something about a debt you owed Frank (*Continued on page 80*)

Behind the GIBSON

Don Voorhees raising his baton to start the musical overture. His sparkling arrangements are a big feature of the hour program.

Want to see a real musical comedy on the air? Get in on everything that happens in this show? Then come on!

CURTAIN!

A sudden, hurried scuffling of feet mark the hour —nine-thirty. We are seated in the second row of studio 8 G. It is a miniature theater, complete in every respect. A golden curtain flecked with silver goes up. There's the stage now, rounded, jutting out almost to the front row. It is thronged with men and women in evening dress.

The first act of the first musical comedy ever to be originally presented over the air has begun. One, two, three familiar faces. Jimmy Wallington, Don Voorhees, Conrad Thibault. You've heard Wallington retort to Eddie Cantor, fill in for Lowell Thomas. He's NBC's ace announcer.

"Good evening, first nighters. In behalf of the makers of pure Ivory Soap—." His voice goes on. He's tall, dark,

From left to right: Jack Clemens, Loretta Clemens, Ann Elstner, Ernest Whitman, Carlo De Angelo, John McGovern who are, respectively: juvenile, juvenile, feminine lead, butler, director, male lead, and only a part of the complete ensemble of the show Ivory presents.

Scenes of the FAMILY Broadcast

by FRED SAMMIS

Conrad Thibault snapped in action as he stars in the Gibson Family Broadcast. He's also the star of the Showboat Hour over the same network of stations on Thursdays.

handsome in a gleaming tuxedo. Hair parted in the middle, fresh shaven, he stands at ease.

This theater we're in is one of Radio City's guest studios. Two hundred people are seated in deep upholstered chairs, watching, craning, listening. Up overhead on our right is a glass enclosed balcony for the overflow crowd. We can see their lips moving as though they were in prayer, but no sound escapes. The walls are soft cream and bare. Heavy doors, with small round windows exactly like portholes on an ocean liner, are marked for exit.

We are actually seeing the Gibson Family Broadcast. Now! Wallington has finished speaking and is tiptoeing across the stage to the left. Packed close to the backdrop the orchestra takes the cue. Don Voorhees directing. He is short, wears glasses, does not notice the hair that falls down over his eyes. You've heard his name before. He played all last year for Ed Wynn on his fire chief program.

No one moves. The overture swells. It is the first number (*Continued on page 60*)

Jack and Loretta Clemens and Al Davy, who lend a helping hand to the program. The brother and sister made a name for themselves in vaudeville a while back.

Here is the Ivory quartette swinging into a song, and the suave announcer, Jimmy Wallington (extreme left) who murmurs of the delights of using Ivory on the skin every half hour.

Are Radio Stars

Stephen Fox, popular dramatic star, doesn't like parties; to the left of him, Alexander Woollcott scouts for some news while having his breakfast.

Above, Goodman and Jane Ace, the "Easy Aces" team, go over one of their broadcasts; right, Harry Vonzell, young CBS announcer.

IT is impossible to describe the social life of the radio stars because they haven't any which they share with each other. In fact, if the truth were known, most of them don't even know each other!

That's why newcomers to radio so often accuse them of being snooty. It's just that the radio world, so unlike Hollywood with its Brown Derby and Cocoanut Grove where all the screen celebrities meet and play, has no common stamping grounds for its stars to gather round and exchange gossip.

Yet this miscellaneous group of crooners, news commentators, philosophers and orchestra leaders isn't shut off from the outside world, doesn't shun companionship like it would poison. It has moments of play, each member of the group spending them in a different way.

George Burns and Gracie Allen for instance, are inseparable pals of Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, just as they were back in the old four-a-day vaudeville times. Now that they've made their radio success, the couples get together evenings for poker games, at which Gracie produces strange but edible concoctions in a chafing dish, just as she did in back-stage days, when any kind of a meal was very welcome, indeed.

SNOOTY ?

By HILDA COLE

Why is it that so few of the ether performers share their social life with each other? This story gives the lowdown

The inimitable Ruth Etting is a home-loving person, while to the right of her are Stoopnagle and Budd, that hilarious pair, who are always entertaining their friends.

Above, the piano team of Fray and Braggiotti mingle in high society; left, Ted Husing, famous sports announcer, is a good mixer and is show business' best friend.

Saturday nights, the announcers, who are at once the most gregarious and clanny lot in radio—their variety of programs brings them into contact with a number of people, but their work-a-day schedule is such that it prohibits a normal social existence — hurry to Harry Vonzell's apartment. Deep steins of beer, camembert cheese and a plentiful supply of crackers await them to revive their fallen spirits.

BACHELORS such as Rudy Vallee and Richard Himber take their small doses of social life in hand, whenever they are in the same town. Paul Whiteman consorts with another old-time leader, George Olsen, who followed right up in Paul's footsteps years ago. Jack Denny and Vincent Lopez, with their violin and grand piano, are constantly together, when time permits.

The Lombardos—family institution that they are—have three wives. The seven of them manage to be together whenever any social activities are at hand. And it is hard to crash that select outfit! Of course usually by the time they are ready for fun, everyone else is thinking of bed.

Stephen Fox, CBS dramatic star, who plays everything from madmen to Gaelic fishermen, (*Continued on page 71*)

JAMES MELTON - He Always TOOK A CHANCE

If something's risky, Jimmy likes it—because he thinks that's the only way you can get ahead in the world

BY JANE COOPER

ALONG Radio Row they call him "Take a Chance Melton," and with good reason. For if there's ever a risk to be run, any gamble to be taken that the bravest and hardiest souls are afraid to take, Jimmy Melton is there to take that risk, to run that gamble.

There was only one time in his life that he failed to take a chance offered him, and the bitter memory of the opportunity he muffed is a spur that always drives him onward now. It was when he was singing for Coco Cola, remember? His contract was for fifty-two weeks, but cancellable with three weeks' notice. Another firm begged Jimmy to sign up with them, offering him more money.

His first impulse was to cancel his Coco Cola contract and take a chance on the new. Then he stopped to think and doubts assailed him, insidious doubts that wormed their way into his heart and mind. Here he was in a good spot. The firm knew and liked him. What if he cancelled his contract and the new one didn't pan out? What if the firm didn't like him? What if they went off the air? And so, defeated by these doubts, he stayed with Coco Cola, refused for once in his life to take a gamble. The very next week the Coco Cola account withdrew for the summer. The other program went on the air and was a tremendous success.

That taught Jimmy Melton a lesson, to live up to the creed that had been implanted in him all during his childhood—take a chance. "You've got to be prepared to take risks if you want to get anywhere," this tall, black-eyed, dark-haired southern boy with the ingratiating manner, told me. "I've discovered when I don't take chances I'm out of luck."

Is it Fate or some mysterious, unknown force that works for Jimmy Melton when he takes chances? Whatever it is, it's been working overtime for him ever since he was a little shaver of eleven and took a chance on raising $48 from nowhere for a motor for his bicycle. It happened this way. Jimmy's father had given him a motorbike for his birthday, not the ordinary bicycle, mind you, but the latest rage in cycles; a low and rakish contraption with two bars on top, resembling a motorcycle. Except of course that it had no motor.

A real, honest-to-goodness engine cost $48. Of course Jimmy had never seen that much money in his life, but nevertheless he took a chance and ordered an engine by mail. All he had in his pocket was ten cents, his weekly allowance, but that didn't faze him.

Within three weeks the motor had arrived at the railroad station, but where was Jimmy to get the money to pay for it? He had a conference with the station agent then that would have melted a heart of stone. He begged and pleaded with him to keep the motor until he could raise the money, which he swore he would get within a very short time.

And raise it he did, though he practically had to sweat blood to do it. He ran errands without end, he sawed wood, minded babies, even clerked in the neighborhood grocery store after school. His stamp collection, his penknife, his skates, everything dear to a boy's heart, was auctioned off, until finally he could pay for the engine.

Years later Jimmy decided to go to college, to the University of Florida. His family was poverty-stricken; he had no means of support, yet to college he went, taking a chance upon his ability to support himself and to cultivate his voice.

Again Fate smiled at his reckless "take a chance" attitude. He had no money to pay for tuition and the college authorities hesitated about admitting him, told him it was pure folly for a boy to depend entirely upon his own earning ability to keep himself. Why, it was all right to try to earn a little extra pin money, but (*Continued on page 73*)

Here's Jimmy with his wife Marjorie. Some of these days he'll take a chance on the Metropolitan Opera. Opposite page, his sixty-foot cruiser, The Melody, on which he took his greatest chance not long ago

Adele Ronson's Winter Wardrobe

Adele Ronson, heroine of those thrilling episodes of "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century", heard Monday to Thursday over the Columbia network at six o'clock, chose these grand winter costumes from the popular Marilyn shop of Russek's Fifth Avenue, New York

Miss Ronson looks smart in this trim red velveteen sports dress. The ascot tie is navy and the rhinestone trinket trimmings add dash to the costume which is topped with a becoming "Alpine" hat of soft black felt, so fashionable this season.

For the cocktail hour, Russek's suggested this crêpe tunic dress with its aquamarine blue top and black bottom. The flattering collar fastens at the back with tiny buttons while fur tails trim the front.

The evening dress of chartreuse crêpe to the right, is a simple affair with fine lines. Its outstanding feature is the deep pointed collar in back.

Adele need not fear Jack Frost in this outfit, pictured below. The coat is made of a soft-ribbed, wooly material and the collar is blue fox. Note the odd muff and tam of brown suede

Doesn't Miss Ronson look stunning in the velvet gown at the extreme right? The intricate cape is fastened at the shoulders and waist with large rhinestone buttons.

Ride 'em

Left, Carson Robison, the leader and guiding spirit of the Buckaroos; below the group in western regalia, pictured from left to right, Carson, Pearl Pickens, and John and Bill Mitchell.

BANG!

A pistol shot rang out, reverberating through the corridors of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"He got me, boys," gasped a tall, husky man, staggering back from the microphone.

The sound effects man put down the pistol and Carson Robison, his "victim" and leading spirit of the Bar-X Days and Nights broadcast, stopped staggering and turned over a page of his script.

That's one of the reasons why these broadcasts sound so very real. They don't slap a pillow with a ruler when they're imitating the pistol fire that characterized the West when it was wild and wooly, and though the cast doesn't get far from the microphones, they repress their action as little as possible.

Nor are they a bunch of Easterners, with correspondence school Western drawls. Carson Robison (or Robby, as his friends call him) is a man born and reared in the West—a man who has followed the herds over the dusty prairies—who knows cowboys through having been one himself.

But before he tells you his own amazing story, in his own words, let's drop into the studio and see just how Bar-X is really performed.

A big, husky chap, in his shirt sleeves, a guitar slung around his neck and a harmonica stuck up in front of his mouth on a wire frame begins to sing. He's joined by a couple of banjo players, who also sing, and a pretty, blonde girl vocalist, wearing a blue suit.

The big fellow is Robison; the other two are John and Bill Mitchell

Cowboy!

By
ROBERT EICHBERG

Those Bar-X Days and Nights ring true because of Carson Robison and the life he's led

(Bill's the very dapper one; John wears the glasses) and the girl is Pearl Pickens, otherwise Mrs. Bill Mitchell (but hardly anybody knows that). And here's another secret for you: when Johnny Battle, who plays the juvenile leads in the show, is supposed to be strumming a banjo, it's really Bill who's doing the fretwork.

The program takes place in a small studio, with maps of various states painted on the walls. Only about fifty people can fit in the audience section, as compared with the 1300 who can witness broadcasts in the NBC's biggest studio. So when you've learned what goes on during this program, you'll be a member of a very, *very* exclusive club.

When he isn't playing his guitar during the songs, Robby directs with his right hand. He doesn't use a baton, but pinches his thumb and forefinger together, in the position required to pick up a dead mouse by the tail. He does it without the mouse, though.

Little John Mitchell sits up on top of a high stool, with his feet on the seat of a chair, to bring his banjo near enough the microphone, and leaves his perch only to play big bad bandits in the sketches. Brother Bill is the cowboy who "Yip-eees" in the songs. He stands on the floor, with one foot on a chair. When the chair squeaks a man runs out of the control room and signals about it by sticking his fingers in his ears and making horrible faces. He can't speak a word because the program's on the air, but Bill catches on and puts his foot down, while Pearl silently giggles.

Perhaps you've wondered about the sound effects used to produce the noise of galloping horses, pistol shots, and other sounds typical of the West that was wooly and wild?

Well, two sound effects men beat their hands on a plank for the hoof-beats, and one of them snorts and whinnies, too. The pistol shot is perfectly imitated by the simple process of firing a pistol—and the first time they do it, nearly everybody in the studio audience jumps and gasps. They give the effect of breaking in a desk with a rifle butt by smashing a peach box with a billet of kindling, and when the script says "BOOTED FEET RUNNING ON PLANK FLOOR," one of the sound men runs along a board.

All too soon the program is over. But don't go yet; Robby's going to tell something about himself.

"No, I'm not really a cowboy," (*Continued on page 87*)

On PACIFIC

Latest news and newest happenings behind the microphones and

FREEMAN LANG, who now produces just about most all the electrical transcription programs in Hollywood, held a contest awhile back for "the most perfect radio speaking voice" in Southern California.

The male winner was Hanley Stafford, whose voice is familiar all over the country for he has been in hundreds of recorded programs . . . as well as current coast programs almost by the dozen. Just at this writing he is taking the male lead in KFI's "Richelieu" series; KMTR's "Life of Lincoln" series; KNX's "Forge of Freedom" series; KFI's "Makers of History"; KFWB's "Tale of Two Cities"; and character bits in the KHJ-CBS "Calling All Cars", its "Peter the Great" and others.

Smiling Georgia Fifield, dramatic actress on several NBC programs coming out of Hollywood, also finds time to write.

BIOGRAPHICALLY speaking, Hanley Stafford was born in England nearly 35 years ago; moved to Winnipeg, Canada in '11; enlisted in the 43rd battalion, Canadian Scottish in '15; wounded in the third battle of Ypres in 1916 . . . returned to England in 1918. Until 1924 he toured Canada in drama productions and landed in Los Angeles in that year. He played in stock for eight years and then things began to get tough. From lead roles to audiences of 3,000 he drifted to tent-show life. And then came radio.

IN the meantime he became an American citizen . . . goes to prize fights . . . swims and collects stamps . . . wants a radio poetry period of his own, and hopes to play the part of Mark Sabre in "If Winter Comes."

HANLEY STAFFORD has been rightfully proclaimed the west's most versatile radio actor. His "straight" parts are masterpieces. His dialect work is outstanding. The goal is in sight, but it has been a tremendous struggle against the elements and preconceived notions on the part of casting directors in earlier days.

* * *

GLEANINGS 'round the northwest's radioland where folks are so busy during the holiday season they can't keep still long enough to be interviewed.

Radio habitues of Portland's KOIN. "Red" Dunnings, expert trumpet tooter, wants it known that he was born and brought up on his father's cattle ranch in western Washington. Bill Sandiford, announcer, and Bob Haines, tenor, still explain to friends that their vacation last summer to Tijuana, Mexico, was not to taste the likker. Cecil Teague, organist, has written books on music appreciation . . . plays tennis and chess . . . collects etchings and oil paintings.

* * *

HOW do you suppose Carroll V. Hansen, premier sports announcer for KXL in Portland, Ore., got on the air? His initial radio effort was to sing "Trees."

C. V. used to be a travelling accountant for the western division of a railroad. A couple of years ago he was loafing in a radio studio between trains.

The program manager was tearing his hair because the tenor who was to sing "Trees" didn't show up.

So Hansen sang "Trees" . . . sort of drafted into the job, though he hadn't been on the air before that time. To make a long story short, he threw away the

BY DR. RALPH

the AIRWAVES

among the artists of the broadcast studios along the west coast

adding machine and tabulated paper and sang for a year. Then he began covering all sports events except polo and has a rapid-fire Gibbonesque-type of mike spieling . . . best on describing ice hockey, but also a prime favorite for fights, wrestling, football, soccer, tennis, track and basketball.

* * *

LAWRENCE (LARRY) J. KEATING, late of New York and points east, is a new announcing voice on KGW in Portland. He was in "Men in White" and "Queer People" on Broadway last season.

* * *

WHEN you hear Irvin E. (Edward) Dickinson's voice on KERN, in Bakersfield, you are also hearing the station's chief engineer for he acts in dual capacity, but of course the public knows him for his speaking voice. He has always been interested in radio . . . first as an amateur, now for public broadcast, and in leisure moments as commanding officer of one of the naval reserve units.

DICK has been with KERN since the station opened. Right after school days, however, he served a term in the navy as a radioman in the submarine division. His reserve rank is that of a lieutenant. He is more than six feet tall, weighs about 150 pounds, with blond hair and blue eyes. His newest hobby is aviation and he expects a Christmas present of a license. He is married, and likes to sneak away on a "second honeymoon" every once in awhile to the big cities where his wife gets saturated with shopping and theatres and he . . . visits radio stations.

* * *

HOW would you like to meet some more of the jamboree gang from KFRC in San Francisco? There's Helene Hughes, who is sort of top sergeant for the staff sopranos. She was born on a Montana ranch, but came to the big city to make good several years ago. She finally plopped into the radio realm via the vaudeville and musical comedy route.

AND there's Claude Sweeten, music conductor of the station. He started his musical career as a director and still is. For ten years he directed theatre orchestras around the bay district and then entered radio. He has a rare sense of humor. Conductor Sweeten really started out as a musical prodigy, tooting that piece of fancy plumbing known as the tuba. But he suffered a heart attack while playing it and had to transfer his allegiance to the violin.

* * *

LOOK at Bea Benaderet, newcomer to the jamboree fracas, who does character speaking and singing bits. Her first role on the stage was a 70-year-old woman. But she got a crick in her back from rehearsals and switched over to comedy parts.

* * *

CYRUS TROBBE, KYA's master music mind, organized his orchestra into a hiking club last fall. But after a trial heat the bunch disbanded, and for a day or so the corner drug store did a land-office business in horse liniment. He was born, grew up and studied in New York before going to the coast several years ago. (*Continued on page 82*)

Carmel Myers, star in flicker film days has become quite a radio favorite on the West Coast. She dramatizes her songs.

L. POWER

Dialing the Short Waves

Poor or rich you'll find it easy to choose the perfect Christmas gift for the dialer

LET Santa BRING A RADIO

Above, Philco presents its new High Fidelity set, expensive but worth the money, and (left) an all-wave radio by Atwater Kent in the lower price range.

YOU need never be puzzled as to what to get a radio fan for Christmas. There's always new apparatus on the market, and whether you're willing to spend less than a dollar or more than five hundred, there is something sure to tickle the heart of a really enthusiastic tuner-inner.

Most of the manufacturers are devoting their attention to short wave and all wave sets and accessories this year. Several have already announced their 1935 models as this magazine goes to press, while a few of the more timid or conservative are holding off to see how the public receives the innovations brought out by their more daring rivals.

Beginning in the lower price range with our Christmas suggestions, you can always give a short wave fan a pair of phones, costing from about $2.00 upward, with the assurance that they will be welcome. Not only do they enable him to hear distant stations not distinguishable on the loud speaker, but they permit him to sit up all night without disturbing the rest of the family. In selecting phones, the cheapest are not always the most satisfactory; be guided by what your dealer tells you as well as by what you want to spend.

If your fan friend is bothered by motor noises and the sparking of flasher buttons, elevator contacts and the like, he'll be tickled with a noise-reduction antenna. These haven't much effect on reducing atmospheric disturbances, but if the antenna is placed out of the field of local interference, the lead-in won't pick it up nearly as much as the old, single wire type. The newest sort uses a pair of lead-in wires, each preferrably connected to a separate half-antenna. The Lynch Radio Laboratories, RCA and other companies all put these antennas out in kit form for prices ranging from about $5.00 upward depending on the type.

Any dealer, too, can tell you what tubes your friend's set uses. All you have to know is the make and model. Tubes are always a good, safe buy, for those in a set deteriorate from use and while they may still play, don't usually have the same sensitivity and tone qualities after the first thousand or so hours. If you don't want to buy a complete set of tubes, get the detector only. This is the one which generally needs replacing most.

And now the sets—there's a truly bewildering array just making its appearance. Little broadcast band and short wave midgets can be had for about $20; other sets, affording a greater choice of frequencies, and some containing the new and sensational "high fidelity" principal, list well up into the hundreds.

To start off with a high- (*Continued on page 66*)

by TERRY MILES — the Globe Twister

MORE JUMBLED NAMES!

$500.00

CASH PRIZE CONTEST

YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO ENTER AND WIN ONE OF THE SIXTY-SEVEN AWARDS

IF you began an entry in this interesting contest last month you need no second invitation for undoubtedly this month's set of jumbles has already absorbed your attention. If you are just getting ready to enter —and you still have time to play the game and win—here is a brief summary of the contest. Each of the word jumbles at the right can be unscrambled into a name prominent in radio broadcasting. The example in Rule 2 shows how. Try the first jumble. If you have any difficulty with it get your whole family into the game. All will enjoy it and perhaps someone may be able to help you over the harder spots.

LATE ENTRY REPRINTS

When you have unscrambled the names at the right, if you have not saved last month's jumbles, you can obtain a reprint gratis by making written application to the contest address given in Rule 6. Unscramble these, file them with this month's group, and you will be ready to complete your entry with the final set which will appear in the January issue.

UNSCRAMBLE THESE NAMES

WOYDEN

LAMSHARL

DORFGLAN

HAWSOTTUR

NONDESSAR

HARMCIN

LONPELES

TIRIFOO

TAHNWEMI

FIFORNUB

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish a list of ten scrambled names of prominent performers, announcers or characters in leading programs.

2. To compete, copy the scrambled names and opposite each write the name with the letters in correct order, and the classification of his or her work. Example—

PEZOL—Lopez, band leader

3. In case any name has more than one radio application either or any correct identification will rate equally in this contest.

4. When you have unscrambled and identified all thirty names write a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of these thirty personalities you enjoy most on the air and why.

5. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled and identified and accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best. The prizes scheduled below will be awarded to entries in the order of their excellence on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. When your set of thirty names is complete mail it, accompanied by your statement of preference, to JUMBLED NAMES, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, January 16, 1935, the closing date of this contest.

8. The judges will be the contest board of Macfadden Publications and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

YOU MAY WIN ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$200.00
SECOND PRIZE	100.00
FIVE PRIZES, Each $10.00	50.00
TEN PRIZES, Each $5.00	50.00
FIFTY PRIZES, Each $2.00	100.00
TOTAL 67 PRIZES	$500.00

WATCH FOR THE FINAL LIST OF NAMES NEXT MONTH

Vera Van, Columbia's velvet-toned singer, seems to be in doubt about a certain recipe.

In the

THE big programs are back on the air. The radio stars have swung into their winter season activities. When their work demands so much of their energy they must guard their health carefully. Recreation is important, so is the food they eat.

So, this month we've gathered some new recipes from among the favorite dishes of the ether celebrities. They've all been tested by the stars who recommend them or by their cooks and by your own homemaking department.

Mary Phillips, the lovely artist of the NBC network is a good cook and charming hostess. Her hint to the housewife is to use little water for vegetables such as string beans, carrots, and spinach. It is better occasionally to add more hot water to the pan; then the vegetable has its highest food value, as well as retaining the natural color. She recommends these Stuffed Potatoes as very tempting:

STUFFED POTATOES

6 large baking potatoes (preferably Idaho)
Salt
Pepper
¼ cup of milk
3 tablespoons melted butter
4 tablespoons grated cheese

Bake the potatoes in hot oven, 450 degrees F. Try with fork after one hour baking and when done, remove from the oven. Cut lengthwise in half. Scoop out filling and mash, season with salt and pepper, butter and a dash of nutmeg. After the mixture is smooth, add enough hot milk to moisten, and beat until fluffy and white. Then refill the shells and sprinkle with grated cheese. Place in hot oven, removing when browned.

Honey Dean, another charming lady on the NBC offers this Russian Salad Dressing which should become popular at your dinners. It is not so frequently used as French or Mayonnaise but for a change it's delicious.

RUSSIAN DRESSING

4 cups mayonnaise
½ cup of catsup
2 cups chopped pickles
1 cup chopped store cheese

Add enough catsup to the mayonnaise to secure a delicate pink color, add the chopped pickles and cheese and mix well.

Little Jack Little has a recipe for cream soup which should please your family so much. It is simply prepared and one of the best soups I've ever tasted. This makes six servings.

CREAMED ASPARAGUS SOUP

3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
Salt
Pepper
¾ cup cooked asparagus

Mix the flour and butter in top of double boiler directly over the flame. Add milk slowly and then place over bottom of double boiler. Cook until thickened—about eight minutes. Mash and strain asparagus into the cream sauce, adding about 2 teaspoons of lemon juice. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Reheat when ready to serve.

Leo Reisman, one of our popular orchestra leaders can cook, and one of his real accomplishments is this Penuche recipe for the holidays.

PENUCHE

3 tablespoons butter
1¾ cups brown sugar
Salt (little)
¾ cup cream
1 cup chopped pecans

Melt the butter, add sugar and cream, stirring only until sugar is dissolved. Allow to boil under low flame without stirring until a soft ball is formed when dropped into cold water. Take from fire and when cool beat well. Add the pecans, pour into buttered pan and mark in squares.

Jack Armstrong the hero for all the children, as a special treat, has his mother prepare this Devil's Food Cake.

Stars' Kitchens

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

4 squares chocolate
2 egg yolks
1 cup sweet milk
¾ cup butter
2 cups brown sugar
3 cups flour
1½ teaspoons soda
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
2 teaspoons vanilla

Melt chocolate, add egg yolks, and slowly add one cup milk. Stir until thickened. Cool. Cream butter and sugar, mix flour, salt, and soda and sift. Add alternately to sugar and butter with the other cup of milk. Add vanilla and chocolate ingredients. Beat well. Bake 40 to 50 minutes in 325 degrees F. oven.

George Jessel one of the best liked and well known air entertainers enjoys Italian foods. This Veal and Pepper is grand for the main course of your next dinner.

VEAL AND PEPPER

8 Peppers
2 lbs. veal (shoulder)
2 onions
1 small can tomatoes
½ cup olive oil

Cut the veal, which is boneless into pieces about the size of a walnut and fry in the olive oil until browned. Then pour tomatoes into this mixture and allow to cook for about 15 minutes, then add sliced peppers and sliced onions. Season with salt and black pepper to taste when meat is cooked.

IN addition, we've assembled a very interesting menu for the Christmas Eve supper you may want to have this year.

Lots of the radio people are planning a "Night Before Christmas" party. Why don't you?

MENU

Whole Roast Turkey Stuffed
Cranberry Sauce Fruit Salad
Celery Stuffed with Roquefort Cheese
Finger Rolls Olives
Assorted Nuts Candy Raisins
Fruit Cake Coffee or Tea

FRUIT SALAD

10 slices pineapple cut in cubes
10 half peaches cut in cubes
6 oranges cut in small pieces
4 apples cut in small pieces
6 pears cut in cubes
15 cherries cut in half (maraschino)
6 bananas cut in cubes
1 cup finely cut dates
2 cups canned apricots cubed.

Cut up all fruit according to above directions and put in bowl. Do not add bananas until ready to serve as they will turn brown.

STUFFED CELERY (with Roquefort Dressing)

Mash ½ pound Roquefort Cheese till it forms a paste. Add 2 cups French Dressing slowly while beating and 2 teaspoons of onion juice. Fill celery with Roquefort Cheese and add a dash of paprika.

FINGER ROLLS

2 cups scalded milk
3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons sugar
5½ cups flour
2 teaspoons salt
1 yeast cake dissolved in about ¼ cup lukewarm water
1 egg well beaten

Add butter, sugar and salt to milk. When lukewarm add dissolved yeast cake and 3 cups flour. Beat thoroughly, cover and let rise until light; cut down, add (*Continued on page* 88)

"It ought to be good," says Jack Whiting, as he tastes the delicious soup he's made

DEPARTMENT BY SILVIA COVNEY

By the Oracle who knows all about stars, programs and personalities from Coast to Coast and who'll tell you anything you want to know

QUESTIONS to the right of me, questions to the left of me; questions and answers, that's all I dream about!

I know some of you are going to be disappointed not to find your particular question answered on these pages, but that is not because The Oracle has intentionally slighted you. It may be because your question was covered in a previous issue or that your letter has not yet been taken care of due to the influx of queries that arrived before yours did.

However, please be patient and watch the future issues of RADIO MIRROR. I'm sure you won't be disappointed. Or will you?

Gertrude B., Portsmouth, N. H.——I hope this won't ruffle you, but "Tiny" Ruffner and Gus Haenschen are both married. Gus has not given us his age but take it from The Oracle, he's quite young-looking.

Annie M. S., Washington, D. C.——You and a lot of others have asked us for the names of the members of the Show Boat Four, so here they are:—Scrappy Lambert and Randolph Weyant, tenors; Leonard Stokes, baritone, and Robert Moody, bass. Irene Hubbard plays the part of Captain Henry's sister, Maria, aboard the Show Boat. How's that for service?

A. E. G., Long Island, N. Y.——So, you have fallen for "Your Lover" too! All I can say is that you address a letter to "Your Lover", care of the NBC New York studios, and if he cares to tell all, it's okay with me, but I'm not telling. Sorry, but won't you try me again?

A. F. M, New Hampshire——I really think Alois Havrilla is a fine announcer. He was born in Czecho-Slovakia. At this writing he is still announcing for NBC. He's on the "Hall of Fame" program Sunday nights at 10:00 P. M., over WEAF and the Conoco program starring Harry Richman and Jack Denny on Wednesdays at 10:30 P. M., over WJZ.

Patrick R, Jamaica, New York——Sorry, it's against the wishes of the stars to divulge home addresses. In the case of Rudy Vallee, the address we published was his office, and not his home address. Sure am glad you liked the Jessica Dragonette story in our September issue.

L. F. A., East Douglas, Mass.—That was a rather difficult order. I mean wanting your question answered so quickly. Your order had to wait until I took care of those that came before. I'm sure you'll understand and forgive. Well, now you wanted to know whether Gene Arnold is married and to whom and if he has any children. Gene is married but we don't know to whom. They have no children.

Florence M., Worcester, Mass.——You're not the only one who's favorite tenor is Frank Parker. His parents came from sunny Italy but Frank was born right in these here United States. He's still single.

Florence J., Penn.——Don Ameche does play the part of Bob in the "Betty and Bob" sketches. His wife before her marriage was Honore Prendergast. Right now Don is concentrating solely on his radio work, and he's sure doing a swell job of it. Agree?

Jim M., Crofton, Pa.——The chap who plays the part of Buck Rogers is Curtis Arnall and please, oh please! don't ask for any more home addresses. Can I help it if all the stars got together and ruled against giving out home addresses? Try Mr. Arnall at the Columbia Broadcasting Company, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

Lillian S., Amsterdam, New York——Al Jolson sure knows his radio. Just when you all start missing him, he pops back on the air. If he's off now, he'll be back before long. Does he sing request songs? Just try him at the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York.

Carmenita R., Sidney, New York——Will I answer a couple of questions for you? With pleasure, that's what I'm here for. Kenny Sargent of the Casa Loma orchestra is 28 years young and he's married to Dorothy Morelock. Al Kavelin is five feet ten inches tall; weighs 140 pounds, has black hair and dark brown eyes. He's thirty years old and listen, girls, he's not married. At least not at this writing.

H. M. G., Kerrville, Texas——Jack Benny is married to Mary Liv-

ingstone and you can reach them at the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York.

Mary M., Phila., Pa.——Space on these pages does not leave very much room for detailed biographies, but I'll try and tell you as much as I can. Phil Harris was born in Linton, Indiana, where his father was manager of the local stock company. Phil started his musical career as a drummer, playing in several of the country's leading dance bands before he formed his own group. He also appeared in several talking pictures. Now Leah Ray, blues singer with Phil and his orchestra, hails from Norfolk, Va. She has dark chestnut hair and beautiful round blue eyes; weighs 123 pounds and is five feet, six inches tall; is quite an athlete and plays a good game of tennis. Both Phil and Leah are heard weekly on the "Let's Listen to Harris" program over an NBC-WJZ network each Friday night at 9:00 P. M. Are you contented now?

Sally A., Chicago, Ill.——That hard-boiled chorus girl in the "Myrt and Marge" sketch is played by Elinore Rello, and up to this writing, the Oracle can't find out if she's married or not.

Mary C., Christensen——John Barclay was born on May 5, 1892. That makes him—well, suppose you figure it out for yourself. He's six feet five inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has black curly hair and a fair complexion. You know, these tall, dark and handsome men can't remain single very long. So now you have the sad news.

A. A. M., Leominster, Mass.——The Oracle is really sorry to have fallen down on this one. By all kinds of fair and foul means I tried to get the information you wanted on Jack Armstrong and Betty Fairfield, but the identities of these two popular radio stars are being held locked in the secret panels of the studios.

N. B., Port Dalhousie, Canada——Ben Bernie, "The Old Maestro", is married. His wife is not a professional, and they are the parents of a fine boy of fourteen.

Marie M., Williamsville, N. Y.——How can I refuse when you call me such endearing names! Write Bing Crosby for his picture at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Now just cast your eyes on the opposite page and you'll find something about Al Kavelin.

Francis E., Canastota, N. Y.——I'm almost sure if you address a letter to Donald Novis care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York, he'll fulfill your desire for his autographed picture. As for Lawrence Tibbett, dear reader, if you tune in on WJZ-NBC some Tuesday night at 8:30 P. M., you'll hear his delightful baritone voice coming through your loud speaker.

Jan W., Chicago, Ill.——Do not ever hesitate to ask the Oracle a question. I'm always at your service and if I don't know the answer or can't obtain it for you, I'll just up and confess. I should judge Eddie Duchin to be 5 foot eleven inches tall. He's not married. At present he provides the musical background for Ed Wynn's Texaco program on the National Broadcasting network Tuesday nights at 9:30.

Mary Ellen G., Solomon, Kansas.——To obtain photographs of your favorites, James Wallington, Beatrice Churchill, Phil Harris, Don Ameche, Edward Reese and Enric Madriguera, address a letter to each one in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York.

Bob H., Glendale, Calif.——The two baritones you asked me about are not singing under assumed names. Their names are Mario Cozzi and Igor Gorin. Mario is Italian and Igor is Russian. Will that settle the argument?

Jerry and Bobby, Auburn, Me.——Please let me put your mind at ease. Lanny Ross has not gone to England. Not only is he on the Showboat Hour but he's got his own program called "Lanny Ross and his Log Cabin Orchestra."

Roy E. D., Ocean City, N. J.——Yes siree, Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra is back on the Camel Caravan heard on the WABC-Columbia network every Tuesday night at 10:00 and each Thursday night at 9:00. Don't forget to tune in, or have you?

Do you want to know something about your broadcast favorites? Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City

BY CHASE GILES

CHICAGO

CARLOS MOLINA is sad. The tango-rumba orchestra leader who has become very popular in and around Chicago owns a huge picture. It is a memory of his days in Hollywood. It shows many of our best known film stars. On the margin are their autographs. Already death has taken four of the people in that picture. Carlos checks them off: Marie Dressler, Paul Bern who was Jean Harlow's husband, Lew Cody, A. B. Frank who was president of the Ambassador hotel and discoverer of many stars including Russ Columbo, Bing Crosby, Abe Lyman, Gus Arnheim, Donald Novis, Phil Harris, Molina himself, and finally the fourth to die, Russ Columbo.

● Noble Cain, choral director, lays no claim to reaching high C with his voice, but he can reach pretty high in his own airplane. He's quite a pilot, having frequently commuted to and from the Chicago studios this summer.

TONY IS HAPPY

NOW that Tony Wons is back in Chicago he's happy. For it was here he got his first chance. Then network radio took him to New York and now it has brought him back to the town where he first started over WLS.

When Tony Wons got the urge to try his voice at the radio, he was selling locks in a hardware company. Fortified with a volume of his beloved Shakespeare he stormed the stations of Chicago, visiting first those who cater to the sophisticated audiences. But one after the other turned him down, saying his stuff was too highbrow. Then as a last resort he tried a station that played up to farmers and the small town people, and what seemed almost a miracle, he was put on the air to do a forty-five minute spot of Shakespeare. That, in Tony's words, was one of the most trying periods of his life, for if he failed he would have to return to the lock selling business which he did not fancy; if he succeeded, he knew there was no telling how high he might go in the field of stage and radio entertainment, which he loved.

Tony remembers old timers around WLS and tells this one:

It is a safe bet to say that there is hardly a person in this country above the age of five who has not heard, or has not heard about Amos and Andy. Their rise in radio has been sensational.

Tony remembers the time when he could have mentioned the name of Correl and Gosden to any ten people you met and not one out of the number could tell you who they were. Eight or nine years ago they were end men in Joe Bren's minstrels going out of WLS in Chicago. One day as they were coming to the studio for their show,

BREEZES

Revealing sidelights on human stories that happen around the Chicago studios

a popular young minstrel man asked who those two fellows were. "That is Correll and Gosden," said the hostess. "Never heard of them." "Oh, they are the end men in our minstrel show." Then professional jealousy got the better of the young man, as he said, "Correl and Gosling! You won't hear those names a month from today. I'm going to get their job. I double in minstrel shows." Well, the name of Correll and Gosden did disappear almost from the face of the earth, but the names of Sam and Henry, and Amos and Andy are household words, and the name of the young man who wanted their job has long been forgotten.

JEANIE STARTED HERE

ALTHOUGH most people think Jeanie Lang got her start with Paul Whiteman in the latter's movie "The King of Jazz", she really began well before that right here in Chicago. In St. Louis Jeanie's family and that of Brook Johns' were good friends. Johns got a chance to do stage work in St. Louis and later in Chicago. Jeanie kept pestering him for a chance to sing with his show on the stage. Finally he decided to give her that chance . . . but she was so excited that when she got out on the stage she fainted!

Later she got over that nervousness and for one summer did several jobs in Chicago at the Oriental theatre. Then she had to "retire" from the stage and go back to St. Louis because, you see, the school season was opening.

When she graduated from school her folks took Jeanie to California as a graduation present. One day they met Paul Whiteman who always likes to give ambitious kids a chance. The Langs didn't want Jeanie to sing professionally although they were proud of the work she had done in school shows.

"Do you sing?" asked Paul Whiteman.

"O, yes," replied Jeanie.

"No!" cried Mr. Lang.

"O, my goodness, no!" added Mrs. Lang.

Paul heard her, liked her voice and put her into his "King of Jazz" movie.

HECTIC RADIO

RADIO is hectic and sometimes amusing. Take for instance the day both Irna Phillips and Bess Johnson forgot they were in the "Today's Children," sketch for that day. (*Continued on page* 75)

Ireene Wicker, the "Singing Lady" of nurseryland, finds time to canter through Lincoln Park on her favorite charger, Bourbon Bell. This little lady has a way all her own, and the children all love her songs and stories.

We Have With Us—

RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

HOW TO USE IT: Here is a new chart which enables you to find any of the big network programs at a glance. The list covers all broadcasts for October and November and is arranged according to the hours of the day, beginning at twelve noon and ending at twelve midnight. The time given is Eastern Standard. If you have Central Standard just cross out the hours, subtract one hour and put in the corrected time. For Mountain Time, subtract two hours and for Western Time, subtract three.

On this and the opposite page, you will find all the Columbia programs. The two pages following give you all the National Broadcasting programs which are divided into the Red and Blue networks. At the left you'll find a list of network stations belonging to CBS. If your station is not listed look for it after the Program in the columns. After each program the length is given in fractions, and the day of the week in abbreviations. Following that is a list of stations, shortened into Basic, Supplementary, Canadian and Coast, with exceptions and additions. The NBC station list includes Basic, Western, Canadian and Coast. We can't be responsible for last minute changes!

LIST OF STATIONS

BASIC

WABC
WADC
WOKO
WCAO
WNAC
WGR-
WKBW
WKRC
WHK
CKLW
WDRC
WFBM
KMBC
WCAU
WJAS
WEAN
WFBL
WSPD
WJSV
WBBM
WHAS
KMOX

SUPPLEMENTARY

WDOD
KRLD
WBIG
KTRH
KLRA
WQAM
WSFA
WLAC
WDBO
WDBJ
WTOC
WDAE
KFBK
KDB
WICC
KFPY
WPG
KVOR
KWKH
KLZ
WLBW

WHEC
KTSA
KSCJ
WSBT
WMAS
WIBW
WWVA
KFH
WSJS
KGKO
WBRC
WMBR
WMT
WCCO
WISN
WLBZ
WGLC
WFEA
KOH
KSL
WORC
WBT
WDMC
WALA
KHJ

COAST

KOIN
KGB
KHJ
KFRC
KOL
KFPY
KVI

KFBK
KMJ-
KMT
KWG
KERN
KDB
KHJ

CANADIAN

CKAC
CFRBJ

12 NOON

12:00
Pontifical Mass: Sun. ½ hr. network
Voice of Experience: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic. Plus Coast Plus WOKO WBT KLZ WCCO KSL WWVA

12:15
Betty Barthell: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Network

12:30
Tito Guizar: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus WOWO WMAS WORC
Al Kavelin Orchestra: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. Network
Smiling Ed McConnell: Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic KMOX Plus Coast Plus WBT WBNS KLZ WWVA WICC WHF WFEA WISN WCCO KSL WORC

1 P.M.

1:00
Church of the Air: Sun. ½ hr. Network
George Hall Orchestra: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. Network

1:30
Little Jack Little: Sun. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr Basic minus WBBM WHAS WOKO WCAO WNAC WEAN WSPD KMOX Plus KRLD. WBT WOWO WCCO
Frank Dailey Orchestra: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

1:45
Pat Kennedy and Art Kassel: Sun. Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WNAC WDRC WEAN WFBL WBBM WMOX WHAS plus WOW WGST WBNS KRLD KLZ WCCO WDSU KSL WMT Plus Coast

Rabbi Abram Hirschberg preaches on the Church of the Air . . . . Sponsor of Little Jack Little is the Pinex Co.

2 P.M.

2:00
Lazy Dan: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WDRC WBBM WSPD KMOX WHAS Plus Coast Plus WGST WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ KFAB WDSU WMBG WHEC WIBW
Eaton Boys: Tues. Fri. ¼ hr. Network
Emery Deutsch: Wed. ½ hr. Network
Ann Leaf: Thurs. ½ hr. Network

2:15
Emery Deutsch: Tues. ¼ hr. Network

2:30
Hill's Royal Hawaiians: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WBBM KMOX WHAS WSPD Plus Coast Plus WGST WBF KRLD KLZ KFAB WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBG WDBJ WHEC KSL WIBW WMT
Emery Deutsch: Mon. Thurs. ½ hr.—Network

Lazy Dan sings on behalf of Old English Floor Wax . . . Who's going to sponsor the Eaton boys? They're swell . . . Don't miss the Royal Hawaiian Band on Sundays.

3 P.M.

3:00
New York Philharmonic: Sun. two hrs. Basic minus KMBC WCAU KMOX WBBM WHAS Plus Supplementary Plus Canadian
Kate Smith: Wed. one hr. Basic minus KMBC Plus Supplementary Plus Canadian
Philadelphia Symphony: Fri. two hrs. Basic minus WBBM WHK WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus WDBJ WCCO KSL WIBW WSBT WMBR WWVA KTSA KLZ Plus Canadian

3:30
Chicago Women's Symphony: Mon. Tues. Thurs. ½ hr.—Basic minus WCAU WHAS KMOX WBBM Plus Supplementary Plus Canadian Plus WNOX WMBG
Saturday Syncopators: Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus WNAC WBBM KMOX WHAS Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WIBW WWVA WBRC WMBR Plus Canadian Plus WAAB KOMA WNOX

The Philharmonic is back to continue its grand series of two-hour concerts . . . Kate Smith's Matinee is going over big . . . The Chicago Women's Symphony is one of the few all-women orchestras.

4 P.M.

4:00
Jack Brooks: Wed. ½ hr.—Network
Ann Leaf: Sat. ½ hr. —Network

4:15
Salvation Army Band Mon. ¼ hr.—Network
Round Towners: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

4:30
Chicago Varieties: Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus WBBM KMOX WHAS Plus Supplementary minus KGKO Plus Canadian plus WMBG
Dick Messner: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WBBM WHAS KMOX WCAU Plus Supplementary minus KFBK WPG KLZ KFPY KVOR Plus Canadian

Allan Leafer and his orchestra: Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WKBW WBBM WHAS KMOX plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFTY WBRC WMBR plus WDSU WBNS plus Canadian

As we go to press we can't give you the schedules for the football broadcasts on Saturday afternoon. The Powers-that-beef are still wrangling over which games they will be allowed to put on the air, but we have a hopeful hunch that if you turn your dials, you'll catch your gridiron favorites in action.

5 P.M. 6 P.M.

5:00
Open House, Freddie Martin: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WGR Plus a Supplementary network
Enoch Light Orchestra: Sat. ¼ hr.—Network

5:15
Skippy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic minus WBBM WHAS KMOX WADC WNAC WFBM KMBC Plus WAAB WHEC CFRB

5:30
Crumit & Sanderson: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WKRC WBBM Plus WAAB WICC WDSU KOMA WHEC WBNS WMAS WWVA KFH WORC WIBX KTUL
Jack Armstrong: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus KMOX WBBM WHAS WCAO WNAC WFBL WKRC WDSU WKRC WFBM KMBC Plus WAAB WHEC WMAS

5:45
The Oxol Feature: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WJAS WEAN WFBL WHP WMBG WMAS

The Open House, with Freddie Martin's band, is going to present guest personalities new to radio audiences, every Sunday . . . Skippy's quarter of an hour sponsored by Phillip's Dental Magnesia is still an every-week-day favorite . . . Gordon, Dave and Bunny are stars of the Oxol Feature, sponsored by the J. L. Prescott Co. . . . Bond Bread vouches for Crumit and Sanderson.

COLUMBIA BROAD-

CASTING SYSTEM

6 P.M.

6:00
Music By Gershwin: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WNAC WEAN WSPD Plus Coast plus WAAB WBT WDSU WGST WBNS WHEC KRLD KLZ WCCO KSL CFRB
Frederic William Wile: Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus KMOX WHAS WADC WNAC WGR WEAN WFBL WJSV Plus Supplementary minus WBT WDOD KFBK KFPY WPG KLZ WSBT WWVA WBRC WMBR WMT WCCO Plus WDOD WACO WNAX WNOX CKAC KOMA

6:15
Bobby Benson: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WAAB WGR WCAU WFBL WLBZ WOKO WDRC WEAN

6:30
Smiling Ed McConnell: Sun. ¼ hr.—Network
The Shadow: Mon. Wed. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WDRC WCAU WEAN WFBL WJSV WHEC WORC WIBX
Shell Products, Eddie Dooley: Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBBM KMOX WHAS WADC WFBM KMBC Plus WLBZ WICC WBT WBNS WBIG WHP WFEA WMBG WDBV WHEC WMAS WSVS WORC WDNC WDBH WDBF WIBX

6:45
Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WFBM Plus WAAB WOWO WBT WCCO WWVA
Wrigley Beauty Program: Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WKBW WNAC WDRC WCAU WEAN

Feen-A-Mint's George Gershwin program continues to offer Louis Katzman's Orchestra with George at the piano and mike . . . Frederic William Wile talks from the Capitol . . . If you're a football fan, don't miss Eddie Dooley and his forecasts and resumés of every important college game in the country. . . . Wasey Products offers the Voice of Experience to settle your latest love problems or haven't you? . . . The Shadow is bought by Blue Coal.

7 P.M.

7:00
Myrt & Marge: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WFBM KMBC WBBM KMOX WHAS Plus WQAM WDBO WDAE WBT WTOC WWVA
Elder Michaux: Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WBBM KMOX WNAC WHK WEAN WHAS Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WPG WHEC WIBW KFH WBRC WHBR KSL plus Canadian Plus WACO WNOX

7:15
Just Plain Bill: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WJSV

7:30
Ward's Family Theatre: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR WKRC WHAS WFBM KMBC WSPD WJSV Plus WLBZ WFEA WSFA WSBT WMAS WWVA WBRC WMBR WBNC WICC WORC WKBM
Silver Dust Serenaders: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WGR WORC WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WHP WHEC WMAS WWVA WORC
Whispering Jack Smith: Tues. Thurs. Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHAS WADC WKRC WHK CKLW KMBC WSPD WBBM KMOX plus WORC

7:45
Boake Carter: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WKRC WDRC WFBM WEAN WFBL WSPD Plus WBT WCCO
The Lawyer and the Public: Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHK KMOX WHAS WBBM Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WPG WBRC WMBR KSL Plus Canadian Plus KOMA WACO WNAX

Elder Michaux and his congregation meet earlier than formerly . . . Buddy Rogers and Jeanie Lang, together with the Three Rascals, appear on the stage of the Ward's Family Theatre . . . Philco presents one of your favorite news commentators, Boake Carter, English accent and all . . . Myrt and Marge, fully recovered from their vodvil trip in the East, again chatter amusingly at the mike—and you.

8 P.M.

8:00
Detroit Symphony: Sun. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary Plus WNOX WKBH WGST WBNS WDSU WNAX WKBM WACO KTUL WIBY WOWO KWO Plus Canadian
Bar X Days and Nights: Mon. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WSPD Plus Coast Plus WBNS KLZ WCCO WHOC KSL
Lavendar and Old Lace: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WSPD
Easy Aces: Wed. Thurs Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WORC WEAN WJSV Plus WOWO WCCO CFRB
Roxy and His Gang: Sat. ¾ hr. Basic minus WADC Plus Coast Plus Canadian Plus WGST WBRC WDOD KRLD KLZ KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO WLAC WLFC WDSU KOMA KSL KTSA WIBW WMT WORC

8:15
Fats Wallers Rhythm Club: Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHK WSPD WBBM KMOX WHAS Plus Supplementary minus KFBK WPG KFPY WHEC KSL Plus KOMA WACO WNAX WNOX
Edwin C. Hill: Mon. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus WCCO

8:30
Atwater Kent Hour: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast Plus WQAM WRT WDOD KRLD KLZ WCCO KSL WMT WOWO WDSU
Melodiana, Abe Lyman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus WODO WCCO CFRB
Everett Marshall: Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHK Plus Coast Plus WOWO WBT KRLD KLA WLAC KOMA WDSU KSL WIBW
Forum of Liberty, Liberty Magazine: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus WOWO
True Story Hour: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBM WSPD WHAS KMOX Plus WCCO

8:45
Fats Waller: Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus KMOX WHAS WDRC Plus Supplementary minus KBK KFBY KWKH WWVA WMBR WBRC KSL Plus Canadian Plus WACO KOMA WNOX WNAX

Ford has taken over the Detroit Symphony in place of Fred Waring's 9:30 program . . . Edwin C. Hill is the splendid master of ceremonies for the Liberty Magazine program on Thursdays . . . Josef Pasternack's Orchestra is the background for the Atwater Kent Hour.

9 P.M.

9:00
Alexander Woollcott: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus KLZ WCCO KSL
Chesterfield Hour: Mon. Wed. Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WSFA KWKH KVOR WSBT WIBW WWVA KGKO WGLC Plus WOWO WGST WBNS WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBH
Bing Crosby: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus WOW WBT KRLD KLZ WREC WCCO WDSU KSL KTUL
The March of Time: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus KMBC Plus Coast plus WOWO WGST KRLD KLZ WCCO WDSU KSL
Camel Caravan: Thurs ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KVOR KLZ WSBT WWVA KGKO WGLC KOH WDNC KHJ Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WOWO WDSU KOMA WMBD WMGB KTUL WACO WNAX WKBM

9:30
Gulf Program, Will Rogers: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR WFBM KMOX WBBM KMBC WFBL Plus WOWO WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE WGST WLBZ WBRC WBT WDOD WBNS KRLD KTRH KLRA WFEA WRAC WLAC WDSU KTSA WTOC WACO WAMS WORC WALA WBIG WMBG WHEC WDBJ
The Big Show: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus WOWO WICC WBT WBNS KLZ KFAB WREC WCCO CKAC WDSU KSL
Isham Jones, Chevrolet: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast Plus a Supplementary network
Adventures of Gracie: Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS Plus Coast Plus WBT KRLD KLZ WBIG KTRH WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL KTSA WORC WOWO
Fred Waring: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK Plus Supplementary minus KDB KWKH WSBT WWVA Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBN KNOX WMBD Plus Canadian
Hollywood Hotel: Fri. one hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WWVA WGLC Plus Canadian Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG WMBD KTUL WACO WNAX WNOX WIBX WKBH
Richard Himber, Joey Nash - Studebaker: Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KWKH WBRC WMBR KFPY Plus Canadian Plus KOMA WMBD WACO WNAX WNOX WGST

10 P.M.

10:00
Camel Caravan: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KVOR KLZ WSBT WWVA WGLC KOH KSL WDNC Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBD WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBN
Byrd Broadcast: Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WSPD Plus Coast Plus KFZ WOWO WQAM WDAE WGST WLBZ WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ WHP KTRH KFAB KLRA WREC WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBG WHEC KSL KTSA WIBW WACO WMT KFH WORC WNAX
Borden's 45 Minutes in Hollywood: Thurs. ¾ hr. Basic minus WADC WFBM KMBC WHAS Plus Canadian Plus WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE WGST WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ KTRH WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WHEC KSL KTSA KTUL WACO KFH
Carborundum Band: Sat. ½ hr. Coast Plus WABC WCAO WNAC WKBW WBBM WKRC CKLW KMBC WCAU WJAS WBT KLZ WCCO KSL
Wayne King, Lady Esther: Sun. Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WEAN Plus Coast Plus WAAB WIBW WBNS KRLD KLZ KFAB WCCO WDSU KSL

10:30
Care and Feeding of Hobby Horses: Sun. ½ hr.—Network
Emery Deutsch: Mon. ¼ hr.—Network
George Givot: Tues. ½ hr.—Network
Melody Masterpieces: Wed. ½ hr.—Network
Kate Smith: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WCAU WHK KMOX WBBM WHAS Plus Supplementary minus WDBJ KFPY KFBK KTSA WSBT WWVA WMBR WCCO KSL Plus Canadian Plus WAAB WNOX KOMA WMBD WACO WNAX
Benjamin Franklin: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

10:45
Fray and Braggiotti: Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus KMOX WCAO WHK KMBC WBBM WHAS Plus Canadian Plus WAAB WNOX WACO Plus Supplementary minus WSFA WDBO KFBK WICC KFPY KWKH WWVA WMBR WMT WCCO WISN

Between nine and midnight: Cream of Wheat is responsible for Alex Woollecott's additional quarter hour, also for those ingratiating musical interludes . . . Martini, Ponselle, and Stueckgold are the Big Names for Chesterfield.

11 P.M. MIDNIGHT 12

11:00
Henry Busse Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr.—Network
Nick Lucas: Wed. ¼ hr.—Network
Vera Van: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network
Sylvia Froos: Sat. ¼ hr.—Network

11:15
Leon Belasco Orchestra: Mon. Fri. ½ hr.—Network
Frank Dailey Orchestra: Tues. Wed. ¼ hr.—Network
Ozzie Nelson: Sun. ½ hr.—Network

11:30
Joe Haynes: Sun. Thurs. ½ hr.—Network
Ozzie Nelson: Wed. ½ hr.—Network
Leon Belasco: Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

More data about programs from nine to midnight: Boswell Sisters replaced the Mills Brothers on Bing Crosby's Woodbury hour . . . Walter O'Keefe, Annette Hanshaw, and Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra make up the Camel Caravan, Thursdays at nine, Tuesdays at ten . . . Presently Will Rogers will alternate with Stoopnagle and Budd . . . Block and Sully have their own show at last with Gertrude Niesen adding the dignity (The Big Show, Mondays) . . . Hurray for the Adventures of Gracie (and George) on Wednesdays . . . Fred Waring concentrates on one program a week; those Thursday broadcasts show it, too . . . Borden's still offers the cream of Hollywood talent on Thursdays at ten; radio audiences contented! . . . Some advertiser should grab Kate Smith's Friday night broadcast — she's better than ever . . . Tuesday's at 9:45 and Thursday's at 10:45—for the ear moderne (French); Fray and Braggiotti are Aces (American).

BLUE NETWORK

12 NOON

12:00
Fields and Hall: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

12:15
Merry Macs: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

12:30
Radio City Music Hall: Sun. Hour—Network
National Farm and Home Hour: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. Hour—Network

Cherie McKay is the contralto on the Merry Macs' program . . . Try the Radio City Music Hall glee club, Sundays.

1 P.M.

1:30
Vic and Sade: Wed. Sat. ¼ hr.—Network
NBC Great Composer's Hour: Thurs. Hour—Network

1:45
Words and Music: Wed. ¼ hr. Sat. ½ hr.—Network

Quarter hour on Wednesdays, half hour on Saturdays, Words and Music presents Leola Turner, soprano, and Frederick Bittke, baritone.

2 P.M.

2:00
Wandering Minstrel: Wed. Fri. ½ hr.—Network

2:30
Broadway and Hollywood Stars: Sun. one hr.—Network.

2:45
Echoes of Erin: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

Fine dramatic sketches by your Hollywood favorites on the Sunday hour at two-thirty . . . The Wandering Minstrel has wandered to Frisco for his broadcasts.

3 P.M.

3:00
Radio Guild: Mon. Hour—Network

3:30
Saturday Songsters: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

3:45
Joe White: Wed. ¼ hr.—Network

One of the finest afternoon programs on the air is the Radio Guild which from three to four every Monday stops bridge games in the middle of rubbers, drives eager hockey players indoors, sends enthusiastic cooks out of their kitchens to the loud speaker and holds the attention of more listening Americans than even Bing Crosby or Rudy Vallee; if you haven't listened in, don't fail to, next chance you get . . . Jack Owens and Edna Odell are the Saturday Songsters.

4 P.M.

4:00
Betty and Bob: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus. WENR KSO KWCR WREN plus Coast plus WBAP WLW WLS WTMJ KSTP KVOO WKY KPRC
Kansas City Philharmonic; DeWolf Hopper: Sun. ½ hr.—Network.

4:15
Platt and Nierman: Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

4:30
Carlsbad Products: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic Minus WJR WGAR KWK
Palmer Clark: Wed. Thurs. Sat. ½ hr.—Network

4:45
General Federation of Women's Clubs: Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

It's time some sponsor picked up Betty and Bob — they're every bit as good as they were last year and are deserving of commercial support . . . You'll enjoy the concert orchestra of Palmer Clark on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays...We recommend the Kansas City Philharmonic.

5 P.M.

5:00
Roses and Drums: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WLW KTBS WKY KTHS WBAP KPRC WOAI
Al Pierce and His Gang: Wed. ½ hr.—Network

5:15
Jackie Heller: Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr.—Network

5:30
American BoschRadio: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus WCKY WKBF WIBA KSTP WSMB WTMJ WEBC WDAY KFYR WSM WMC WSB WAPI WAVE plus Coast
Singing Lady: Mon. Tues, Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. — Basic minus WMAL WSYR WENR KWCR KSO KWK WREN KOIL — plus WLW

5:45
Terhune Dog Drama: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Coast
Little Orphan Annie: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus. WENR KSO KWK WREN KOIL—Plus WRVA WJAX CRCT WCKY WPTF WFLA CFCF

Let the kiddies listen to the Singing Lady every week day at 5:30 . . . and Albert Payson Terhune on Sundays.

LIST OF STATIONS

BLUE NETWORK

BASIC

WJZ WSYR KWGR WPTF KPRC
WBAL WHAM KSO WTMJ WEBC
WMAL KDKA KWK KSTP WRVA
WBZ WJR WREN WWNC WJAX
WBZA WENR KOIL WKY WFLA
WGAR WBAP WOAI
WLS

COAST

KOA KGO KOMO
KDYL KFI KHQ
KGW

RED NETWORK

BASIC

WEAF WWJ WGY WBZ, WBZA WHO, WOC
WTAG WLW, WSAI WJAR WCSH WEEI WMAQ
WBEN WCAE WLIT, WFI KSD WOW
WTAM WRC WDAF WTIC

WESTERN

KSTP WEBC WKY KVOO WBAP
WTMJ KPRC WOAI WFAA KTAR

SOUTHERN

WIOD WIS WJAX WSB WAPI
WFLA WPTF WMC WSM WAVE
WWNC WRVA WJDX WSMB

CANADIAN

CRCT CFCF

COAST

KHQ KGO KOMO
KDYL KHJ KFI
KOA KGW

RED NETWORK

12:15
Honeyboy and Sassafras: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

12:30
Merry Madcaps: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

Space prohibits our giving you the before-noon programs but be sure to hear Clara, Lu 'n' Em every week day except Saturday at 10:15.

1.00
Dale Carnegie: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WCSH KSD WOC WDAF WMAQ WKAF

1:15
Jan Brunesco: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network
Peggy's Doctor: Mon. ¼ hr.—Network

1:30
Little Miss Bab O: Sun. ½ hr. - Basic minus WHO WKAF

"Little Known Facts About Well Known People"—Dale Carnegie's exceedingly fine half hour.

2:00
Mohawk Treasure Chest: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast minus KSD
Stones of History: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network

2.30
Trio Romantique: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network
Green Brothers: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

One of the boys who's gaining popularity practically every minute is Ralph Kirbery who is the solo baritone on the Mohawk Treasure Chest.

NATIONAL

3.00
Talkie Picture Time: Sun. ½ hr. — Basic minus KSD WTIC—plus WJDX WSMB WSM WMC WSB WAPI
Oxydol's Ma Perkins: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJAR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW—plus WKBF WASM WSB WAPI WAVE
Radio Playbill: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

3:15
Dreams Come True: Mon. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW

3:30
Maybelline Musical Romance: Sun. ½ hr—Basic plus Coast
Woman's Radio Review: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr.—Network
Weekend Review: Sat. Hour—Network

Don Mario Alvarez and Jimmie Fidler are the works on the Maybelline Musical Romance which comes from Hollywood . . . Barry McKinley is the baritone on the Dreams Come True program.

4:00
Pop Concert: Wed. ½ hr.—Network
Master Music Hour: Fri. one hr.—Network.

4:45
Dream Drama: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WHO WOW
Adventures on Mystery Island: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

One of the very best childrens' programs on the air is brought to young radio listeners every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday under the direction of Madge Tucker. It's the "Adventures on Mystery Island" broadcast which dramatizes the most provocative wonder stories available. . . . More theatricals in Dream Drama, featuring Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. . . . The Pop Concert at four on Wednesdays is brought to you from various cities of the Eastern coast line.

5:00
Sentinel Serenade: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast plus WMC WSB WSM WAVE WTMJ WEBC KFYR WIBA
Peg La Centra: Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

5:15
Tom Mix: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WFBR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW

5:30
The House By Side of Road: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WWNC WIS WPTF WRVA KPRC WKY WOAI KVOO WBAP
Our American Schools: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

Ralston presents Tom Mix on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for your youngsters and ours. . . . Tony Wons has transferred his inflections from CBS to NBC and now is heard on Sundays in the "House by the side of the road" by those who like him. . . . Josef Koestner is the orchestra leader for the Sentinels.

6 P.M. 7 P.M. 8 P.M. 9 P.M. 10 P.M. 11 P.M. 12 MIDNIGHT

6:00
Education in the News: Wed. ¼ hr.—Network.

6:15
Sparton Triolians, Jolly Coburn: Sun. ¼ hr.—Network.

6:30
Grand Hotel: Sun. (check on time)—Basic plus Coast plus WTMJ KSTP WEBC

6:45
Lowell Thomas: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WENR KWCR KSO KWK WREN KOIL WLW CRCT WJAX—plus WFLA CFCF WIOD WRVA
John Herrick: Sat. ¼ hr.—Network

Next month in Radio Mirror: Anne Seymour's amazing Heritage—a swell feature—she's on the Grand Hotel program, hour undecided at this writing . . . Jolly Coburn is at the Rainbow Room on the 65th Floor of the RCA Building, New York . . . He's sponsored by Spartan Radios.

7:00
Jack Benny: Sun. Hour—Network
Amos and Andy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus. WSYR KWK KWCR WREN KSO KOIL — plus WLW CRCT WRVA WPTF WIOD WFLA WCKY
Flying with Capt. Al Williams: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

7:15
Vicks with Mildred Bailey: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WGAR WREN—plus WCKY

7:30
Baker's Broadcast, Joe Penner: Sun. ½ hr. — Basic plus Western minus WWNC WBAP—plus WIBA WDAY KFYR WIOD WSM WMC WSB WJDX WSMB KVOO WFAA KTAR
Red Davis Series: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJR WGAR—plus WIBA KSTP WEBC WRVA WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WSM WMC WSB WJDX WSMB WKY KTBS KPRC WTAR WAVE
Edgar A. Guest: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WJR
Armand Girard: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

7:45
Dangerous Paradise: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic plus WMS WSB WSMB KVOO KTBS WKY WFAA

You'll hear Al Bernard and Paul Dumont on the Molle Minstrel Show. . . . Pepsodent offers you Frank Buck in his amazing adventures every week day except Saturday.

8:00
Yeastfoamers: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus Coast plus WLS WLW WKBF
Eno Crime Clues: Tues. Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHAM WENR plus WLW WLS
O. Henry Dramatizations: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network
Irene Rich: Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJR WGAR WENR KWK plus WLS WSM WMC WSB WAVE
Art in America: Sat. ¼ hr.—Network
General Motors Symphony Concert: Sun. one hr.—Network.

8:15
Legion of Decency: Fri. ¼ hr.—Network
Grace Hayes: Sat. ¼ hr.—Network

8:30
Lawrence Tibbett: Tues. ¾ Hr. Basic minus WENR KWK plus WLS CRCT CFCF
Lanny Ross, Log Cabin Orch: Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WBZ WBZA WENR KWK plus WLS
Melodies Romantique: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network
Emerson Drug Program: Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus WLS
Jamboree: Sat. ½ hr.—Network
WOAI
Shirley Howard: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

9:00
Sinclair Minstrels: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic Minus WMAL WENR WSYR KWCA plus Western minus WBAP KOMO KDYL KHQ KGW plus WSB WIBA WDAY KFYR WFAA WIS WIOD WSM WSMB WJDX KTBS KVOO WSOC WTAR WMC KTHS KFSD KTAR
Warden Lewis E. Lawes: Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHAM WJR WENR plus WLS WKBF plus Coast
Death Valley Days: Thurs. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus WLW WLS
Let's Listen to Harris: Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WJR WENR plus WCKY WSB WOAI WLS WSMB CFCF WSM WKY WAPI WFAA plus Coast
Radio City Party: Sat. ½ hr. — Basic minus WENR plus WCKY WLS plusCoast

9:15
Story Behind the Claim: Tues. ¼ hr.—Basic minus KWK plus WCKY

9:30
Walter Winchell: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plusWLW
Princess Pat Players: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus WCKY
Hands Across the Border: Tues. Hour—Network
John McCormack: Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHAM plus
(Continued on last col.)

10:00
Madame Schumann-Heink: Sun ¼ hr.—Basic plus WCKY
Denis King: Wed, ¼ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus WCKY WTMJ WIBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFYR KGIR KFSO CRCT
Parade of the Provinces: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network
Molle Minstrel Show: Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WGAR KWK

10:15
Madame Sylvia: Wed. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJR plus Coast plus WTMJ WRVA KSTP WEBC

10:30
Tim and Irene: Tues. ½ hr.—Network
Conoco Presents: Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WBZ WBZA KDKA plus WCKY WTMJ WEBC WDAY KDYL KVOO KFYR WRVA WKY WFAA KPRC KOA
Economic and Social Changing Order: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network

Parade of the Provinces comes from Canada, in exchange for some of the choicest programs in the U. S. . . . Conoco Presents: Harry Richman with Jack Denny's Orchestra.

11.00
Zig Zag Circle Ranch: Wed. ¼ hr.—Network
Del Campo Orchestra: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network

11:30
D'Orsey Brothers and Bob Crosby: Tues. ½ hr.—Network
Charley Davis Orchestra: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network
Jolly Coburn Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr.—Network

The D'Orsey Brothers, who are on the air with Bob Crosby, Bing's brother, on Tuesdays, used to accompany the Boswell Sisters for all their phonograph records . . . they're at the Riviera, in New Jersey. . . .

(Continued)
WKBF WJR plusCoast
Armour Hour, Phil Baker: Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WMAL WSYR KWCR Plus Western minus WPTF WBAP WLS plus WIOD WSM WMC WSB WAPI WSMB WFAA KTAR WAVE
National Barn Dance: Sat. Hour—Basic minus WENR plus WLS WKBF

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

6:00
Catholic Hour: Sun. ¼ hr.—Network.

6:15
Drama Jules Verne: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

6:30
Armco Iron Master: Sun. ½ hr. — Basic minus WTAG WJAR WCSH WEEI WTIC plus KPRC WKY WOAI WBAP KTBS WIBA

6:45
Billy Batchelor: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WSAI WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW
Thornton Fisher: Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WCAE WHO WDAF

The Armco Iron Master offers the concert band under the direction of Frank Simon. . . . Billy Bachelor stars Raymond Knight in a dramatic sketch every week day except Saturdays. . . . More fine children's entertainment in the Jules Verne dramas every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. . . . For informative data about football games, tune in on Thornton Fisher every Saturday.

7:15
Gene and Glen: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG WCSH WFBR WRC WGY WBEN WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA

7:15
Religion in the News: Sat. ¼ hr.—Network

7:30
American Radiator Program: Sun. ¼ hr.—WEAF WTAG WJAR WCSH WRC WGY WTAM WWJ WSAI WMAQ KSD WOW
Martha Mears: Sat. ¼ hr.—Network
Molle Minstrel Show: Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBN WCAE WTAM WFBR WFI WEEI WOW WTIC

7:45
Frank Buck: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WTAG WWJ WFBR WJAR WEEI WHO WTIC
Floyd Gibbons: Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Western minus WHO KVOO WFAA KTAR

8:00
Chase and Sanborn: Sun. Hour—Complete except WBAP plus KFYR WIBA
Studebaker, Himber, Nash: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus KVOO WKY WFAA KPRC WOAI KTBS
Leo Reisman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WSAI WHO WDAF WOW KSD
Mary Pickford: Wed. ½ hr.—Complete plus KTBS WCKY KFYR WDAY WIBA
Rudy Vallee: Thurs. Hour—Complete plus KFYR WDAY
Cities Service: Fri. Hour — Basic minus WMAQ plus Western minus Coast plus CRTC KOA KDYL
Swift Hour: Sat. Hour—Basic minus WHO plus Western minus KVOO WFAA KTAR plus WIBA KTBS
Voice of Firestone: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus KSD WHO WOW plus Canadian
Lady Esther, Wayne King: Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus WFBR plus WTMJ KSTP WKY KPRC WSM WSB WMC WOAI WKBF WSMB WFAA

Royal Gelatine vouches for Mary Pickford in her really excellent half-hour dramatizations of famous plays—don't miss it. . . . Fleischmann continues to sponsor Rudy Vallee.

9:00
Manhattan Merry Go Round: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WBEN WCSH WCAE WEEI plus WTMJ KSTP WEBC CFCF and Coast
A and P Gypsies: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus WLW WFBR WRC
Ben Bernie, Blue Ribbon: Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus WLW WOW WDAF WTIC plus WTMJ KSTP WDAY KFYR WMC WSB WJDX WKY WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI KOA
Fred Allen: Wed.Hour—Basic plus WIS WJAX WIOD WSB WTMJ KTBS KPRC WOAI KSTP WRVA WSMB KVOO WKY WEBC WPTF WSM WMC
Showboat Hour: Thurs. Hour—Complete plus WKBF KGAL KTBS KFSD KGIR
Waltz Time: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WEEI
Song You Love: Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHO plus WTMJ WIBA WDAY KSTP WEBC KFYR

9:30
American Album: Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus WTIC WAPI WAVE WEBC WBAP KTAR—plus Canadian
Colgate House Party: Mon. ½ hr.—Complete minus WTIC WAVE KTAR WAPI WBAP plus KTBS
Ed Wynn, Eddie Duchin: Tues. ½ hr.—Complete minus WSAI
(Continued on last col.)

10:00
Hall of Fame: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus WKBF WMC WSMB WFAA KSTP WSB WKY KTBS WSM WJDX KTHS KPRC WOAI
Contented Program: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KPRC WOAI WFAA KFYR WSM WMC WSB WKY
Palmolive: Tues. hour—Basic minus WFI WTIC plus Coast plus Canadian plus Southern minus WAPI plus WDAY KFYR WSOC KGIR KFSD KGHL WKBF
Lombardoland: Wed. ½ hr. — Basic plus Southern minus WAPI plus WKBF WKY KTHS WFAA KPRC WOAI KTBS KVOO
Whiteman's Music Hall: Thurs. hour—Complete minus WMC (at 10:30) WFAA plus WDAY KFYR KTBS KTHS WIBA
Campana's First Nighter: Fri. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus KVOO WBAP KTAR plus WSMB WMC WSM WSB

10:30
Pontiac, Jane Froman: Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus KSD KVOO WFAA plus WKVF WSOC WIBA KTHS WDAY KTBS KGIR KFSO KFYR KGHL

11:00
George R. Holmes: Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

11:15
Jack Berger: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

11:30
D'Orsey Brothers; Bob Crosby: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network
Paul Whiteman's Saturday Night: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

Whiteman's Music Hall is sponsored by Kraft Cheese on Thursdays but no one has spoken for his Saturday night broadcast as yet. . . . As a result of the separation of Guy Lombardo and Gracie Allen plus George Burns, radio fans aren't angry but terribly, terribly hurt.

(Continued)
WAPI WFAA plus WIBA WSOC KGAL WDAY KTHS KFSD KTBS KFYR KGIR WKBF
Pick and Pat: Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WEEI

9:30
Gibson Family: Sat. hour — Basic minus WHO plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KHQ KDYL KOA KFI KGW KOMO KFYR WDAY WIBA

Behind the Scenes of the Gibson Family Broadcast

(*Continued from page 37*)

of the show. A good time to tell all about this unique production before the play begins.

No wonder the stage is crowded. On the left we can see ten men and women —part of the chorus of eighteen. Opposite them on folding chairs, like generals reviewing a parade, sit the other eight. One man must have been late. He's in plain business suit. Voorhees' band, stretched straight across the back, number over twenty-five. Male and female lead. Juvenile leads. Father and mother. Butler. Announcer. Sound effects man. They sit down wherever they can find room.

But wait. Jack and Loretta Clemens —they became famous as a team in vaudeville—have stepped before a ribbon microphone, set in the middle of the stage, and a little up front. Directly in line and ten feet in back is another to pick up the music of the orchestra. The two actors, script in hand, are wisecracking.

THOSE wisecracks have been written by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Recognize the name? He's a Saturday Evening Post author, Hollywood scenario writer, writer of boys' stories, author of animal tales. He was a press agent for a circus in his younger days. That's why he knows all about animals. He learned the modern slang which is being used by eavesdropping on young couples in Park Avenue bars.

The sponsors of this program have certainly spared no expense. They have Arthur Schwartz, short, swarthy, composer of hit songs which featured such Broadway shows as The Bandwagon, Three's a Crowd, and Flying Colors, on the job. And what a job! He and Howard Dietz, his collaborator, have to compose four new songs every week for this program. Dietz once wrote short humor for Judge, until he found that doing lyrics for songs was more profitable. He's the publicity director of one of the biggest movie companies.

Back to the stage. Bobby Gibson—that's Jack Clemens—looks over his shoulder. He's not very tall, looks the part of the juvenile, like a prep school boy in his first tux. Dot Marsh—she's Loretta Clemens in real life—holds his hand.

Bobby's parents—Jack Roseleigh and Ann Elstner, old timers on the radio—stand up, walk carefully to the mike. They're reproaching Bobby for the slang he uses.

"Don't mind that empty top," Dot advises them. The parents look properly shocked. Dot is wearing a black velvet dress, without back or sleeves. Mrs. Gibson has a simple white evening gown. When she walks you can see green slippers.

Now Bobby and Dot have the center of the stage alone. They begin to sing, and there's a stirring in the audience. They know that these young voices are already filling a million homes with their melody. It's the miracle of radio again. We shiver a little. Perhaps Admiral Byrd at the south pole is tuning in.

When is the star of the show going to sing? We try to find Conrad Thibault—lead in the Show Boat hour, formerly co-star with Albert Spalding. There he is. Seated in the first row of the chorus on the left side of the stage, well back from the footlights. First the quartet. They're getting ready now.

Voorhees waves his baton, a queer baton it is, no longer than an ordinary pencil, and steps on the squat soap box called a podium. The music begins. The quartet, all in tuxedoes, have advanced to the microphone.

They swing into "I'm Absent-Minded," first of Schwartz's new songs. The baritone puts his right hand to his ear. That's an old mike trick which David Ross employs. No one knows what good it does.

The music dies away. Before the quartet can find their seats, Sally Gibson has taken their place. She's Adele Ronson, who doubles for Lois Bennett in the talking parts of the play. That white dress is in perfect contrast to her tanned skin. She is speaking now to her mother about a cowboy. Her blue eyes sparkle with happiness.

"Do you think Dad'll be at Jack's rodeo?" she asks. This is real acting. Sally is no more conscious of the mike than if it had been swallowed up by the floor.

What's next? Before we can lose interest a mixed octette has advanced front and center. The women are elaborately dressed. Black. White. Red. Peach.

Don Voorhees has come with them. He brushes the hair away from his eyes and leads them in the cowboy song. Eyes left. Thibault stands up, slim, straight, six feet tall. Across in front of the octette and on the opposite side of that ribbon mike, which could be a match box, if it were six inches shorter, he takes his position.

At a signal from Voorhees he is singing. His clear voice fills the studio. He sings with his hands at his side, head thrown back. He is about three feet from the mike. That's unusual in radio. His voice must have volume.

NOW the octette is seated. Thibault is taking part in the play. He holds hands with Sally. They are in love, all right. Sally has eyes only for him. You might easily be in a Broadway theater. The illusion is perfect.

"Goodbye, Sally. I'll see you at the rodeo?" Sally nods. Thibault waves and steps away from the mike. A whirring on the right. Fritz Street, sound effects man, is at work on a machine the size of a phonograph. To all listeners-in, it is the sound of a powerful automobile starting up.

Now for the duet. Thibault comes back and Lois Bennett, young, red haired, blue eyed, stands beside him. She is a newcomer to radio. Had her first start less than a year ago, but her voice hasn't a technical flaw in it.

She is wearing a blue velvet chiffon evening gown. The shoulders are bared. She cocks her head to one side and sings directly into the mike while Thibault moves closer. He is singing softly. The melody swells. Voorhees waves the band into louder action. Six women and four men advance, singing. It is the finale to the first act.

Wallington steps forward and speaks into the mike on behalf of Ivory. This afternoon when we caught the dress rehearsal for pictures, he was sporting a heavy beard. It's really a joke on him, because the minute he saw the camera man set up his apparatus, he disappeared. Five minutes later he was back —without the beard. He must have an electric razor just outside the studio.

We expect the curtain to go down, but no, as Wallington finishes his last word, Voorhees gives the baton a wave and the overture starts.

The second act seems shorter. Now the characters have been established—that's all important in radio—and the action can be speeded up.

More singing. Thibault is in front again. The brasses in the band stand up. Warm light catches on the French horns—hot sun on burnished gold. When the orchestra is seated it is barely distinguishable against the blue back drop. Then sudden quiet. The center of the stage is taken by the principals in the play.

"Jack, at last I can tell you. Darling, I do love you."

SALLY is prettier than ever. She doesn't need any jewelry. Her blue eyes have all the sparkle in the world. But why is she frowning? The plot must be thickening.

Mr. Gibson, Sally's father, comes up front. He has been sitting by the piano with Wallington. Now he's frowning. His heavy set face looks stern. For all the world the disapproving father.

"Dad, what is it?"

None of these actors seems hampered by the mike. Although they are grouped around it, one on each side, you forget that they talk into it.

Suddenly everything stops. You start in surprise. What's wrong? Then you realize. Wallington is forward, inviting the million listeners to attend next Saturday evening at the same hour. The show is over. Fritz Street cranks what looks like an old windlass. The creaking signifies the drop of the curtain. The component parts of the show stand up and bow, stretch wearily, and file slowly out a rear exit.

As you step outside the studio, you realize the magnitude of this program. Four new songs each week. An hour script. An orchestra and six leads in the play. More to see than any Broadway show in town.

How does it sound? We've been so busy watching, we aren't sure. That will be our week's resolution. Next Saturday we'll *hear* the Gibson Family Broadcast.

Why is one of these girls winning and the other losing this private BEAUTY CONTEST

BOTH GIRLS have smart clothes and wear them smartly. Both have attractive figures, lovely hair. Yet one is getting all of the attention and all of the compliments.

One is winning, while the other is losing one of those little beauty contests which are a part of the daily life of every woman.

You cannot avoid these contests, for everyone you meet judges your beauty, your charm, *your skin.*

The daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, can change a dull, drab skin into a fresh, lovely complexion, and help *you* win *your* beauty contests.

Camay's delightfully perfumed lather is smooth and rich, made up of millions of tiny Beauty Bubbles that cleanse and refresh your skin.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE PRAISE CAMAY

Thousands of women have written recently praising the mildness of Camay. "It is as gentle as cream," says a girl from New England. "The lather is wonderfully smooth and soothing," writes a young matron from the South, "and it keeps the skin smoother and clearer than any other soap."

Try Camay yourself. Just see how much this pure, gentle, creamy-white beauty soap can do for *your* skin. See how much it can improve *your* complexion.

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CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

Xmas Shopping for Babies

(*Continued from page* 19)

wives also are adopting babies. In fact, this one gentleman's wife," indicating the Baron, across whose face swept a modest and deprecatory smile, "is adopting two babies. Now we have been trying to make up a Christmas list for these four babies, and not having had a great deal of experience in such matters, we didn't seem to be getting anywhere, so we came here to see you. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

"Perfectly," replied the saleslady, incisively. "Come with me, please." She led them to a small, well appointed upstairs office. Three quarters of an hour later, the three comedians emerged, looking like a comedian's public would expect three noted comedians to look. Each wore a smile from ear to ear. They hailed another taxi, and were driven home.

"My bill will be $241.50. Not bad, what?" exulted Burns.

"I got away on $262.30," contributed Benny.

"Mine was—let's see," the Baron figured. "Oh, yes, it was $302.10."

"Always topping everybody else with a taller story," Benny derided. The Baron's glance was a rebuke.

"You vas dere, vasn't you?" he demanded.

IN Chicago, Winnie Pearl, Mary Livingstone, wife of Jack Benny, and Gracie Allen sat in the living room of a suite in a Loop hotel. Lines of weariness marked their attractive faces. They slouched tiredly in their chairs.

"What a soft snap we left for those boys!" Winnie exclaimed. "Nothing to do but buy a few presents. Say, girls. I'm dead on my feet."

"My feet hurt," Said Mary plaintively.

"*Your* feet hurt, do they?" chorused her companions mockingly.

"Well, the really tough part of it was that they all looked so sweet, it was just too much," Mary reminisced softly. "You just wanted to take them all home with you, didn't you?"

"The little darlings!" Gracie cried rapturously.

The Jack Bennys had adopted a cute little raven tressed girl of six months. George Burns and Gracie Allen became the adopted parents of a dimpled, wriggling little mass of pink humanity at the same time. And Jack and Winnie Pearl, not to be outdone, selected for their very own a boy and a girl. The children came from The Cradle, famous Chicago orphanage under the direction of a prominent group of society women.

Winnie and Gracie and Mary had been entrusted by their respective spouses to fly by plane to Chicago, make the selections, attend to the necessary legal formalities that would ensure the patter of tiny feet in the Pearl, Burns, and Benny Menages before the magic of Christmas cast its spell over the world.

Each of the three couples claims to have had the idea of adopting a baby first. So sharp is the divergence of their opinions on this matter that it is unlikely it will ever be settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. But here, as closely as careful and painstaking investigation could determine, is how it all came about.

Jack Benny and Mary had talked of adopting a baby, Mary assures me, long before either George and Gracie, or Winnie and Jack, both couples bosom pals of the Bennys, ever broached the subject.

"Jack has always been crazy about children," Mary explained. "He stops them in the street and talks to them. It's a wonder to me he hasn't been taken for a kidnapper before this. When we visit where there are children, Jack drives the mothers wild by giving them ice cream and things. He isn't going to get away with that stuff with little Joan, though," she added as an afterthought.

"I love children, too, but we never felt that we could care for a baby properly, you see, because one of the penalties of being in show business is that you never know today where you're going to be tomorrow. Even when Jack and I came to radio, our contract was always for thirteen weeks, and if it hadn't been renewed, we'd have been back in vaudeville. And backstage in a vaudeville theater is no place for a nursery, not to mention that awful travelling about all the time from place to place. But when Jack got a contract for a whole year—well, then things looked a little different."

Mary told me this a few days before she and Winnie Pearl and Gracie flew to Chicago to take their choice from among the tots at the Cradle. She had waited for the return of Winnie and Gracie from Europe, so the three friends might go together. She was bubbling over with joyous anticipation as we talked.

"YOU should see Bebe Daniels' baby!" she exclaimed. "It's the *loveliest* thing! Bebe had fits at a party at her house when she caught Jack feeding the baby bacon from canapes. Every time Jack gave the baby a piece of bacon, the baby would give Jack a kiss, and there would have been a case for the doctor if Bebe hadn't caught him. And Edward Robinson! I wish you could hear *him!* You know, he always vowed he'd never 'go Hollywood' and buy a house. But when the baby came, he was the real estate agent's dream. He'd have bought a house put together with glue as long as it had a big backyard for the baby to play in.

"You know," Mary added thoughtfully, "I've been thinking about that, too. So has Jack. A house, I mean. We'll probably take a house out in the suburbs somewhere, because an apartment isn't any place to raise a child. Gracie says if we do, she and George will take one next door, so we can run back and forth to tell each other things about the babies."

There's a tip on a budding young real estate boom.

"It's wonderful just to think about it," Mary said. "You know, it's going to mean real home life for me and Jack. I'm glad I'm not in 'Bring on the Girls' with him." ("Bring on the Girls" is the Broadway production in which Jack is starred). "I want to be at home when Jack gets home from work, and have him tell me all about it, just like other husbands do when they come in from the office. And then we'll tip-toe into the nursery . . . oh, it will be . . . will be . . . well, you know what I mean."

Mary says she will retire from professional work in a few years.

"When Joan is about three," she blushed, "perhaps we'll have a little brother or sister for her."

IT all started with Gracie and George when they went to Hollywood several months ago to make a picture. They met all the stars of the screen. And of what did the Hollywood notables talk, morning, noon, and night? Blasé, sophisticated Hollywood talked of nothing but babies. Babies at luncheon. Babies at tea. Babies at dinner. Babies at the swanky previews. Pretty soon George was talking of babies, although his fund of information was rather limited, and among those experts his style was cramped. Gracie was talking of babies, too, and although her fund of information was also limited, her style was not cramped in the least. For Gracie talked about babies regardless. It wasn't long before George and Gracie were talking to one another about babies.

"George, let's adopt a baby of our own—a little girl," Gracie finally suggested enthusiastically.

"Okay about a baby," George assented, "but let's adopt a boy."

There the discussion started. It continued during their stay in Hollywood. Gracie wanted a girl; George held out for a boy. Finally they compromised; George agreed that perhaps a girl would be better, after all.

Now comes the Baron and Winnie. As usual, the Baron tops 'em all with his story.

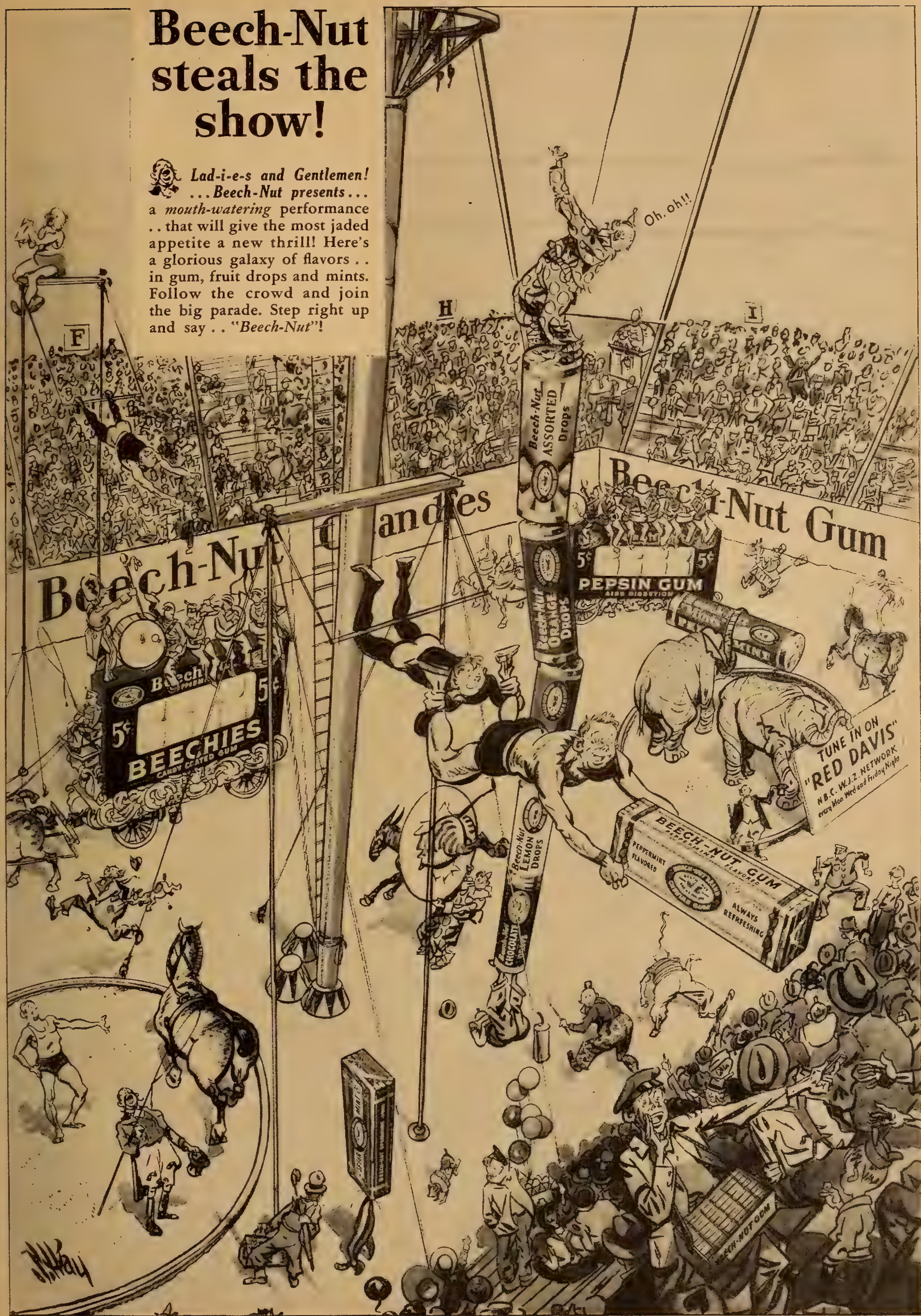
"Winnie and I had the idea first," he insists. "We were the first of the three couples to go to Hollywood, you see, and that's where we got the notion. Our pals out there are Joe E. Brown and his wife, and they had a baby, you know, that died shortly after it was born. Mrs. Brown was grief-stricken, and Joe suggested she adopt another. They had three children already, but they adopted another to take the place of the little one that died. When we were out there, we saw that they loved it almost more than their own.

"Then Winnie and I decided that we'd adopt a baby, and Winnie heard about The Cradle in Chicago. And say, you ought to see the questionnaire they

(*Continued on page* 64)

Beech-Nut steals the show!

Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen! ...Beech-Nut presents... a *mouth-watering* performance ..that will give the most jaded appetite a new thrill! Here's a glorious galaxy of flavors .. in gum, fruit drops and mints. Follow the crowd and join the big parade. Step right up and say .. "*Beech-Nut*"!



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with Yeast in This Pleasant, Modern Form

DO UGLY pimples and other skin blemishes embarrass you? Does constipation drag you down, rob you of strength and vivacity? Do you often feel nervous, fidgety and irritable?

For all these troubles doctors recommend yeast. Science has found that yeast contains precious nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and eliminative organs and give tone to your nervous system. Thousands of men and women have found this simple food a remarkable aid in combating constipation, "nerves," and unsightly skin eruptions.

And now—thanks to Yeast Foam Tablets—it's so easy to eat yeast regularly. For here's a yeast that is actually delicious—a yeast that is scientifically pasteurized to prevent fermentation. You will enjoy munching Yeast Foam Tablets with their appetizing, nut-like flavor. And because they are pasteurized they cannot cause gas or discomfort. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

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YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

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1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(*Continued from page 62*)

make you fill out before they accept your application. It looks like a script for a two hour radio show! Winnie and I took a boy and a girl; the boy to be George named after Winnie's father, and the girl Anna, after my mother.

"We've already taken a ten room apartment so we'll have lots of room for the nursery and everything. Move out to the suburbs with Bennys and George and Gracie? I should say not! It wouldn't be fair to the neighbors. Four babies and three comedians in the same neighborhood! But no matter where we live, you can bet that Winnie and Gracie and Mary will be always getting together and comparing notes. You think Baron Munchausen can tell tall stories? Say, wait until you hear those three women about their babies!"

The Bennys and the Pearls and the Burnses are radio's inseparables. They play bridge together, dine together, and Gracie and George occupy an apartment just above the Bennys, while the Pearls live nearby.

The three closely attached couples are not alone in radio as "adopted parents." There's little Davy Jones, adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Isham Jones.

Only Kate Smith's intimates know that she is the "adopted mother" of three boys and a girl, ranging in ages from four to twelve. Kate was singing last year at a Christmas party in a private orphanage. A matron called her attention to the four youngsters who, after the holidays, were to be sent to a public institution because their sole relative could no longer afford to let them remain in the private home. Kate did not hesitate for an instant. "Keep them here, where they are happy," she directed simply, "and send me the bill. Every month since, she has sent a check for the support of the four, who swear their undying devotion.

"Don't Be Afraid to Fail!" by Roxy

(*Continued from page 23*)

used nothing but new voices. They aren't microphone trained, haven't been made tense by exhortations to "watch that second hand on the clock".

That is really the trouble with radio today. Technically, there have been wonderful advancements, but programs have not kept in step. There is too heavy a tendency for air productions of the spectacular type. The result is that they have become too fast-paced and are entirely too sketchy.

There isn't the ease and naturalness so desirable in an artist's performance. He is warned that the stopwatch is the god of the show and that he is merely its slave.

Back twelve years ago, when the old crystal set was depended upon to bring in all the programs, everything was taken more easily. It was a much better approach when informality was the keynote. It gave a strong flavor of adventure.

My Castoria shows aren't following any definite form, except in this one respect: they are all built against a musical background. Music, in its interpretation and presentation, still stands predominant in popularity with radio audiences.

But otherwise I want to experiment with every new broadcast. There are always ways of improving the program, and I don't want the show built on such rigid lines that it can't be changed when a new idea comes along.

It was a great many years ago that I first learned how valuable experiments can be and how much a different idea can be of assistance in striving for more perfect entertainment.

The year before I was married, I was working in the small town of Forest City, Pennsylvania. My prospective father-in-law was insistent that I have a good bank account before I marry his daughter.

In order to make some pin money in addition to my regular salary I began to run motion pictures in the back room of a bar. The admission charge was five and ten cents. There were always big audiences at first, but soon they began to dwindle. I knew that something had to be done. Then I hit on an idea that brought the customers back. With two sponges, a bottle of rose-water, and a small electric fan, I managed to keep the small, stuffy room pleasantly filled with this rather exotic perfume. It was my first real attempt at showmanship.

Thus it is easy to see just how long it took me before I could feel sure that I was a success. There are so many young artists today whose careers develop much too rapidly. They shoot up like a skyrocket, make a beautiful display, and then just as quickly they burn out and fade away.

MY advice to anyone starting out on a radio career is to take plenty of time. Even when the talents are exceptional, it pays to turn down big offers at first. Slowly, surely, he will climb higher and last longer.

John Evans, whose voice you hear on my program, studied for a year and a half while he was unemployed and had barely enough money to buy his meals. His teacher sent me a letter about him and I gave him an audition. The result? He has a bright future ahead of him now. But it won't be tomorrow or next week, if I have anything to say about it. Later, much later, he will be a permanent success.

In closing, may I add one word of advice? Even if you feel that you are a person of average ability, that you aren't of the stuff from which stars are made, don't be content with average ambitions. Cast aside fears, inhibitions and shoot for the moon. Don't be afraid to fail.

Goodbye, and God bless you.

NEXT TUES. NIGHT *at* 9:30 E.T.

THE *Funniest and Brightest* PROGRAM

Laugh with Fire-Chief

ED WYNN

and

GRAHAM McNAMEE

★

Enjoy the Charming Music

of

EDDY DUCHIN

★

N. B. C. Coast to Coast

Kills a COLD "Dead"!

—Does this Amazing 4-Way Treatment!

DIRECT and definite treatment is what you want for a cold. For, a cold may develop serious "complications".

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies the treatment needed because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is *internal* in effect.

What It Does

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That's the four-fold treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. Comes in two sizes—30c and 50c. The 50c size is by far the more economical to buy as it gives you 20% more for your money.

Always ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and reject a substitute.

World's Standard

Let Santa Bring a Radio

(*Continued from page* 48)

hattitude, we'll glance at some of Stromberg-Carlson's offerings. At the top of the list is a twelve-tube model which includes an electric phonograph that automatically changes its records. It sells for $592.50, and for an additional $131.50 you can have a remote control tuner and volume control attached. Should you not care to go that high, a half-dozen other models are available at prices from $148.50 upward. The auto set, with steering column control, is $79.50.

Of especial interest to the short wave fan is the new Stromberg-Carlson short wave adapter. It costs as much as the average complete short wave set but has the advantage of adding its four tubes to those already employed in your receiver and of using the audio channel which you have. This converter covers the band from 1500 to 25,000 kilocycles—and that's pretty nearly everything you're likely to want.

PICKING up some more leaflets, we find the RCA stressing "perfected" foreign reception, improved tone, and more beautiful cabinets. All but seven of their twenty-eight models will pick up the police calls, and with but two exceptions, all the "Globe Trotter" and "Duo" (phonograph combinations) will get one or more foreign bands. A few of the sets are able to cover all signals from 140 to 410 kc, and from 540 to 36,000 kc, which means practically everything on the air. Others offer somewhat more limited frequency ranges. Automatic record changers on the "Duos", automatic volume control on all but two consoles, band indicators and vernier tuners are other features. RCA, it is said, also plans to produce high fidelity equipment, affording a wider range of musical response than heretofore possible.

Pilot, a prominent manufacturer of moderately priced equipment, will be ready for Santa with four lines of table models and two consoles. These, for the most part, will go all the way from the broadcasting stations to the 16 meter (18,800 kc) foreigners, and one reaches 21,400 kc. There are A.C. models, D.C. models, some that work on both and some that work on batteries. Most all manufacturers are providing this sort of electric power range this year.

Models being put out by American-Bosch are of ten different types ranging in price from a five-tube midget, which gets the police alarms as well as the broadcasting stations, and costs $29.95 to a ten-tube console at $149.50, which reaches all the way from 540 to 22,500 kc. This and another of the models has a convenient tilted tuning panel, which you can see when you're standing up. It's covered by a drop leaf arrangement when not being used.

There's a lot of news in the new Atwater Kent line. First, they offer a set with a clock mechanism and automatic tuner combined, enabling the user to "plug in" his set for whatever programs he plans to hear on as many as seven different stations. Then all he has to do is sit back and listen, while the set tunes itself from program to program automatically. Known as the Tune-O-Matic, it will retail for $190. It has eleven tubes and covers the 5500 to 15,500 kc band in addition to the regular radio stations.

This line of sets affords an extremely wide choice, from a little four-tube midget at $22.50 including a police band, to a big twelve tube "high fidelity" console which tunes all the way from 540 to 18,000 kc, and costs $180. A-K, too, has an antenna of the doublet type, designed to reduce interference. Its principal difference from the others I have seen is that its two lead-ins are kept parallel and about two inches apart, while others are "transposed" (that is, crossed over) every two feet, or are simply twisted together or are enclosed in a grounded metal sheath.

If you decide that Christmas won't be complete unless you give or get a new aerial, consult a reliable dealer who stocks all types before deciding which is best. Each has features which recommend it.

Perhaps the most complete line of all is being offered by Philco, which announces forty-nine different sets, ranging in price from $20 to $600. Five of these are midgets, three feature remote control, and six include phonographs. A high fidelity receiver is also found in this line.

Nearly every Philco, if not all, will tune to one or more short wave channels in addition to the American broadcast band.

GRUNOW Radio is out with nine sets and a new antenna system. Each set includes at least one of the police alarm channels, and several of them tune to 21,700 kc. In size, the sets range from midgets using four tubes to a remote control console with eleven. Oddly enough, this, the largest set in the Grunow line, makes no provision for any short wave reception save police calls, while many of their smaller models do.

Crosley, too, offers a wide choice from its line of twenty-six models, ranging in price from $19.99 to $99.50. All but a few of their cheapest sets will afford police alarms; most will tune to 15,500 kc, and two of the models are even more truly "all-wave", including frequencies from 530 to 24,000 kc.

A word on how to choose a radio set might not be amiss, for the pamphlets are filled with so many mystifying phrases and coined trade names that they leave most of us feeling a bit bewildered and helpless. No matter whether you're buying a set, a tube or an antenna, patronise either a reliable local dealer or a reliable mail order house. In other words, buy from a merchant who you have every reason to believe will still be in business should you ever need to demand service on your purchase.

General Point Number Two is "Buy only merchandise made by a reputable manufacturer." It is useless to have a guarantee from a concern which is likely to be out of business should you wish an adjustment made on defective apparatus.

No matter what else you may do, those two points will keep you from straying very far afield.

In choosing a set, decide what you want to hear. If you will be satisfied with only the broadcasting stations, there is no use in paying more to get one which will bring in Europe. But if you want to have a lot of fun that you couldn't have with American programs alone, by all means get an all-wave set.

Then, too, when a dealer tells you that a set will get the police, make him explain *what* police. There are three police bands, and only sets which have a reception band from 1500 to 2506 kc will get all of them. Other bands are at 1574 and 1712 kc (included in the above), and sets tuning to 1750 kc will receive only those two. Find out what frequency is used by your local cops—it's more fun listening to their calls than to the more remote ones.

There is an amateur voice band at 1800 to 2000 kc and another at 3900 to 4000 kc. Still another lies between 14,150 and 14,250 kc. The foreign stations are scattered all the way from 4250 to 36,000 kc.

CONSIDER tone quality important when making your choice. Have the dealer demonstrate the sets on a good orchestra, and compare several, to make sure that the bass of the drums, 'cellos and tubas is heard, in addition to checking on the highs of the violins and fifes or piccolos. Hear some talk over it, to make sure that speech will be easily understandable.

If you're interested in foreign reception, have a test made to see how some of the European stations are heard. Don't judge for mere loudness of signal alone; compare the volume of the signal with that of the interference. And, when thus comparing two sets in this way, make your tests only a few instants apart if they cannot be made simultaneously, for interference comes and goes without warning.

Remember, too, that a set may perform differently in your home than in the shop. It may be either better or worse than you heard it, for performance depends largely upon local conditions. See if you can get your dealer to let you try the set of your choice subject to exchange if unsatisfactory.

A new radio set, kit of tubes, or improved antenna will greatly increase your year-'round pleasure from broadcasting. So why not give (and, if possible, receive) radio equipment this year? It's one of the few gifts that makes the recipient think of you with pleasure daily.

And a Merry Christmas to you!

"73 O M"—"Your sigs R9 with plenty QRM"—"A couple of Y L's send you 88s"—

Have you ever been puzzled by such cryptic remarks of the amateurs? If so, read next month's RADIO MIRROR for a translation of "Ham Slang"—in addition to the regular Short Wave Department.

I've Broken the Habit

OF TAKING HARSH ALKALIES FOR

Acid Indigestion!

"That half-tumbler of harsh household alkali after dinner was a habit with me. I felt I had to have it—yet I feared I was actually abusing my stomach—tying my digestion in knots. Now what a difference with Tums! Such pleasant relief! So quick and thorough—so gentle and safe."

TUMS End Sour Stomach...Gas ...Heartburn New Safe Way!

EVERY sufferer from heartburn, gas, acid stomach, fullness after eating, will be glad to know about the new, advanced remedy—TUMS. And you'll be glad to be delivered from the need for a dose of *raw water-soluble alkali.*

There was always a question of how much to take with safety—and a serious question, too. Because too much water-soluble alkali can easily go too far in neutralizing stomach acids. If the stomach becomes over alkaline, digestion is actually impaired instead of assisted. The excess of soluble alkalies gets into the blood, and alkalosis may be caused if the habit is kept up.

TUMS, the new, advanced treatment for "fussy stomachs" contains an antacid compound that is soluble only in the presence of acid. When the acid condition is corrected, the action of TUMS stops! No excess to seep into the blood and affect the system generally. TUMS release just enough antacid to give you quick, thorough relief—the unused portion passing on, undissolved and inert.

TUMS are dainty candy-like mints. Quite an improvement over the old, messy, mixing method. Millions of people keep TUMS handy in pocket or handbag—easy to take, quick to bring relief. Munch 2 or 3 TUMS next time you are distressed by acid indigestion.

FREE *1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples* TUMS *and* NR. *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept.14TLL, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID NOT A LAXATIVE

3-Roll Carrier Package

Contains 3 rolls Tums and handy pocket carrier. Only 25c. Money refunded if liberal test packet attached doesn't satisfy you.

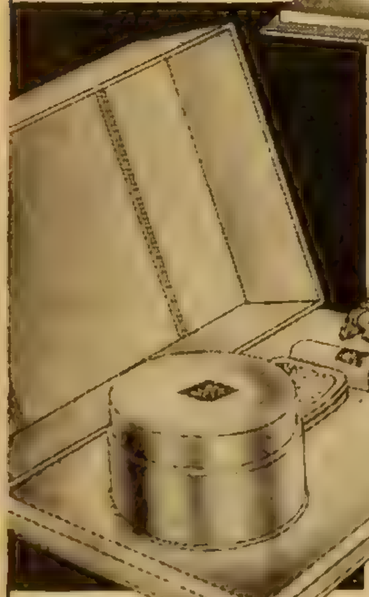
gift SUGGESTIONS from the House of Deltah

Quality known and recognized the world over; packed in exquisite containers and priced for economical yet fine gift giving.

Parfum Deltah
L'Heure de Minuit
(Midnight Hour)
4 oz. SIZE 10.00
2 oz. 7.50
1 oz. 5.00
The Gift supreme for the woman of discrimination.

Eau de Cologne
Deltah-Minuit
8 oz. SIZE 3.00
4 oz. 1.80
2 oz. 1.20
Fittingly bottled in "crystal-polished" flacon with gold plated neck and stopper.

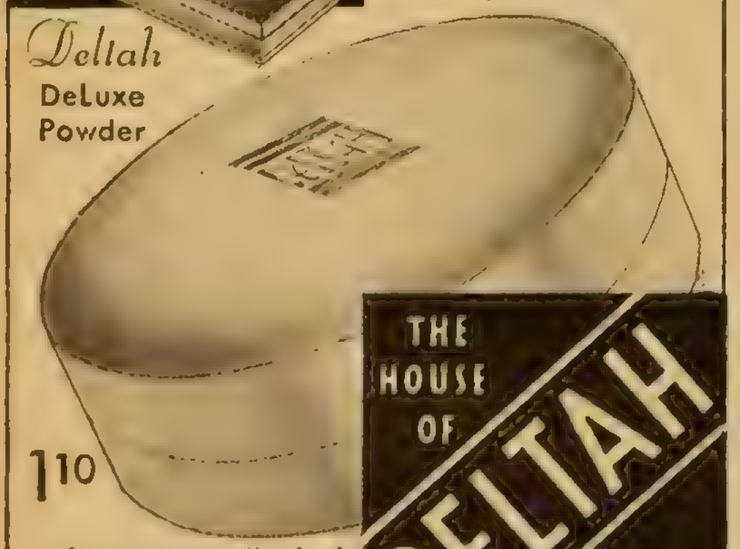
Powder-Parfum
Combination
1.10
Designed to introduce Deltah Parfum Gardenia and Deltah Powder to appreciative women. Powder in Golden Boudoir container.



Deltah
DeLuxe Gift Set
Parfum Gardenia; Golden container of face powder; matching golden lipstick and compact.
3.35

● At Drug and Department Stores

Deltah
DeLuxe Powder



1.10

—the supreme silk sifted face powder that women are talking about—in Golden finish metal box.

THE HOUSE OF DELTAH
NEW YORK
PARIS

What's New on Radio Row?

(*Continued from page* 11)

let the selling of stocks and bonds interfere with his radio business. He has a partner who attends to the Wall Street affairs . . . *Nick Kenny,* kilocycle expert of the New York *Daily Mirror,* is the biggest-hearted radio editor in the country. Last year he and his Radio gang played over three hundred benefit performances. This year he will exceed even that number.

Is *Mme Frances Alda* a secret bride? . . . *Rosemary Lane* has grown a full inch during the past year . . . Ever since *Muriel Wilson* and *Fred Hufsmith* sang a love duet on the Palmolive program gossips have it that a full-fledged romance has developed . . . *Henry Taylor,* of the Three Radio Rogues, is the defendant in a $100,000 breach of promise suit brought by Vera Grove (née Snellgrove). Their blighted romance began, according to Vera, last spring when both were employed at the Casino de Paree, New York.

Tamara and Jess Fish, furrier with plenty of fish, may be altar-bound . . . It's a boy at the *Ward Wilsons* . . . Other blessed events: A boy in the home of *Carlyle Stevens,* Columbia announcer, and a girl to *Hugh Conrad,* who acts as well as announces at CBS . . . *John Mitchell,* of Carson Robison's Buckaroos, and Miss Louise Sparrow, of Columbia, Tenn., may be bride and groom when this appears . . . And Martha Mears and *Sid Brokaw,* violinist of Ozzie Nelson's ork, are also said to have serious intentions.

Seven thousand dollars in cash and a trust fund of $13,000 settled *Arthur (Street Singer) Tracy's* alimony troubles with his wife, according to papers filed in the New York Supreme Court.

* * *

WHEN a band leader announces that he is about to play a certain number "by request", didja ever stop to wonder who made the request? Well, we have and so also has Lennie Hayton, the maestro, for he has forwarded to this desk a neatly typed statement bearing on the matter. "Nine times out of ten"—Hayton speaking—"the request is made by a song plugger anxious to have his number exploited on the air". Thus we live and learn.

* * *

Rowene Williams, who plays the part opposite Dick Powell on the "Hollywood Hotel" series, formerly sang under the name of Neno Williams. A numerologist once told her that the latter name was lucky. Yet it was as Rowene Williams that she won the "Hollywood Hotel" assignment after nation-wide auditions, thus winning what was supposed to be a 20,000 to 1 chance . . . Wonder if it was a numerologist who suggested to the new Swedish singer that she use the name of Anka Lundh. It is the most confusing tag of any girl vocalist on the air and if a number expert is responsible—well, Anka ought to consult one who speaks English.

BETTY BARTHELL played a mean trick on an unknown admirer. For weeks she received ardent letters from a man signing himself "Colonel John Marshall." They were postmarked Louisville, Ky., and the Colonel reported that he had fallen in love with Betty hearing her voice come through his loudspeaker. Finally came an epistle announcing the time of his arrival in New York and making an appointment to meet and marry Betty. But she, not even curious about the Colonel, hired a girl to impersonate her at the rendezvous. And enlisted the services of the homeliest girl she could find. The Colonel gave one look at "Betty" and fled without a word. Strangely enough no more letters have come from him, either.

* * *

BORI—WITH HIGH FIDELITY

WHEN Lucretia Bori introduced the new Philco high-fidelity receiver over the CBS, a new era in radio reception was established, although the test was meaningless as far as the average radio listener is concerned.

It's not that Miss Bori's test wasn't fair to you—it wasn't fair to the high fidelity set through which she sang. True, her voice sounded just the same as when she sang directly into the microphone, but so would it have if she had sung through an ordinary good set.

To appreciate a high fidelity receiver you must use it to listen to a broadcast from a high fidelity transmitting station, and must then compare it with the same program heard over the best sets previously obtainable.

What a difference!

* * *

SUPPRESSED DESIRES

Pry into the personalities of radio folks and you would be surprised at their suppressed desires. Here is what some of them would like to do if broadcasting didn't forbid:

Jimmy Melton would like to go on a world cruise in his yacht "Melody".

Jane Froman, a graduate of journalism from a mid-western university, would like to combine singing with a job on a newspaper writing "sob-sister" stories.

Frank Black, NBC's general music director, would like to set up a chemical laboratory. He studied chemistry in his youth.

Lawrence Tibbett cherishes a secret ambition to be starred in a Broadway drama.

Lois Bennett would like to retire to a New England farm.

Joe Cook, believe it or not, wants to conduct a radio bed-time story series for children. He thinks he is experienced along this line with his own two youngsters.

Al Pearce wants to visit every town in the United States and Canada to develop amateur talent.

Roxy would like to invent a television set which would take care of

light and color as well as sight and sound.

Barry McKinley, the Ohio baritone, yearns to become an automobile racer.

Willard Robison wants to found an artists' colony where promising young composers can work under proper subsidy.

Frank Parker would be the happiest man in the world if he could quit singing and devote all his time to playing polo.

* * *

THE Mabelline Musical Romances found a tenor lead for the shows when a radio scout in his tour of Hollywood followed movie stars to their favorite rendezvous. He stumbled on Don Mario and learned that he was the night club's biggest drawing card. Now he's being billed as the most promising West coast recruit to the air waves. The blood that flows in his veins is authentic Spanish, which accounts for his accent and the warm tonal qualities of his voice. It takes a band vocalist, it would seem, to thrill filmdom. Perhaps he'll do the same for radio audiences.

* * *

JUST as Amos 'n' Andy make frequent visits to New York's Harlem to absorb "color", so do Pat Padgett and Pic Malone, of the team of "Molasses and January". They make it a point to dine at least once weekly in that section. They credit Harlem with furnishing them with many of their most amusing gags and situations.

* * *

EVE SULLY of the comedy team, Block and Sully, heard Mondays on Columbia's "Big Show", returned from Hollywood with several awe inspiring tales of filmland idiosyncracies. Here's one: The day before they were to shoot the scene in "Kid Millions" where Eddie Cantor pushes her into a pool of water, the director asked Eve if she minded. She told him, not if the water were tepid. Orders were given for the pool to be filled with warm water and early the next morning everyone was on the set almost at the crack of dawn, ready for the shooting.

Just as the camera was focussed, Eve had a sudden inspiration to test the water to make sure it wasn't icy. She withdrew her hand quicker than you could say the proverbial "Jack Robinson." It was 130 degrees—boiling temperature. For hours the cast sat around in their hot, bulky costumes while the local ice company brought huge cakes of ice to cool off the pool.

* * *

POSTSCRIPTS

Annette Hanshaw is now one of the highest salaried girl vocalists on the air. She gets $1400 a broadcast on her new cigarette program . . . **Dave Rubinoff** is seriously thinking of retiring from radio to go on the concert stage. Then again he may desert for the movies . . . **Dave Apollon,** just back from London, reports American artists are the best paid in European radio . . . **Pat Barnes,** "Lombardo Land" narrator, has a black walnut

Posed by professional models

NEW WAY ADDS 5 to 15 POUNDS

—in a few weeks!

STOP being ashamed of your figure—so "skinny" you lose all chances of making friends. This new easy treatment is giving thousands solid flesh and shapely attractive curves—*in just a few weeks!*

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new scientific process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add tireless energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with results of very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2212, Atlanta, Ga.

Everyone looks at your *Eyes* first

Make them attractive with

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The Approved Mascara

BLACK, BROWN AND BLUE

● You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so *instantly* with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

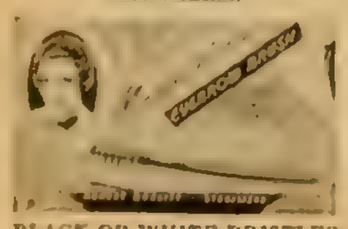
BLACK AND BROWN

First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto —your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

COLORLESS

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream — to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

cane 150 years old. . . . Pearl is the only married one of **The Three X Sisters.** Each girl of this NBC trio maintains a separate home.

AND-then-the-fight-began note: **Reggie Childs,** the Columbia maestro, claims married men make the best and most reliable musicians . . . **Del Campo,** NBC orchestra leader and vocalist, fears tonsillitis with the same horror many people regard death . . . **Jerry Cooper** is superstitious about the number, "Pal O' Mine", and can't be induced to sing it . . . . There will be big doings in Baltimore this Christmas, **Mary Small,** the child artist, is giving a Yuletide party to her schoolmates.

THE coming marriage of **Grace Hayes** and her accompanist-composer, **Newell Chase,** may be solemnized over the air for the benefit of listeners-in . . . **Frank Knight,** former Columbia announcer, is now doing his stuff for WMCA and associated stations of ABS . . . **Johnny Green,** youthful musical director and composer, wrote the musical score of two current London hits—"Mr. Whittington" and "Big Business" . . . **Harry Horlick,** leader of the A. & P. Gypsies, still has six of the original musicians who started with him on the series 11 years ago.

The New York State Department of Education is conducting free evening classes in both radio and film work in New York . . . As we gallop to press word comes that **Jack Pearl** and **Cliff Hall** ("Wuz you there, Sharlie") have split after nearly two years association on the air . . . **Arthur Bagley, Jr.,** son of Arthur Bagley, director of the Tower Health Exercises, one of NBC's oldest sponsored programs, was among those rescued from the ill-fated *Morro Castle.* Young Bagley was an able seaman on the vessel . . . **Ann Butler,** the vocalist, is the wife of **Art Landry,** the orchestra leader . . . **Sally Parker,** appearing with Jay Mills in a new comedy program on Columbia, was the foil of the late Richy Craig, Jr., in vaudeville.

VIVIENNE SEGAL told a girl interviewer for a high school paper that she attained good posture by walking about with a book balanced on her head . . . "What book?", inquired the young reporter . . . "A book of philosophy by Freud," replied Miss Segal . . . "Oh," exclaimed the miss, "that would be over my head!"

"I'm Not Crying Over My Smashed Marriage," says Helen Morgan

(*Continued from page 26*)

wrong, too. I've heard lawyers and judges say that the law is a jealous mistress. Buddy's a lawyer. There's no doubt in my mind that he should have stayed in Cleveland and practiced his profession. He is well connected there —it's the old home town. He should have struggled toward the top before he ever thought of marriage. And during the climb he shouldn't have been hampered with a wife. After all, it takes all a young man's time these days to get a foothold. Well, he's not hampered now. And he has plenty of time on his hands. I hope he makes the best of it.

"Would I return to him? Who can tell? I'm sure now I never shall. But some day if he makes good, if he can support me, if I quit radio and pictures and stage . . .! Looks like too darned many 'ifs' doesn't it?"

And Helen knocked the little piece of wood hanging as a bangle at her wrist. Whether she did so to guard against the possibility of reconciliation, or in the hope of one, only the white ivory cats perched grinning sardonically on her mantel can tell.

That seemed to be the story. Nothing more to record. Just a couple of kids that lost their way to happiness along the road of romance. The difference between them and a million more is that Helen is too clear-headed to become more than occasionally maudlin over a matrimonial mis-cue. Most love lingers too long. Heartaches and heartbreaks are kept fresh with tears. It takes courage to cut clean and free. Helen has that kind of grit. She ain't goin' to carry no torch! No siree!

In Hollywood, even under the worst conditions and with all the breaks against her, she made two pictures that the Coast is raving over. One is "Marie Galante," producer Winnie Sheehan's favorite film tale. The other is "You Belong to Me," which sent a reviewing press and public simply mad about Morgan. It is in these that she sings "I Ain't Goin' to Carry No Torch" and "I'm Not Blaming You."

DON'T be surprised if you meet a new Morgan on the air, in the theatre and on the screen. It's really news when Helen sings without sitting on the piano, and that's what happens in her new films. Moreover she has a new type of aerial repertoire that you'll be tuning-in on. The world's most famous sobbie may turn comedienne on us any time. And Helen's comedy should be the most effective sort. The kind that has brought Chaplin fortune—for behind her laughter there is sure to lurk at least the suspicion of a tear to trouble your heart even while you're laughing loudest.

As I was leaving, she called my attention to a very silly toy dog prominent amid the scented, feminine litter of the room.

"Like my dog?" she asked like a very little girl. "His name is 'Annie'—that's short for anniversary. Buddy gave him to me when we'd been married a year!"

I didn't like the dog much. As I went down the hall I heard Helen humming. "I ain't goin' to carry no torch."

Are Radio Stars Snooty?

(*Continued from page 39*)

is just about as versatile in his social existence. Stephen doesn't like parties —at least not the soup and fish affairs. Rather, he is a connoisseur of interesting people—aside from radio personalities—delighting in assembling strange groups. He recalls with particular pleasure the evening he seated Strangler Lewis, Tulio Carminati, Louis Anspacher, and a Bolivian Consul-General at the same table and gave them all beer to drink.

Alexander Woollcott, the raconteur with the old maid's delight in telling on other people, took to the radio but not to its stars. He continues a social life which embraces all other public entertainers from Bernard Shaw to Clifton Webb. A host of hosts, his invitation to a Sunday Morning breakfast is a coveted prize.

Colonel Stoopnagle, having acquired a brand new motor boat, Mr. Bopp, has proceeded to invite Budd and other less antagonistic individuals aboard the boat which is anchored on Long Island Sound. The usual evening program calls for a marauding stop at every yacht club wharf on the Sound.

ANOTHER yachting lover is Jimmy Melton, who stalks proudly by Mr. Bopp in his cruiser "Melody". He even runs down to Washington and points south on the coast when he gets the chance for a personal appearance down that way.

Ted Husing is a man who attends every radio "opening"—that rare occasion when celebrities on the air collect to witness the first night of some new club. His friends are those in every branch of the theater and vaudeville. Any time he can spare from sports he whiles away at Lindy's, or some other famous Broadway eating rendezvous.

Jane and Goodman Ace, too, when they come to New York, seek out smart bar newspapermen and authors along the Broadway spots. Goody was once dramatic editor of the Kansas City Journal Post, which accounts for his love of the smell of printer's ink.

Jacques Fray and Mario Braggiotti, rather than gaining notice by appearing in public with other radio professionals, get mention in the society pages. Their cronies are social registerites, from blue, blue Boston. Mario's even a grandson of a prominent family up that way. He frequently travels to fashionable Bar Harbor and Northampton, which doesn't leave him much time for his partners in crime.

In Washington, political commentators and news hawks like Frederick William Wile, attend all the embassy functions and diplomatic affairs—a far cry from the informal gatherings on Broadway!

Many, on the other hand, who are in the radio spotlight, live a secluded life away from the hustle and bustle of Manhattan, commuting to town for their programs.

HELP KIDNEYS

.. don't take drastic drugs

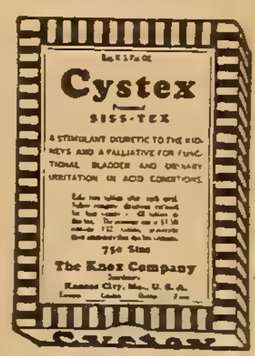
YOU have 9 million tiny tubes or filters in your Kidneys, which are at work night and day cleaning out Acids and poisonous wastes and purifying your blood, which circulates through your Kidneys 200 times an hour. So it's no wonder that poorly functioning Kidneys may be the real cause of feeling tired, rundown, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic Pains and other troubles.

Nearly everyone is likely to suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys at times because modern foods and drinks, weather changes, exposure, colds, nervous strain, worry and over-work often place an extra heavy load on the Kidneys.

But when your Kidneys need help, don't take chances with drastic or irritating drugs. Be careful. If poorly functioning Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, Acidity, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Loss of Vitality, Dark Circles under the eyes, or Dizziness, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex). See for yourself the amazing quickness with which it soothes, tones and cleans raw, sore irritated membranes.

Cystex is a remarkably successful prescription for poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder. It is helping millions of sufferers, and many say that in just a day or so it helped them sleep like a baby, brought new strength and energy, eased rheumatic pains and stiffness—made them feel years younger. Cystex starts circulating through the system in 15 minutes, helping the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out the blood and removing poisonous acids and wastes in the system. It does its work quickly and positively but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. The formula is in every package.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success, the Doctor's prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.



City Health Doctor Praises Cystex

W. R. George
Medical Director

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance Dr. W. R. George, graduate Medical Dept. University of Indiana, former HealthCommissioner of Indianapolis, and Medical Director for insurance company 10 years, recently wrote the following letter:

"There is little question but what properly functioning Kidney and Bladder organs are vital to the health. Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with aching back, weakness, painful joints and rheumatic pains, headaches and a general run-down exhausted body. This condition also interferes with normal rest at night by causing the sufferer to rise frequently for relief, and results in painful excretion, itching, smarting and burning. I am of the opinion that Cystex definitely corrects frequent causes (poor kidney functions) of such conditions and I have actually prescribed in my own practice for many years past the same ingredients contained in your formula. Cystex not only exerts a splendid influence in flushing poisons from the urinary tract, but also has an antiseptic action and assists in freeing the blood of retained toxins. Believing as I do that so meritorious a product deserves the endorsement of the Medical Profession, I am happy indeed to lend my name and photograph for your use in advertising Cystex."—Signed W. R. George, M.D.

AN affliction so painful it almost drives you mad, yet one so delicate you can scarcely bring yourself to talk to your doctor about it!

That's Piles!

Bad as it is, pain is not the worst thing about Piles! They can take a malignant turn and become something very serious.

Whether Piles be internal or external, painful or itching, real relief is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching and checks any bleeding. But more important, Pazo tends to correct the condition of Piles as a whole. This is because Pazo is threefold in effect.

First, it is *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *healing*, which repairs the torn and damaged tissues. Third, it is *absorbing*, which dries up any mucous matter and tends to shrink the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo comes in two forms — in tubes and tins. The tubes have a special Pile Pipe for insertion in the rectum. All drug stores sell Pazo at small cost. Mail coupon for free trial tube.

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Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, trial size of PAZO Ointment.

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Gilmore & Burke, Inc. Dept. 251, Seattle, Wash.

LOWEL THOMAS, commentator extraordinary, sneaks away into upper New York state where he has a home at Pawling, Robert Montgomery's native town. He and his wife seldom venture from this haven other than the times he drives in for his broadcasts.

Which is the case of Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, when they're in New York. Scarsdale is their safe retreat, where they hide out in their enormous new home. Albert Spalding commutes from his home at Great Barrington, which has a tennis court that gives his famous supple wrist some real exercise.

Clara, Lou 'n' Em, whose broadcasts originate in Chicago, live in Evanston, one of its suburbs, with husbands who don't even turn on the radio at night, unless President Roosevelt is making a speech. Their home existence, aside from this, is typical of the thousands who are neighbor-commuters. They wouldn't live in New York, even if you paid them for the doubtful privilege.

Then there are those more rare radio stars who have practically no social life at all, even with old friends. Kate Smith is one whose only recorded appearance at a party was in Hollywood when she was honored for the picture which she was making at the time. Instead of goings-on at night she lives quietly in her three-room Park Avenue apartment, content with an occasional visit to the home of Ted Collins and his wife.

Isham Jones is another. Although he conducts an orchestra in the center of the world's popular and crowded dance floors, he forgets the tag he has earned for himself—the millionaire band leader—and spends Saturday nights playing with his baby, Davie. No Harlem stuff for him, a view which Ruth Etting shares. She goes to movies with her husband or remains home with a book.

Radio stars ain't snooty, they just ain't quite friendly.

The Real Reason Mary Pickford Turned to Radio

(*Continued from page* 13)

precious minutes dickering. She signed immediately.

The news of her radio contract fell like a bombshell in news circles. Why? What was her motive? Everyone wanted to know. But not until she sat forward, her eyes sparkling with anticipation, and related her afternoon with Marconi, did the story of her abrupt capitulation to radio and her plans for television become evident.

This isn't the first time that Mary has been on the air, although her other minutes before the microphone were never nationally broadcast.

"Too many years ago to admit," she related, "I was scheduled for fifteen minutes on the radio. I have never suffered such stage fright in all my career of acting.

"The studio was full of people, and thinking it would help, I ordered them all out of the room. But the sudden silence was worse than before. I tried to call them back, but I was already on the air. I lived through it somehow and when it was over I vowed it would be movies or nothing from then on."

But to go back to television.

"What effect will such cheap entertainment as television provides have on the movies? Not half as much as people believe," she declared. "There's good reason why it won't, too.

"Young people will want to get away from home at night. The easiest way for that is a ride downtown to a moving picture theater. Married women, too, who are tired out from a day's work will want relaxation away from home. They'll continue their attendance at the theater.

"And then comedies, too, require a screen and a big audience. Who wants to sit by himself and laugh at a funny scene? I'd much rather have someone next to me with whom I can share my mirth.

"For myself, I can't see why I shouldn't continue my movie career as long as possible. I have two offers under consideration right now. One is for a play which I wrote and which the producer wants me to enact.

"The other is from Edmund Golding who has a story, Miss Smith, which he bought with me in mind. Perhaps I'll accept one or the other of the parts, if I find time.

"No, I'm not afraid that my going into radio will make me lose out when the time comes for television. It is such good experience, invaluable for television training.

"That's another reason I signed on the radio. I was offered what I thought was excellent dramatic material. What could be better than a chance to act before the mike? That's exactly what we'll be doing in television."

SINCE Mary's advent on the air was such a short time ago, there has been no chance as yet for an adequate criticism of her half hour sketches, but it is not too early to make a forecast about her future in television, should that become an entertainment medium.

If, as Mary flatly states, television will come with the arrival of another radio season, it means that this star who held sway in films for two decades will really have another field to conquer, a field which other entertainers have scrupulously avoided so far.

When—and if—the curtain is rung down on radio and the way paved for television in the home, new stars will brighten the entertainment heavens. But shining brightly as ever will be the radiant personality of America's screen sweetheart.

James Melton—He Always Took a Chance

(*Continued from page* 40)

where and how, in heaven's name, did he come off, expecting to earn his food and lodging, to pay for his books, his courses? And did he for a minute think he could do passable work in his studies if he worked his head off earning money to pay his way?

"Give me a chance," Jimmy pleaded with them, and though they shook their heads they let him have his own way about it, and he showed them.

The first thing he did was to organize a dance orchestra; and he rushed around getting the band engagements. The smooth tongue and friendly, guileless ways that had helped persuade the college officials, helped him now too. It was pretty hard to refuse this darn nice-looking, clean-cut young man who was so terribly in earnest.

THEN one day he took another gamble, a reckless impudent one such as only a foolhardy youngster would undertake. And he got away with it!

His school was scheduled to play the University of Georgia football team at Tampa. If his alma mater won, there'd be a big celebration, and it would be a swell opportunity to make some money running a Victory dance. And if they lost? That idea never occurred to Jimmy. Of course they'd win.

On the strength of that he hired a car and bundled his boys into it, went to Tampa, rented a huge hall, put up the announcements and acted as chief ticket seller. He was all set for the rush. And did the home team win? Of course it did. In that one night Jimmy cleared $700, enough to pay for his tuition and lodging for a year.

You'd think that if a fellow established a band and made good, he'd stick to the college where he'd built up a reputation, wouldn't you? And almost any other boy in his right mind would have, but not Jimmy. By this time he'd made up his mind that a singer he would be and he heard that there was a very grand and very expensive vocal teacher in Nashville, Gaetana de Luca. So just like that he switched to Vanderbilt College, which is in Nashville. Of course he could organize another dance band and support himself in grand style.

Oh, yes? But this time the Fates took him for a sleighride. It seemed that Vanderbilt wasn't waiting for a yodler who could lead a dance band, and quite often Jimmy walked the streets looking for any kind of a job, wondering where his next meal would come from. Young singers were a drug on the market in Nashville and it was only after a year of the most bitter, disheartening poverty that Jimmy finally got a job as director of the concert orchestra at the Hotel Hermitage in Nashville.

But even then the take-a-chance spirit in him hadn't been dampened, in spite of the shabby poverty he had known.

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offers you these and more

Do you, too, want to get into Broadcasting — the big fascinating, glamorous industry of today? Do *you* want to earn good money? Do *you* want to have *your* voice brought into hundreds of thousands of homes all over the land? If you do, you'll read every word of this amazing opportunity.

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FLOYD GIBBONS
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Start training now for one of the many good paying positions in this fast-growing field. Hundreds of opportunities as

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are open to men and women who have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read how you, too, can prepare yourself quickly at home in spare time for your future in Broadcasting. Mail coupon now.

Great Opportunity in Radio Broadcasting

Because Broadcasting is expanding so fast that no one can predict to what gigantic size it will grow in the next few years—Broadcasting offers unusual opportunities for fame and success to those who can qualify.

Think of it! Broadcasting has been taking such rapid strides that today *advertisers alone* are spending more than a hundred million dollars for advertising over the air. Think of the millions that will be spent next year, and the year after over more than 600 stations—think of the glorious opportunities for thousands of talented and properly trained men and women.

Many Earn Good Money Quickly

Why not get *your* share of these millions? For if your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you can act, if you have any hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, perhaps you may qualify for a job before the microphone. Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how to turn your natural ability into money! But talent alone may not bring you Broadcasting success. You must have a thorough and complete knowledge of the technique of this new industry. Many a singer, actor, writer or other type of artist who had been successful in different lines of entertainment was a dismal failure before the microphone. Yet others, practically unknown a short time ago, have risen to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Because they were *trained* in Broadcasting technique, while those others who failed were not.

Yet Broadcasting stations have not the time to train you. That is why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcast—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting. Through this remarkable course, you can train for a good paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time and without giving up your present position.

Complete Course in Radio Broadcasting by FLOYD GIBBONS

A few of the subjects covered are: The Studio and How It Works, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make It Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, The Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Dramatic Broadcasts, How to Build Correct Speech Habits, How to Develop a Radio Personality, Sports Announcing, Educational Broadcasting, Radio Publicity, Advertising Broadcasts, Program Management, and dozens of other subjects.

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If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. A safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound that helps relieve constipation, cleanses the system, removes the greatest cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take one or two at night and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

He stayed at the job for only two years, long enough to save $300. Surely that was enough with which to storm New York, to fling open wide the gates of the Metropolitan, for opera he had decided would be his forte. So he fired his job and went to New York, where he was laughed at for his pains.

None of the big producers would see him. There were thousands of young men pleading for a chance, and the name of a dizzy college youngster from Nashville meant nothing to them.

Of course you've heard how he finally did get his chance by storming Roxy's Theatre and demanding that he see Roxy. For eight days he practically lived at Roxy's office, but all he heard was, "Mr. Rothafel is in conference. Mr. Rothafel is out of town." And you also know how he finally attracted Roxy's attention by going up and down the halls singing at the top of his lungs, till Roxy ran out of his office to see where the molten flood of music was pouring from. But perhaps you didn't realize that this whole incident was just one more illustration of Jimmy Melton's philosophy of life, "If people try to stop you from doing what you want to do, go ahead and do it anyway."

And that philosophy has stood him in good stead in radio, that crazy-quilt, glamorous field, where if you don't take cockeyed chances you're likely never to get anywhere.

It's meant a lot in his personal life, too, for his marriage was the craziest gamble you ever heard about. He met blue-eyed, golden-haired Marjorie McClure at a house party where he sang to six hundred guests.

The concert over, all six hundred guests, it seemed, rushed up to pump his hand, to congratulate him. He was limp but happy.

REALLY only five hundred and ninety-eight people had joined the rush. The other two guests, Miss Marjorie McClure and her mother, had watched the procession. "Let's go home," said Marjorie finally, "he doesn't want to meet us. See how tired he looks." But of course someone dragged them over to be introduced.

"The minute I saw Marjorie I knew she was the girl for me," Jimmy confessed. "How old are you?" were his first words of greeting to the startled girl. And then in rapid succession, "Are you engaged to someone? In love with someone? Do you go to school?"

As soon as they left the party Marjorie's mother turned to her and said, "Marjorie, what are you going to do the next time you see that young man and he proposes to you?"

Marjorie blushed. "Oh, mother, you're always cooking up matches," she laughed. "I bet I'll never see him again."

While in the Melton home a very similar scene was taking place. "Remember the little blonde in the red dress, the last girl to be introduced?" Jimmy asked his brother. Sleepily, his brother nodded. "Well, I'm going to marry her." Rolling over in bed, his brother said in disgust, "Don't be a damn fool. Go to sleep."

The next time Jimmy saw Marjorie he did propose, and though they had barely spent an hour together, she accepted him. "And believe it or not, Marjorie was willing to take a chance, too," Jimmy told me. "It seemed she felt the same way I did."

They've been married five years now, and act as if they were still on their honeymoon.

TWO years ago Melton fulfilled another of his dreams, when he bought the sixty-foot twin-screw cruiser, *The Melody*, which is equipped like a palatial home. But it wasn't till a few months ago that he bought a radio for it, and behind the purchase of that radio is the story of one of the most desperate chances Jimmy ever took.

Last summer, in September to be exact, Melton decided to take a lazy man's holiday, and cruise along Long Island Sound. So he bundled his wife and their guests, his father-in-law, his brother-in-law and his nephew into the yacht and off they went.

When they were out for a few hours, the sea became rocky. For two days *The Melody* lay at anchor off Shelter Island, waiting for the storm to abate. Since there was no wireless equipment aboard, there was no way of communicating with other ships. But storm or no storm, Jimmy was due back in the city the next day for a broadcast.

So off for Port Jefferson they started, some forty miles away. Three miles out, they were struck by a hurricane, that dashed against the boat with such a blinding force the yacht was almost lifted out of the water.

"The sea was so rough I couldn't steer with the rudder, but had to resort to the motor direct. The boat reeled like a roller-coaster, and it took us seven hours to get to Port Jefferson, a distance of forty miles, Melton told me. "And just as we got there, the engine started spitting, for we were out of gas! I was quaking inwardly, believe me, but I wouldn't admit it. I hummed gaily most of the time. When my wife timidly suggested we put on life-preservers I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself. The psychological effect, would have been pretty bad."

How they got into port, Jimmy still doesn't know, but they made it, safely. That very same day the Meltons had a radio and full wireless equipment installed aboard the boat. Now at least they have a means of communication, in time of danger.

"If there is something you want, do your best to prepare yourself for it and then take a chance," is Jimmy's advice. He's all set to take another chance soon. By the time you read this you'll know whether or not he's won again. He hasn't forgotten his original ambition, to be a grand opera star. Pretty soon he'll take a chance on an audition with Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan.

But I'm wise to Mr. James Melton. I'm beginning to believe that a chance like this is no chance at all, but a sure thing. Perhaps one of the tricks in taking chances and coming out on top is knowing that you can make the grade.

Chicago Breezes

(*Continued from page 55*)

The show went on the air as usual, but not until Walter Wicker had done some frantic last minute re-writing of the script to make up for the absence of Irna Phillips and Bess Johnson from the cast.

The thing began the night before when Irna, who writes the scripts and plays the rôle of Kay, packed up for an out-of-town trip, under the impression that she wasn't in the script the next day. Wicker, who plays Bob Crane, told her that she was, but volunteered to re-write the script so that Freddy Von Ammon could take her lines. All went well until the cast arrived for rehearsal that morning, when it was learned that Bess Johnson, who had a major rôle in the script, was suffering from laryngitis and couldn't be there.

Then Walter put in some fast work. He re-wrote the entire script so that he, Von Ammon and Ireene Wicker, who takes the rôle of Eileen, would have all the lines and still advance the plot as far as the original version would have done. To lengthen the script he had Von Ammon play the piano while Ireene sang. While announcer Louis Roen was reading his opening lines, Wicker was still working on the script, which went on the air without previous rehearsal or timing.

The thing went off perfectly, however, ending on the head, and the show was no sooner off the air than several telephone calls came in, congratulating Von Ammon and Ireene on their musical ability.

* * *

THE GRIK HEMBESSADOR

TO all radioland George Givot has become the Grik Hembessador. But there's nothing really Greek about the Russian kid who came from the old country to Omaha, Neb., and then to Chicago and then to radio fame. Out in Omaha, where George decided to become a diplomat and his parents decided he'd be a lawyer, was a Greek candy store. The proprietor's name was Sanaposopilos or something like that. Just to hear the old man talk George kept asking him questions. But before George turned Greek he started out in another character. His work as an entertainer actually began as a gag in Chicago . . . you know that old saying about giant oaks growing from little acorns. Givot was attending a night journalism class at the Schurz high school in Chicago. The instructor was Col. Oscar N. Taylor, better known as Yank Taylor, Chicago newspaper radio editor. Givot was a wisecracking, gangling kid. Whenever Yank would leave the room George would stop all work by getting up in front of the class clowning, singing, telling stories, and mimicing Yank. One night Yank caught him at it and decided to teach him a lesson.

"So, Givot, you think you're funny, huh?" said Yank. "Well. we'll fix that. Here!" And Yank wrote him out a note of introduction to Steve Trumbull.

STARVED WIVES!

Here is a story that millions of women could, but do not, tell about their disappointing husbands.

WHAT abject misery for a young bride of a few months to have to admit to herself that she has married the wrong man—that they are incompatible spiritually, mentally, physically—that the future stretches away drab and gray and hopeless to—who knows what?

Deep in their hearts millions of American women know they are in exactly this predicament but not knowing what to do about it, keep the silence, scarce daring to admit, even to themselves, that it is true. It may be that you are one of them. If so, you will be deeply interested in the autobiography of an unhappy wife, now beginning in Physical Culture, the great personal problem magazine. Entitled "Starved Wives," it is a complete record from the woman's side of an unhappy marriage. With complete frankness and a wonderful depth of understanding she analyzes the causes, the progress and the final denouement of her unhappiness. Written anonymously, for reasons that will become apparent as the story progresses, it is not only an absorbingly interesting human document but one that will enable thousands of other unhappy wives to see and understand their problems—and perhaps eventually win happiness as, in the end, the author of this story won happiness. You will find it in the December issue of Physical Culture now on sale at all news stands. Get your copy today.

What Physical Culture Stands For

"Physical culture in its larger meaning includes all influences that have to do with mental hygiene, emotional health, personal efficiency and happiness. Well adjusted personal and family life is just as important as fresh air, exercise, sunshine and diet. "For a long time this magazine has given a vast amount of attention to these factors in health and personal well being to the end of teaching a better art of living and helping its readers to find fulfillment of life in a broad sense. It is a magazine of personal relationships devoted to the commonsense handling of everyday human problems. We do not pretend to solve your problems for you. We will only try to help you to analyze and see them more clearly, so that you may more successfully grapple with them yourself.—*Bernarr Macfadden.*

In the December Issue

Will the Future American Be a Weakling? by Albert Edward Wiggam • This Matter of "Sudden Death," by Charles A. Clinton, M.D. • So That's What Worry Is, by Lawrence Gould • Sinus Trouble and How I Licked It, by Austin Drake • Sitting Pretty, by Norman Bates • Love, Honor and Support, My Fifty-fifty Marriage, Anonymous • My Phantom Lover, Personal Problem Department • My Fifty Years of Physical Culture, by Bernarr Macfadden • I Lived My Own Life, But Now, Anonymous • The Divorced Woman's Dilemma, by the Voice of Experience • The Body Beautiful • The Very Young Girl's Beauty, by Carol Cameron • Who Says Exercise Shortens Life? by David Arnold Balch • Our Bodies' Need for Iodine, by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, M.D. • Is There a "Nerve Food"? by Milo Hastings • Do Starchy Foods Cause Acid Stomach? and many other helpful features and departments.

No matter what your personal problem may be, an early issue of Physical Culture will contain an article regarding it which will point the way to a rational, permanent solution.

The Personal Problem Magazine

PHYSICAL CULTURE

DECEMBER ISSUE ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS 15c

CONSTIPATION
began at 40!

Years of Suffering Till She Found This Safe

ALL-VEGETABLE RELIEF

TODAY at 60 she feels younger than she did 10 years ago—and she has made only one change. Like millions of others she has switched to a laxative that is completely natural—all-vegetable Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). She noticed the difference immediately. The very first little NR Tablet left her feeling better—refreshed, clean, more alive. She soon found herself resting better—she seemed to have new energy, a new outlook on life. Bothersome bilious spells, headaches, colds were quickly eliminated. And she noticed that she never had to increase the dosage of Nature's Remedy—for a very definite reason—NR Tablets contain no minerals or phenol derivatives, only natural laxative elements wisely placed by nature in plants and vegetables. That's why they work gently yet thoroughly the way nature intended. See for yourself. Take an NR tonight—See how thorough they are—yet so kind to the system. Get a 25c box today at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 119TT, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT GET A 25¢ BOX

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

47c

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. Big 16x20-inch enlargement sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

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104 S. Jefferson Street, Dept. 1544-W, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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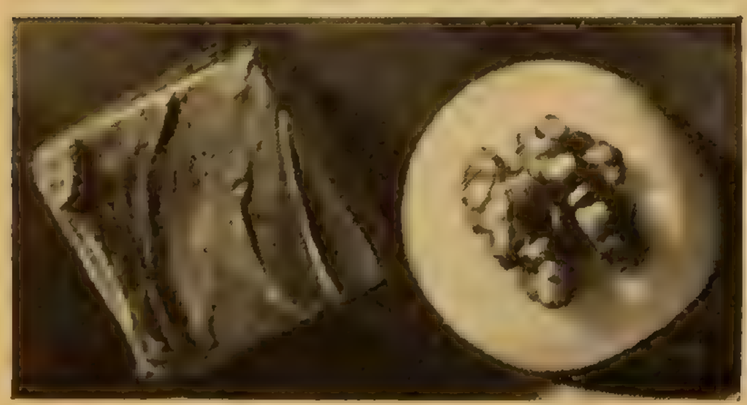

What recipes! • The creamiest fudge ever! • Gorgeous penuchi! • Far easier pull taffies! • Fondant (all colors and flavors) made without cooking—just 3 ingredients! Send today!

Write THE BORDEN CO., Dept: MG124, 350 Madison Ave. New York, N. Y. for FREE copy of amazing new cook book! Easy new ways to make Candies! Pies! Cookies! Frostings! Ice Creams! Puddings! Sauces!

Name _____

Address _____

Steve, who has been in charge of radio broadcasting at the world's fair this summer, was then the boss of a midnight to 3 a. m. spot on KYW. It was a free for all spot in radio back in the days when radio really was free for all. Anyone could get on. Yank figured Steve would put Givot on once, prove to George how lousy he was and that would be the end of that. But it wasn't. George went on. And the next day the fan mail started coming in. It seems people liked Givot. That was the beginning. George gave up journalism and next showed up with Paul Ash, as a wide-trousered, sweatered, freshman collegian who sang and danced to local fame when Ash was in his heyday. Came the depression for the Ash popularity. George dropped his college character and went into vodvil as a doldrums act. For a time he was lost to sight. Then an unannounced person did the speaking part of Rubinoff on one of those shows which Eddie Cantor broadcast from Florida. The dialect made a hit. It was Givot once more. A bit later on radio gave him another chance and this time he stayed with the dialect but changed it from Rubinoff to a Greek restaurant owner. The Grik Hembessador has been going on ever since.

* * *

THE MIGHTY MIDGET

JACKIE HELLER, the midget of melody, has a new car. It's a big slinky, convertible Packard coupé. He was telling us about it at the College Inn the other night while we listened to Buddy Rogers' music. He was telling us what a time he is having making a car that is big, fit a little guy who tops a five-foot scale by just one inch.

But Jack isn't sensitive about his diminutive stature. In fact he had a swell time at the Midget Village of the World's Fair this summer. He went with his new girl. She's not quite as tall as he is but will soon pass him. She is just 6 years old and has pigtails dancing behind her back.

* * *

DEMON RUM

HAL KEMP has one of the most popular bands in the country. Most of the time for the last couple of years his music has been heard over WGN from the Blackhawk Café in Chicago. Now Chicago loses him to New York. One of his most popular effective novelties is one in which the boys blow into colored bottles. Every bottle is filled partly with water and every one gives off a different musical note. In a dark room they light up the bottles and it's a pretty sight to watch as they play.

That bottle number was once almost fatal to one member of the band. It was while they were playing in London, England. Quick to see the advertising possibilities London distillers besieged Hal with offers of as many bottles as he could use. So Hal sent one of his boys around to the liquor houses to try out the bottles for musical tones. This was in the afternoon. The chap was due back before dinner time to play with the band. But he didn't come back. The band worked that night without him. The next day he came back and reported that not all the bottles he'd tested the day before had been empty ones.

* * *

TWO DOCTORS

FEW of the midwest radio fans don't know Drs. Pratt and Sherman. Russell Pratt and Ransom Sherman have been clowning on the air for many a long year, first over WMAQ and now on KYW. Just recently they moved down to St Louis to work on KMOX. And it begins to look as if Ransom's young son is going to be very air-minded, too. Once Ransom brought young George a toy violin. It was the usual type of fiddle worth all of fifty cents. But the child was so enthusiastic over it and spent so much time sawing out its terrible tones that Sherman decided to get him a real fiddle. He has it now, a real violin, although pint size. And every now and then Ransom brings it to the studio and uses it on the air.

Young George likes to hang around the studios. The fiddle was just the beginning. Before Ransom had finished he fixed George up with not only a fiddle, but also a toy microphone and a smock just like the studio musicians wear. George also noticed how the studio crowd ganged around the soft drink cooler in the lobby between broadcasts to guzzle cooling draughts from the bottles in the machine. He wanted to drink that stuff, too. Of course mama wouldn't stand for that. But they hit upon a happy compromise. It was just at that stage of his development that George was refusing to drink his orange juice. Ransom got some of those soft drink bottles and took them home. They filled them with orange juice and left them in the ice box. Now George will play his violin in front of his toy microphone and then when the job is over, amble out to the ice box and get a bottle of orange juice. In fact the Shermans have trouble now keeping enough orange juice on tap for the youngster who wouldn't drink it at all before. And when he's finished the bottle he flips the empty into the waste-basket. That's what the big guys in the KYW studio do.

* * *

A REDUCING TIP

TAKE a tip from Alice Joy, if you want to reduce—eat bananas and skimmed milk.

Alice, radio's Dream Girl heard over NBC networks, volunteered to confine her eating to scientific diets prepared by Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, president of the Chicago Board of Health and health adviser to millions through his Horlick's Adventures in Health program.

Alice lost three pounds the first two days. She eats six bananas and drinks three glasses of skimmed milk daily. And that's all.

* * *

DID YOU KNOW?

DID you know that Chicago was really the starting point for the Boswell Sisters? Of course, way back

when the girls had formed a trio down in their home town of N'Awlins . . . and it was an instrumental trio, not a vocal. When the girls signed for a tryout in Chicago they wired Biggie Levin who was managing them. They were to play two theatres, the Belmont and the Englewood. They wired Biggie to find them a hotel between the two theatres. The theatres are at least ten miles apart on opposites of Chicago's loop and of course there are actually hundreds of hotels between . . . So they received an answering wire: "I'll hire a houseboat. Levin."

* * *

AN errant rabbit almost broke up the show recently for Heinie and his Grenadiers, heard over NBC from WTMJ, NBC affiliate in Milwaukee. The orchestra was appearing at a Wisconsin lake resort when the rabbit appeared upon the floor. It wasn't until Willie, the German trumpeter, caught the animal and escorted it outside that the music could continue.

* * *

TO Charles Previn doing three radio shows a week is a rest after four and five shows a day in theatres like the Roxy. Now he can really develop the music matters he wanted to all those years.

* * *

DUST TO DUST

YOU may have noticed the lovely music Clyde Lucas and his orchestras get from those marimbas of theirs. But Mrs. Lucas can remember when the marimbas were nothing but pieces of wood and sawdust in her basement when brothers Clyde and Lynn made the instruments themselves.

* * *

IRENE'S FIRST JOB

IRENE BEASLEY'S first professional engagement was at WHT (William Hale Thompson) in Chicago in fall of 1924. "Received $2.50 for several songs. Carried large ukelele which I couldn't play but I tried awfully hard. Was my ambition to see how many stations in Chicago I could play in one night. Did as many as four. Those were the days when radio was new and station directors could be lenient with amateurs."

* * *

THE King's Jesters who have been working with Gale Page and Jackie Heller on those swell Climalene Carnivals in the morning, are the same King's Jesters who sang with Paul Whiteman for three years.

* * *

DAUGHTER BORN

CARL DAVIS, of the WLS Cumberland Ridge Runners, and Mrs. Davis, are the parents of an 8 pound nine ounce daughter, Diana Jean. It may be remembered that Carl's marriage to his childhood sweetheart, Jean Harris, of Winchester, Kentucky, last summer, surprised even his fellow Ridge Runners. They were asked to play for a "charity affair" in McHenry, Illinois, which turned out to be Carl's wedding.

Are You A COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE?

Do You CATCH COLD Easily?

At the first sneeze, or nasal irritation, quick!...A few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol. This unique aid in *preventing* colds is especially designed for nose and throat *where most colds start.* Its timely use helps to *avoid* many colds—and to throw off colds in their early stages.

Do Your Colds Hang On AND ON?

Don't take chances with half-way measures. Massage throat and chest with Vicks VapoRub—standby in 26 million homes for *relieving* colds. Two generations have learned to depend on its famous *direct double* action—by stimulation and inhalation—to end a cold sooner.

Follow Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds

These twin aids to *fewer* and *shorter* colds give you the basic medication of Vicks Plan for Better *Control* of Colds. Full details of this clinically tested Plan are in each Vicks package.

WE BUY Lincoln Head PENNIES

Will pay up to $2.00 each if over ten years old. Indian Head pennies worth up to $51.00 each. Send 10c for BUYING CATALOG. CONTINENTAL COIN CO., Inc. LD-111 W. Jackson, Chicago.

BLACKHEADS-BLEMISHES

disappear like magic. Clear Healthy Skin in a few days. Complete guaranteed method postpaid 75c. C.O.D. orders sent 75c plus postage.

MELLS COSMETICS 1773½ WAYNE ST., TOLEDO, OHIO

I was so lonely and friendless with only long, dreary evenings in store for me. Then one day I read about a new way to learn music that had made popular musicians of thousands.

The Free Demonstration Lesson proved that this way of learning was as easy as A-B-C . . .

Then came Janet's party a few months later. How flabbergasted they were all when I played. I thought they'd never let me stop. No more lonesome evenings now.

Learn MUSIC this Quick, Easy Way

—shortest road to friends, popularity, good times

The interesting story told above is not just one unusual case. It is typical of the experiences of more than 700,000 other folks who have learned music—who have become socially popular—this quick, modern, easy as A-B-C way.

You, too, can learn to play—to entertain others—to pep up any party. And you can do this without the expense of a private teacher—right in your own home. You don't need to be talented. You don't need previous musical training. You don't have to spend hours and hours playing monotonous scales and humdrum finger exercises. You start right in playing real little tunes. And sooner than you expected you find yourself entertaining your friends—having the best times you ever had.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano, Guitar, Organ, Violin, Saxophone, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion *or any other instrument*

Easy as A-B-C

The U. S. School method is literally as easy as A-B-C. First, it *tells* you how to do a thing. Then it *shows* you in pictures how to do it. Then you do it yourself and *hear* it. What could be simpler? And learning this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun instead of a bore as it used to be with the old way.

Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for Free Demonstration Lesson and Explanatory Booklet. See the simple principles around which this method is built. If you really want to learn music—enjoy good times—mail the coupon below. Don't delay—act NOW. U. S. School of Music, 30612 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name.....

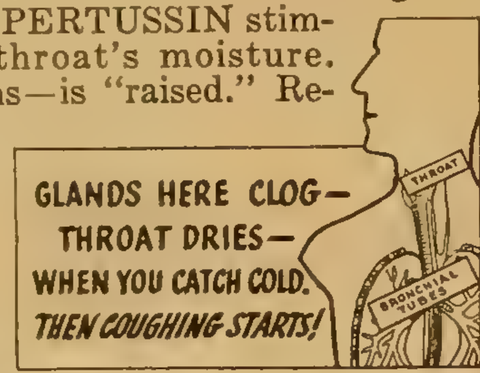
Address.....

Instrument..... *Have you Instrument?*.....

The Doctor said
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD
WOULD STOP COUGH QUICKLY— IT DID

Extract of famous medicinal herb stimulates throat's moisture

WHEN you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands clog. Their healthy secretions change. Throat dries, sticky mucus collects. A tickling . . . then a cough! PERTUSSIN stimulates your throat's moisture. Phlegm loosens—is "raised." Relief! Pertussin is safe. Contains no drugs. Tastes good.



● Doctors have used Pertussin for over thirty years because it is always safe and sure.

PERTUSSIN
helps nature cure your cough

NICE CLEAR SKIN
A SAFE AND SURE WAY WITHOUT SKIN PEELING

Worry no more over skin troubles. Beaufix, sensational—new—safe—soothes irritated skin blemishes; relieve skin of pimples, blackheads, freckles; tighten pores; whiten complexion. Three applications will amaze you. It must satisfy or money back. Send only.... **25c** for complete treatment (special introductory offer) and help yourself to new, youthful loveliness.
BEAUFIX LABS., Dept. R12, 1851 Washington Ave., N. Y.C.

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Simplified

● Modern wives, in increasing numbers, are favoring Boro-Pheno-Form for Feminine Hygiene. These dainty, convenient suppositories call for no mixing of chemicals, no water nor accessories . . . Their action is positive, gentle, soothing . . . and odorless. Proven effective for more than forty years.

Dr. Pierre's
BORO-PHENO-FORM

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. N-11
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me trial package of Boro-Pheno-Form, Directions and Booklet. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps).

Name ..... *City* .....
Address ..... *State* .....

MERRY MACS CLICK

THE Merry Macs—Cheri McKay and the McMichael brothers, Joe, Judd and Ted—popular NBC novelty quartet—have gained a nice reputation in Chicago radioland. Joe, Judd and Ted, who hail from Minneapolis where they made their radio début five years ago, first became popular as the Personality Trio, the name they took while touring with Joe Hayman's orchestra.

Cheri began her radio career in 1926 as the Golden Voiced Contralto of the South. She sang over southern stations and toured in vaudeville before coming to Chicago in 1931.

A little over a year ago, while the McMichaels and Miss McKay were appearing at the same studio, they hit on the idea of teaming up as "The Merry Macs" and after their first audition were put under contract.

"Change Our Radio Laws!"

(*Continued from page* 21)

shunted back and forth from the bridge, time and again, pleading without success with Captain Warms for an order to send the S.O.S.

All around, Rogers heard the hoarse cries and prayers of dying men and women, the curses of crazed people, trapped in the flames, fighting for life preservers, for a chance to get to a lifeboat. Every minute was precious, every minute decided human lives, and here he was, powerless to send out the vibrant appeal.

In a panic, he tried the telephone connection. It didn't work! Then he tried the speaking tube. That didn't work. He was isolated from everyone. And without orders from the bridge, he could do nothing.

Suppose Alagna had been unable to make the perilous trip through the flames to the bridge? Suppose the flames had prevented his returning to the radio room? Even when Alagna did get the order for the S.O.S. he was driven off the bridge, gasping for air, and he stumbled through the smoke, passing the radio room in the darkness and confusion. If he had not been able to grope his way back with that precious order, the S.O.S. might never have been sent!

"The blaze, which I think started about two o'clock, was almost centrally located under the emergency lighting rooms which housed the wires of the fire-fighting equipment, the electric contacts, the emergency radio equipment,"

Presenting Jerry Cooper! This young man from New Orleans takes part with Johnny Green, Cliff Edwards, and the Lee Stevens Harmonies, as well as two sustainings of his own. Not only that, but he'd like very much to be Jack Benny, his favorite comic.

Rogers explained. "That's why all the fire-fighting apparatus, the lights and the main transmitter of my radio set went flooey at the same time, for the flames were creeping up from below."

George Alagna, Rogers' assistant, goes even further than Rogers.

"Most of the investigators blame the disaster on the failure of man power," he says. "They say the boat had the most modern equipment only it wasn't used properly. Man power did fail, it's true, but failure of machinery helped gum the works.

"If you're changing the radio laws, here are a few that could stand altering. The radio room should be fireproofed and all the equipment in it heavily insulated and the furniture of fire-proofed materials. Yet you'll recall how the flimsy curtains blazed on the Morro Castle, and the wind, tossing them around, set the sofa ablaze, and the whole room became a mass of flames.

"Every light went out when Rogers sent his second CQ at about 3:19 A. M., and the main transmitter stopped with a bang. The emergency lighting equipment which should have turned on automatically, failed to work at all.

"IN the middle of the S.O.S. the auxiliary transmitter stopped; the connecting wires had been soldered, and the heat had melted the solder, breaking the wires.

"Doesn't it seem strange that the wireless room, the one connecting link between the world and the distressed ship, should have burnt up? Why should the lights have gone out? Why isn't there adequate provision for fireproof wiring so that it would be impervious to flames? Then, an emergency radio could stand up in an emergency. Of what value is a set when soldered with a metal that melts? Even third-rate hotels on land must use high-resistance insulating wires, according to our laws.

"Why not put teeth in our laws of the sea, making it compulsory to use fire-proof equipment? A bank vault carries only papers and jewels and documents, yet it is absolutely fireproof. Are the lives of hundreds of human beings aboard ship any less valuable?"

If Rogers' and Alagna's words are heeded, out of this terrible disaster may come safer, saner, fool-proof radio laws. The two men risked their lives and did the best they could to save the helpless victims aboard the steamer. And they were kept from saving more lives by the very laws which are supposed to make ocean traveling safe. Change our radio laws!

Subject: Frances Langford
Object: Matrimony!

One of radio's most attractive stars has her heart set on marriage. In the January issue of RADIO MIRROR, Mary Watkins Reeves tells you the fascinating details. Don't miss it!

Above is photo of Eddie East, writer of "Sisters of the Skillet"

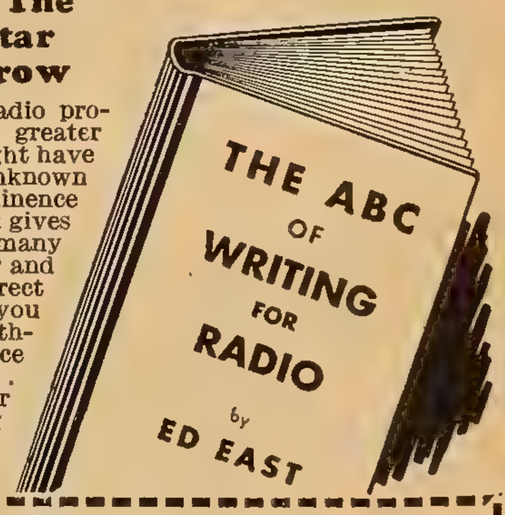
LET EDDIE EAST TEACH
You How to Write Radio Programs for Profit...

Easy to Make Up to $500 a Week

You have all heard Eddie East, writer of "Sisters of the Skillet," scripts for Rudy Vallee Varieties, Major Bowes and Texaco over the N B C network . . . haven't you wished that you could write that kind of stuff and sell it for real big money? Now make that wish come true. Eddie East has just completed a book of instructions which tells you everything about writing radio programs. It takes you step by step in simple language. telling what to write and how to write it. It covers the entire field down to the style of musical comedy, "The Gibson Family" . . . also tells where and how to sell what you write . . . a true short-cut for you to enter the radio program writing profession . . . to rise to fame, fortune and popularity.

Now You Can Be The Radio Program Star Writer of Tomorrow

The demand for good radio programs is indeed much greater than the supply. You might have hidden writing ability . . unknown writers are gaining prominence every day . . . Eddie East gives you the full benefit of his many years activities on the air and as a writer. This is a direct short-cut which enables you to get all the facts and without any previous experience to start writing at once . . . and to immediately offer your script for marketing so that you can earn at once.



ONLY $1.00 Post-paid

Nothing Else To Buy

Eddie East deliberately put the low price of only $1.00 on this marvelous book . . . he wants everyone who is sincere and anxious to enjoy the same success which is his to realize their ambition . . . that is why you get the complete course of instructions which is complete from cover to cover . . . tells you everything you will want to know . . . gives you names and addresses of radio stations and advertising agencies where you can offer your script for sale.

Rush Coupon . . FREE OFFER

Sign your name and address to the coupon and mail it today along with your remittance for $1 or C.O.D. plus postage. Act at once and receive free of charge autographed 5x7 photograph, suitable for framing, of the famous team of Eddie East and Ralph Dunke, "Sisters of the Skillet" . . . money back if not 100% pleased . . . mail the coupon now before you forget and miss this exceptional money making opportunity which might be the turning point in your entire life.

Radio Script Mart, Inc.,
Dept. 212,
Radio City, 1270 6th Ave., N. Y.

Radio Script Mart, Inc.,
Dept. 212,
Radio City, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Send copy of "The A.B.C. of Writing for Radio by Ed East." Also enclose free autographed photo. I enclose $1 in full payment. (If you prefer C.O.D. shipment mark X ☐ here and pay postman on arrival). It is understood if I am not 100% satisfied I will return within 5 days and you will refund my $1.

Name.....

Address.....

*BEWARE of Dandruff

Excessive dandruff (seborrhea capitis), say skin specialists, often causes baldness. If you have dandruff, be sure your hair is not getting thin at the temples and behind the crown—where baldness begins.

The ingredients of Japanese Oil are recommended by doctors for stimulating the scalp and encouraging hair growth. It removes loose dandruff thoroughly and checks baldness so long as the hair roots are still alive.

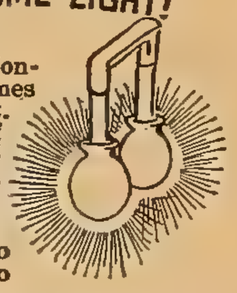
Keep that good growth of hair, so essential to youthful appearance. Get rid of every speck of dandruff and keep your scalp healthy and tingling by massaging with Japanese Oil—only 60c at all druggists. Economy size $1.

FREE: Valuable book, "The Truth About the Hair." Write National Remedy Co., 56 W. 45th St., Dept. 28A, New York.

JAPANESE OIL

* This advertisement was written by a registered physician.

KEROSENE MANTLE LAMP
TURNS NIGHT AIR INTO BRIGHT HOME LIGHT!



The scientific, new wickless lamp revolutionizing home lighting! Actually gives 20 times light of old wick lamp at fraction of cost. Floods home with 300 candlepower of brilliant, soft, white light, yet burns 96% *free air*, only 4% cheap kerosene (coal oil).

LIGHTS WHOLE HOUSE FOR A FEW PENNIES Now you can light up the whole house *for hours* for only a few cents! No smoky chimneys to clean or break. No wicks to buy or trim!

30-DAY TRIAL IN YOUR HOME! This amazing, new light is built into beautiful, new art lamps. Have your choice on 30-day no-risk trial right in your home! Enjoy this wonder-light for a whole month! *Write today for illustrated description and TRIAL OFFER!*

AKRON LAMP & MFG. COMPANY
122 Lamp Bldg. AKRON, OHIO

AGENTS! A big money-making opportunity (part or full time). Write at once!

Let me tell You how I Got Rid of

PIMPLES
AFTER SUFFERING *for* 15 YEARS

I know what it is to suffer the embarrassment of unsightly skin caused by pimples. I, too, know that for years I tried nearly everything to get rid of them. I now know the joy of a clear skin brought about by an easy-to-use home treatment.

A POSTCARD BRINGS THIS BOOK

Tells in plain language how this wonder treatment was discovered and how it works. Simple to apply. The first application usually stops the pain and itching. Send your name and address for complete information. Do this today. Address

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FREE

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New LOW PRICE **19¢**

This sensational low price enables everyone to now have their favorite snapshots enlarged—at a price never before offered—8x10 inch Enlargements at Less Than Wholesale Price. **MIRCO** enlargements are acclaimed the best. They bring out clearly all the features of loved ones. The **MIRCO** Process enlarges ordinary snapshots to life-like appearance and are **GUARANTEED FADEPROOF** Send only 19c, plus 6c postage, with your original negative (enlargements made from pictures at small extra charge). **ONLY 4** enlargements to a customer at this sensational low price. Address **MIRACLE FILM STUDIO, 412-M East 11th St., Kansas City, Mo.**

Compare YOUR Figure WITH Lovely Lilian Bond's

Height, 5'4" Weight, 116 lbs.
Bust 34" Waist, 25"

Start To-Day and REDUCE!

● Don't envy the lovely, slender figures of the beautiful movie stars — you, yourself, can now safely banish excess fat — enjoy better health — look and feel years younger — just take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water first thing in the morning.

● Kruschen is not just **one** salt as some people ignorantly believe—Kruschen is a superb blend of **six** separate healthful salts based on an average analysis of over 22 European Spas whose splendid medicinal waters physicians for years have prescribed for overweight patients. Kruschen, being first of all a **health** treatment—it can't possibly harm you and a jar that lasts 4 weeks costs only a few cents at any drugstore.

Kruschen Salts

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

"It's the LITTLE DAILY DOSE that Does It"

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He Opened the Door of Fame for Them

(*Continued from page 35*)

and Julia. Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes. I was coming to that," he said. "About that time, I was going out with a lady. I was forty-five then, and still a bachelor, and I guess I didn't have much nerve. I just couldn't seem to get around to asking her to be Mrs. Witten. But say, miss, when I saw Mr. Crumit and Miss Sanderson, and how happy they were, why I went out to this lady's house that very same night, and I said— Well, never mind what I said, but anyhow, it came out all right, and she and I have been married eight years now.

"There's one fellow I like to listen to on the radio," he went on, "and they tell me he's a big star, too. I always said he'd go places because he was so determined to succeed. I watched him climb to the top in show business, just as I always said he would. And I'm mighty glad he's climbed even higher in radio. That's Harry Richman. When he first came here, he was a piano player for the Dolly Sisters. A couple of years later, he was doing a single. Next thing I knew he was in the star's dressing room, and heading the bill. Always when he came in, Mr. Richman would ask me: 'Has Santy Claus left anything for me?' and I would tell him: 'No, but before the week's out he will.' And say, I'll tell you something about Mr. Richman."

HERE Louie leaned toward me, and lowered his voice to a confidential pitch.

"What a time I used to have with ladies when Mr. Richman played our house!" he recalled. "One would come to see him, and I'd show her in. Before she'd left, along would come another. I'd have to keep that one outside while I went in and told Mr. Richman. I'd be worried to death, but it never seemed to bother him. I guess he knew he could depend on me. You see, he'd always told me he'd never marry until he'd retired from the stage, and I knew none of these affairs were serious. But the ladies just wouldn't stay away from the stage door when he was in the theater, and he was too gentlemanly and courteous to refuse to see them. Generally, I'd get one out by another exit, while the second one was coming in.

"And say, there's another young fellow who's going great guns on the radio who used to be here often. Joe Penner. I always liked Joe. He was the shyest and quietest of all the performers I've ever known—and I've known about all there are, I guess. Joe was a Number 2 act when he played here, and when he first hit the Palace, even in Number 2 spot, he thought he had just about reached the height of his ambition. When he finally graduated into Number 4 spot—that's just before the intermission, you know, and almost as important as Number 7, the feature—he came rushing back to me, just like a school kid, and put his arm around me

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and said: "Gee, Louie, they liked me!" But not as a boast, understand. He was just glad about it. Sometimes at an opening show, before the audience would warm up, and applause would be sort of scarce, Joe would say: "Gee, Louie, I ought to have stuck to selling violins.' He was a hard worker, too, Joe was. He'd work over new lines, and when he'd hit on one, sometimes he'd come and try it out on me. If I liked it, into his act it would go. And let me tell you this about Joe Penner—this is important. Since he's been on the radio, and become a great star Joe's been back here. But you wouldn't know things were any different with him. He's the same likeable boy he was when he was tickled pink to be in the Number 2 spot.

"THAT reminds me, speaking of Number 2 spot, of another act. They first came here in Number 2. They said the Palace was 'the biggest feather in their cap' when they first came. They were made here at the Palace, for after that first time in Number 2, they were always billed as stars. They were a devoted couple. Right after the show, they used to rush off together to Gerson's next door for a bite to eat and to meet their friends. I mean Burns and Allen. Gracie was a great girl. Everybody's pal. And what a joker! I'll never forget the time she came running up to me and said: 'Here, Louie. Here's your turban.' I said: 'What's a turban?' There was a girl on the bill that week who was an Indian Princess, and Gracie told me while she was there all the employees had to wear turbans, which are the hats they wear in this Princess' country. And Gracie said when the Princess came in, I was to extend my arms out, and bow down. It sounded screwy to me, and also it's pretty hard for me to keep bowing down all the time, as you can see, miss, but if the Princess liked it, it was okay with me. So when she came in, I bowed 'way down with this white towel around my head, and then Gracie and pretty nearly everybody else on the bill, who had hidden to watch me, let out a laugh you could hear all the way to Columbus Circle. And not only that, but when I straightened up, the Princess said: 'Hyah, Louie.'"

Louie chuckled at the recollection. There were a lot of jokesters in this business, he observed, and then again, a lot of serious folks.

"Take Jimmy Durante," he offered in illustration. "Now there's a fellow—the only one I know—who's exactly the same off stage as he is on. Jimmy always used to tease me about getting married. And always he'd say: 'Hello, Louie. How're things? Getting any worse?' and when I'd start to answer, he'd pull out a big cigar and stick it in my mouth. 'Here's a cigar,' he'd say. 'Stick it in your mouth and keep it shut.' And he used to ask all kinds of crazy riddles, and get me all mixed up with his nutty cracks. Like sometimes, he'd ask me on his way in: 'Louie, do you know the difference between midnight in 46th street and midnight in 47th street?' Well, while he was in the theater, I'd be trying to figure it out, and when the show was over, and Jimmy came out, he'd say: 'Well, Louie, have you doped out the answer to that one yet?' and when I'd say I hadn't, he'd laugh, and say: 'Stop trying, Louie. There isn't any.' Always plenty doing when Jimmy was around.

"Now Fred Allen was just the opposite type. He's another who used to play here a lot who's gone a long way in radio. Mr. Allen was always just the opposite offstage to what he was on. I've never heard him pull a wise crack, but he was one of the most obliging men I've ever seen. Always willing to help others. Lots of times, when an act wasn't going so well, I've seen Mr. Allen sit down and help some actor rewrite his material. Generous, too. Once I happened to remark that a tie he was wearing was pretty, and at the end of the week when he was leaving he handed me a package. When I opened it, there was the tie. Lots of times, I've seen people to whom he'd lent money come to pay it back. But he'd never take it without first saying: 'If you're short, let it go for a while. Forget it until you have enough so you won't miss it.'

"Ed Wynn was another comedian who was never a comedian offstage. Mr. Wynn was always business-like. He used to clown around imitating the other acts on the bill, and once I remember there were some jugglers here and he juggled like they did, only of course to make it comic he kept dropping the balls, and getting all mixed up. But here's the joke—Mr. Wynn could juggle better than any of those real jugglers, because he used to be a juggler himself, they tell me, and a wizard at it, too."

LOUIE digressed to tell me of other friends in the theatrical world, but I reminded him that they weren't in radio, and that it was radio stars I was interested in.

"Oh, that's right," he recalled. How about Jack Pearl? He used to come here often. Jack is nearly as crazy offstage as he is on—nearly as many laughs. Whenever he came in, he would greet me with 'Salute Louie the Doorman,' and then he'd salute and make me stand up and salute back. 'How's your mother? How's your father? How's your brother? How's your sister?' he would always ask me, although I always used to remind him, every time, that I haven't any sister or brother. Jack loved to show a picture he always carried, of his nephew in military school. 'He's so smart, Louie,' he would say, 'that he might be my own son.' Jack was always accompanied by his wife and father, and he would consult them in everything he did. He was a happy-go-lucky fellow, Jack was. And speaking of happy-go-lucky fellows—say, Miss, do you ever listen to Jack Benny?"

I said that I did, and that I liked him; that he was one of my especial favorites.

"Mine too," Louie agreed. "He's another big star who came here first as a Number 2 act. That old Number 2 was

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a lucky starting place, wasn't it? I remember how Mr. Benny used to walk up and down, up and down, backstage, mumbling his lines to himself before he went on. Sometimes he'd come to me and try out a line and then ask me how I liked it. He thought a lot of my judgment, too, I guess, because if I didn't like it, he wouldn't use it. He was a lot like Mr. Allen in one way. Even after he became a big star, he was never too busy to help out another act with material.

"Like I told you, Mr. Benny started with us as a Number 2 act. Each time he played here after that, he had a better spot. Finally, he landed in Number 7, with the star's dressing room. I showed him into room Number 1, (that's the star's) and he looked around and said: 'My gosh, Louie, it's taken me five years to get into this room, and now that I'm here, I can't see that it's much better than the others.' But just the same, I think Mr. Benny got a big kick out of that day."

I mentioned other great names. Louie knew them all, knew little intimate facts of their characters that have been revealed to few even of their intimates. He knew George Givot when the Greek Ambassador was just breaking into show business, long before radio called him. He told me how Jesse Block and Eve Sully, in the intensity of their eagerness to make good, used to quarrel over their routines, and then make up joyously over cups of Gerson's coffee.

"And Phil Baker, the accordion player. Why he—."

"But Louie," I interrupted, "Phil Baker isn't an accordion player. Of course, he *does* play the accordion, but he's a great star. He is a famous comedian on the radio. Phil Baker is—"

This time Louie interrupted me for a change.

"Sure, miss, sure. I know all that," he admitted. "I listen to him myself. But to me, he's always Phil Baker, the accordion player. I know he's a great comedian, but that's how I always remember him—Phil Baker, the accordion player."

He was silent for a moment.

"He can play one, too," he added, with an air of finality.

On the Pacific Airwaves

(*Continued from page* 47)

Bay auditors recall his work at several stations before the present KYA berth. His two youngsters, a boy and a girl, are both musically inclined. Cy is in the middle thirties . . . six feet tall and about 150 pounds in weight . . . with dark hair and eyes and a trim mustachio.

* * *

THOUGH Harry McClintock has reached the age when he looks better with his hat on, bay district fans are pleased to know he is back on the air again. "Haywire Mac" is a real radio character. He was on KFRC for years with his haywire, hayseed orchestry. And his "Bum Song" and "Fifty

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Years from Now" went over big on Victor discs. For some reason or another, he was off the air a couple of years but his friends are still legion. Mac was in the Spanish-American war; played on a professional ball team; studied at the Chicago School of Fine Arts and finally started in radio in '25. He is married and has one daughter. KQW is his affiliation at this writing.

* * *

ORVILLE KNAPP, young Los Angeles dance maestro, is a brother of Cinemactress Evelyn Knapp. You can hear the girl in the talkies, and the boy over the air . . . just now on the coast CBS chain with his dance group. Orville was born in Kansas City twenty-five years ago. Southern California radio critics say that as a vocalist the boy is lousie . . . But as a band leader he has plenty of possibilities. He has played with the original Coon-Saunder's Nite Hawks and in New York with Vincent Lopez' group. Seems to me he then got together his own orchestra for the Park Avenue Club and the Silver Slipper, a couple of New York swankies. Then to Los Angeles a year or so ago. Maestro Knapp is about six feet in height; blonde wavy hair and blue eyes. For hobbies he is a better-than-fair golfer and is studying aviation. He is also an amateur fisherman.

* * *

XAVIER CUGAT seems to be getting along fine via NBC in New York these days. Out here he used to be known as the "Aristocrat of the Violin". He was born in Barcelona 35 years ago as the chimes ushered in the New Year . . . studied and played in Berlin, Paris and Madrid . . . recitals with Caruso during the last two years of the singer's career.

Caruso, as a matter of fact, started Cugat out as a caricaturist for a hobby. Some of his works are signed as Cugat . . . others with his pen name of De Bru.

Before going to New York he was on KFWB in Hollywood and has also been heard via KFI, KHJ and KMTR. His group was known variously as his Spanish Orchestra, Gypsy band and gigolo orchestra. Xavier has five brothers and one sister. His wife is known professionally as Carmen Castillo and is a vocalist.

* * *

WE didn't meet all of Al Pearce's NBC troupe last month. Here's about the "Three Cheers," boys' trio which still believes in Santa Claus. If you don't believe it, take a peek into the window of a Xmas eve and see their socks pasted on the mantle place. Before the depression there were but two Cheers . . . E. J. Derry and Travis Hale. They were chums in high school at Kansas City . . . hits on WDAF . . . and the last five years 'round about Los Angeles area including the past two with the Pearce menagerie. In '29 they added Phil Hanna, then a junior college student, to the group.

DERRY has been married a long time, so long in fact he doesn't remember when it happened. Hale was married in the fall to Al Pearce's secretary. Hanna is still lookin' around.

AND, still on the Pearce troupe biographies, maybe you don't know who radio's Gandhi is . . . "Yogi Yorgesson," the great Hindu mistake who hears all, sees everything and tells anything. Still but twenty-five years old, his real name is Harry Stewart, and he used to announce in his home town, Tacoma, Washington. Five years ago he ambled to Los Angeles, but none of the stations wanted him as an announcer. So he twisted a towel around his dome, pinned a big diaper around his middle, bought a fish bowl, and tried out as a Swede comic doing a Hindo crystal gazing act. He's still gazing, and the audience is still laughing.

HARRY is of Scotch descent . . . blonde . . . five feet ten, a bachelor, and hasn't taken on much weight since he was seriously ill a year ago.

MEET Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin. In case you don't recall the gentlemen, they are a couple of prize winning song writers at the Paramount lot. But they are also known to radioland through coast guest artist appearances, and on one of the Shell NBC programs some time ago the program was dedicated to the two boys.

Ralph Rainger, who writes the music, was born in New York a bit more than thirty years ago. He is married, lives happily in Hollywood and was expecting a blessed event in the family as this was written.

Leo Robin, about the same age, was born and brought up in Pittsburgh, studied law at the University of Pittsburgh but gave it up to be a newsscribe and scoop-hound. Though it is a dark, deep secret, he ran one of those advice-to-the-lovelorn columns for awhile. He studied drama at Carnegie Tech for awhile and went to New York to be an actor. But song lyrics brought ready dough for an empty stomach. "Hallelujah", from "Hit the Deck" was one of his earliest successes.

Robin came to Paramount in '29 with Rainger following a year later. The one has a yen to write and produce a music-drama epic for the talkies, while the other nurses a secret ambition to write a symphony. Rainger looks studious and scholarly . . . but boxes, won Paramount's handball tournament and swims. Robin looks tougher and like a professional gate crasher . . . but likes artichokes, reads prolifically and collects Persian rugs. Being a bachelor, he knows all about love and does the lyrics for the Rainger music.

The boys did a good deal of the music for the last two or three Crosby pictures. Some of their best tunes . . . "Park in Paree," "I'll Take an Option on You," "Love in Bloom," "Please," "Here Lies Love," "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love." They also did the lyrics and music for Mae West's first picture. "She Done Him Wrong."

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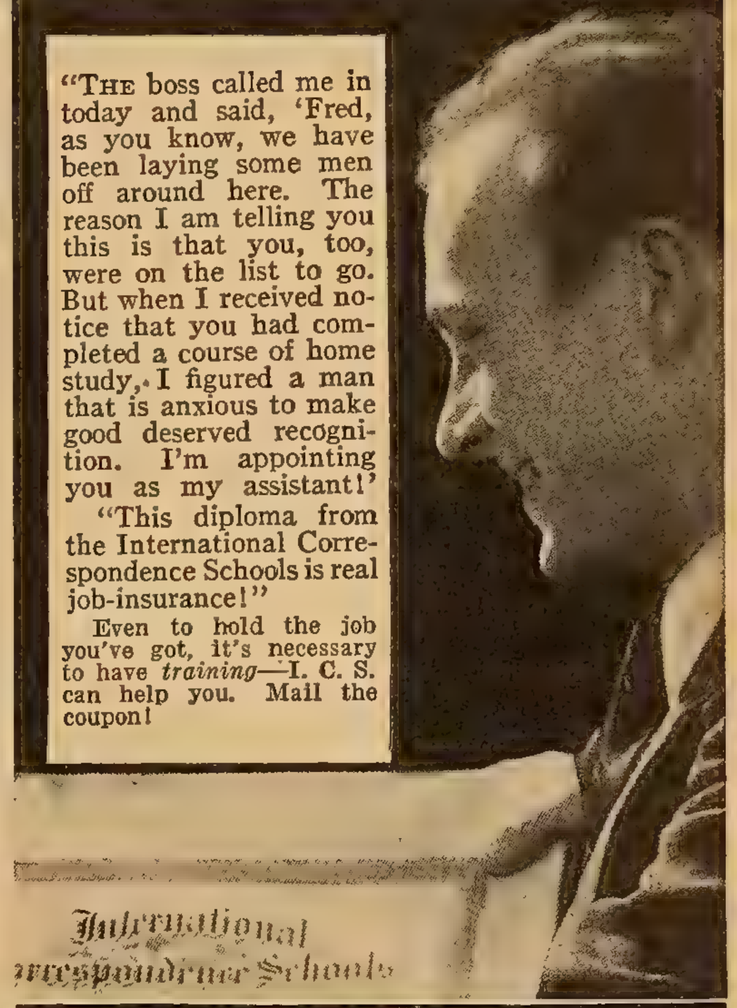

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☐ Mail Carrier
☐ Grade School Subjects
☐ High School Subjects
☐ College Preparatory
☐ First Year College
☐ Illustrating ☐ Cartooning

Name..... Age.....
Street Address.....
City..... State.....
Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

DEMONS OF DESIRE!

COULD A MAN ELOPE WITH THE WOMAN WHOSE HUSBAND WAS HIS BEST FRIEND?

"FOR weeks I fought down the desire to tell Ruth that I loved her—to catch her in my arms and cover her lips with kisses—to hide my face in the soft masses of her beautiful hair—to avow my love. For weeks I fought the demons of desire—the tormenting wish to feel the pressure of her lips against mine, for the embrace of those white, shapely arms. I fought—and for the time—I won.

"Finally one afternoon I got up from my desk determined to see Ruth once more before her husband returned. I did not know what I would say or do. All I knew was my determination to see her.

"The maid let me in and told me Ruth was in the library. I took a step toward her and all the pent-up emotions that raged within me burst their bounds!

"A long time later I became aware that Ruth was crying, her face buried in the folds of my coat. 'I love you, too, Garry. I've loved you for months and months,' she was saying. Then her voice trailed off into silence as she remembered Basil."

* * * * *

THIS, in Garry Trevor's own words, describes the situation that confronted him and Ruth and Basil Valentine, her husband. Both men were madly and sincerely in love with the girl who was married to one of them. Garry had saved Valentine's life in a mine accident. Valentine had given Garry his one great opportunity in business. Valentine was middle-aged. Garry was young and impetuous. Could they calm the fires of jealousy and work out a sane solution of this problem or must one or more of them suffer a soul-searing wound? You will find Garry's account of what actually resulted as Fate took matters out of their hands one of the most stirring true-life stories ever to tug at your heart-strings. It is love. It is life. It is the inscrutable balancing of nature's scales. It is titled "I Wrecked Four Lives."

True Story Magazine paid a cash prize of $1,000.00 for the manuscript "I Wrecked Four Lives." As you read it in the new November issue you will agree that they selected a masterpiece of graphic realism. Begin this powerful story on page 19, the first story in another great issue.

TRUE

NOVEMBER

THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

"Perhaps I should have rung before I came in but as this happens to be my own house I hardly thought it necessary. Will neither of you say anything?"

MORE ABOUT AMERICA'S GREATEST MENACE

SPOILERS OF WOMEN

EVEN if you thrilled to the opening episodes in this amazing account of a new type of danger that is threatening American womanhood, you will find this month's revelations even more exciting. If you missed the opening chapters they are pungently summarized and you can pick right up today without losing a single throb of the story's rhythm. Only from actual life could Spoilers of Women be reported. Only cloaked by the anonymity guaranteed to all TRUE STORY'S authors could a man be persuaded to put it in writing. Turn to page 34, November TRUE STORY, and read about Spoilers of Women today.

STORY

OUT NOW!

ALSO IN NOVEMBER

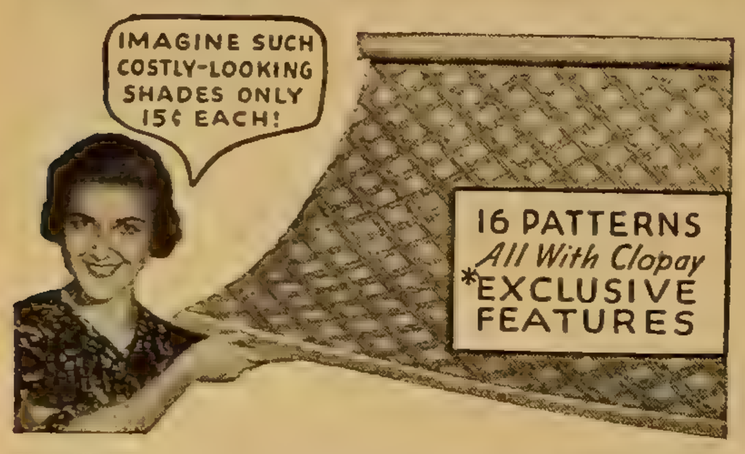
TRUE STORY

MY OWN LOVE TRAP
HALF SAVAGE
WAS I GUILTY OF MURDER?
TWO KINDS OF LOVE
SPOILERS OF WOMEN
WHAT ELSE COULD A MOTHER DO?
THE MAN IN CONVICT 1116
TOO YOUNG TO KNOW BETTER
THE NIGHT I PLAYED CUPID
UNDER COVER OF MARRIAGE
BECAUSE I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND MEN

Many Interesting Departments

FRIDAY NIGHT COAST TO COAST C. B. S. STATIONS!

"So Glad I Learned About These Clopay 15¢ WINDOW SHADES"



WHAT a welcome discovery when I learned about Clopay Window Shades! I never dreamed such low-priced shades could be so lovely, so durable or have so many features found in no other kind. Their *patented creped texture makes them hang straight, roll straight, and wear amazingly. Won't crack, fray or pinhole. So easily attached to rollers, too, by moistening *patented gummed strip. *Trim only one side, too, to fit narrow windows. *Wide choice of solid colors or distinctive chintz patterns by leading American designers. And to think—only 15c apiece! At all 5c and 10c stores, and most neighborhood stores. Send 3c stamp for color samples.

New FABRAY Looks... Feels ...Wears Like OILCLOTH Yet Costs ½ to ⅓ Less At Your Favorite 5c and 10c Store

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1337 York St., Cincinnati, O.

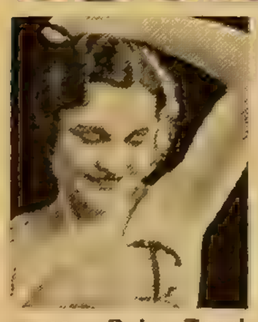
Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

ODORLESS HAIR REMOVER



Not a razor, liquid, paste or powder 25¢

Baby Touch Hair Remover is the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. Used like a powder puff. Odorless, painless, better than a razor. Baby Touch leaves the skin soft, white and restores youth and beauty to the skin. Should last a month. Satisfaction guaranteed. At drug and department stores or send 25c for one or $1.00 for five in plain wrapper.

BABY TOUCH HAIR REMOVER CO., 2321 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

Check Your Ailment!

1. Sleeplessness ☐
2. Nervousness ☐
3. Gassy Fullness ☐
4. Acid Indigestion ☐
5. Chronic Constipation ☐
6. Nausea ☐

If you have to check one or more of these symptoms, you may be a victim of Gastro Hyper-Acidity.

For, while many things may cause stomach trouble, any doctor will tell you that most of the above painful symptoms are due to Gastro Hyper-Acidity.

Four things are necessary to control this acidity.
First: stimulate the flow of alkaline gastric mucus.
Second: soothe the sore, inflamed stomach lining.
Third: check putrefaction in the intestinal canal.
Fourth: rid your intestines of foul, poison gases.

No mere indigestion remedy or laxative can do all four things—but there's *one* prescription which can! *Magnesia Oxoids*—safe tablets which release *pure oxygen*.

Take two Magnesia Oxoids after each meal—drink plenty of water—and soon new health—new vigor! Get Magnesia Oxoids today from your druggist. Eton Products, Inc., Newark, N. J.

Reflections in the Radio Mirror

(*Continued from page 5*)

their own. Personally, I have little criticism to make. But there are some things that should be done about radio.

More dramas should be presented, preferably "adult" ones with less censorship.

All announcers who spell out the simplest words should be guillotined.

Lengthy advertising is tiresome, and sponsors should strive for more convincing boasts if they expect to appeal to the buying public.

Quips we heard years ago become boresome, after awhile. Wits should know all radio fans are not nit-wits. (This brickbat is not intended for Jack Benny or Fred Allen).

Radio Mirror should be in every home.

W. M. Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE

RADIO being a medium of free entertainment brought into one's home where at a twist of the dial you may get excellent drama, music and comedy, I think it objectional for broadcasters to feature movie personalities on their programs.

If I wish for entertainment by Hollywood talent, I pay for it at the nearest box office. One doesn't think of the movie folk giving free entertainment, and besides, their voices seem out of place coming through the loud speaker when there is no screen where you may see them as well.

The radio talent on the air lanes today have really made broadcasting a necessity for home enjoyment. The radio audience is a vast majority, and the average listener percepts an awe for those persons behind the microphone whom they hear but cannot see.

We are not accustomed to seeing radio stars in their performances, but we are accustomed to seeing the movie stars. So, let the movie folk stay in Hollywood on the picture sets and permit the radio stars to remain behind the microphones doing their appreciated bit towards the continuation of free entertainment in the American home.

Bob Smith, Fort Wayne, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE

I SHOULD like to unburden upon you some of my "pet Radio Peeves". They are:

Announcers who use, "in his own inimitable way", when introducing a singer.

Child singers trying to put on adult airs.

Advertising spiels between every recording on smaller stations.

Studio audiences when they laugh at things that I can't see, hear, or appreciate.

Vocalists who can't vocalize.

Political speeches.

While I'm at it I might add that another peeve is that RADIO MIRROR comes out only once a month. I wish it were a weekly.

Thomas R. Hughes, Teaneck, N. J.

NOW, IRON A WHOLE WASHING 1¢ for Only

The amazing new Diamond Self-Heating Iron actually runs 3 to 5 hours for only 1c, and cuts ironing time in half. Beats high priced electric and gas irons for speed and economy yet costs less. No tangling wires—no trailing tubes or hoses—entirely self contained. Quick, regulated, uniform heat. Burns 96% air—only 4% common kerosene [coal-oil]. Gleaming CHROMIUM finish assures handsome appearance and long life—to see it is to want it instantly. HOME TRIAL. Write for complete description and opportunity for trial offer.

Golden Harvest for Agents! Wynne made $16—Jamison $15 in one day! Write at once for sensational proof of big easy earnings by agents everywhere.

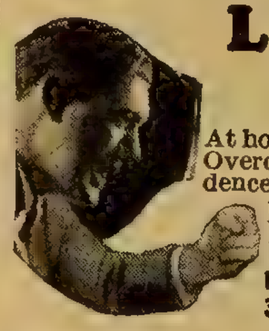
BURNS 96% AIR

AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO., 372 Iron St., Akron Ohio

Learn Photography at HOME

Make money taking pictures. Prepare quickly during spare time. Also earn while you learn. No experience necessary. New easy method. Nothing else like it. Send at once for free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*, and full particulars.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. 1389, 3601 Michigan Ave. Chicago, U. S. A.



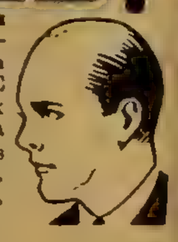
Learn Public Speaking

At home—in spare time—20 minutes a day. Overcome "stage-fright," gain self-confidence, increase your salary, through ability to sway others by effective speech. Write now for free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words.*

North American Institute, Dept. 1389
3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

GOING BALD?

Don't waste money on medicines, etc. If you are bald—your hair is beyond restoring. But—you may save your hair if it has not fallen out yet. My book on baldness—CAUSE AND PREVENTION—tells how. This book is result of 35 years practical experience as a physician in Europe and the Orient, as well as the U. S. Sent FREE. Write Dr. B. L. Dorsey, M.D., Dept. 25, Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—*not with singing lessons*—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct *silent exercises* . . and absolutely *guarantee* to improve any singing or speaking voice *at least 100%* . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 79-19
308 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

LOOK! MAGIC CASE

HANDS YOU A LIGHTED Cigarette

Take a beautifully enameled Case from your vest pocket. Press a magic button! Automatically there is a spark a flame. Your favorite brand of cigarette is delivered LIGHTED . . . right to your lips. You PUFF and SMOKE. A new, revolutionary invention . . . perfected . . . guaranteed . . . amazingly low priced.

15-Day Trial Order

Say the word and we'll send you a Magic Case for 15 Days' Trial at our risk. Get details of this offer.

MAGIC CASE MFRS., Dept. W-4669
4234 Cozens Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS! Big Profits — Easy — Quick! New "No-Selling" Plan starts you. Get trial offer.

— Clearskin — GETS UNDER YOUR SKIN

Yes and it clears up those ugly, repulsive pimples and blackheads that have been making you stay at home alone, and unhappy when you should be enjoying yourself. Make yourself attractive to the opposite sex with a clear, healthy complexion. It's so easy. Do what so many others have done. Send for your jar of CLEARSKIN, follow the directions, and you will see in your mirror a complete change. Your pimples and other skin blemishes will vanish and your face will be clear, soft and alluring. Now a full size $1.25 jar for only 79c if you act promptly. You may send the money direct or pay the postman, plus a few cents for postage. Your money back if you are not delighted with your new complexion."

A. & T. Laboratories
270 Broadway, N. Y. C.
Send me a jar of CLEARSKIN. I enclose 79c ( ); I will pay postman plus postage ( )
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

$1.00 PRIZE

IT seems to me that people as a whole enjoy complaining. Either they don't like comic artists on the radio, or they don't like jazz singers, or maybe they don't like "blues" singers. Well for goodness sakes why listen to anything you don't like and don't judge all people by yourself. There are hundreds of stations on the air each featuring something. If KOKA is featuring a jazz band and you don't like jazz just turn the little dial on your radio to a station that has something you do like. That is one of the marvels of radio and everyone can be pleased. By turning a dial just a fraction of an inch a new person or group of people enter your home to entertain you.

You can't please all the people all the time and the sponsors of the programs don't try to. Please yourself by finding the program that you want to listen to and listen to it. Radio Mirror gives us so much help in picking our programs. In the section entitled "We Have With Us" you may look up the different kinds of entertainment and what hours they are scheduled for. Radio Mirror owes a vote of thanks from all radio fans for such a fine magazine that just fits the public needs.

It is true that we have a lot of advertising on the radio, but when a company spends millions of dollars on programs for our entertainment we can listen for a minute or two to a little sales talk, I hope.

Carolyn Loewit, Youngstown, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE

MAY I say just a word or more on a class of radio listeners the officials seem to have entirely forgotten? I'm speaking of those whose ages are just "in-between" those children who long ago grew out of the "Skippy" period but haven't as yet reached the age of Eno Crime Clues (maybe they have but parents don't think so).

Why isn't there some dramatic program for us? "Harold Teen" used to be just about right, but that too was taken off the air in favor of some other program. Today Buck Rogers isn't so bad (even Dad lends half an ear to that), but that's only one compared to the deluge of "Little Orphan Annies".

Best wishes to RADIO MIRROR. One magazine the entire family reads.

Dorothy Bernhardt, Cudahy, Wisc.

PHIL BAKER'S HONEYMOON FOR THREE

A fascinating slant on one of radio's most popular entertainers. Be sure to get the January RADIO MIRROR which contains this and many other exciting features

Ride 'Em Cowboy!

(*Continued from page* 45)

he said, "though I was born and raised in the west, and I've got a little place up in Pleasant Valley where I do a bit of farming."

Those are typical Robison understatements. His first job was driving cattle from the range to the loading pens in Kansas. His "little" place has 141 acres, and his "farming" includes raising oats, timothy and a herd of cattle.

"You could call me a Westerner," he continued. "I was born in Chetopa, a little town in the Southern part of Kansas, just a mile and a half from the Oklahoma border. Father was conceded to be the champion fiddler in that part of the country. He wasn't a professional musician; he just played for fun.

"Pop used to carry the mail on horseback between Coffeyville, Kansas, and Pawhuska, Oklahoma, in the days when Oklahoma was the Indian Territory. He had some mighty interesting experiences with the Indians, too, let me tell you.

"Once when he was riding along his route, a whole passel of Indians rode up to him and threatened him with their tomahawks. They got pretty mad when he couldn't understand what they were talking about, but finally let him go. Later he learned they were after

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS

Start $1260 to $2100 a year

MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. Many winter examinations expected. Qualify now. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. K179 Rochester, N. Y.

LEARN TO PLAY PIANO BY EAR*

NO NOTES-NO SCALES-NO EXERCISES/

If you can whistle, sing or hum—you have Talent. Let a popular radio pianist train your hands in THIRTY DAYS. TEN LESSON METHOD sent postpaid for $1.00 or pay postman $1.00 plus postage. NOTHING MORE TO BUY. Be your own TEACHER! Results Guaranteed. Accordion charts included free.

COURSE $1 COMPLETE

MAJOR KORD Dept. M-1 Del Rio, Texas

Lighten Your Hair Without Peroxide

. . . to ANY shade you Desire
. . . SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

Careful, fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. **Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener** requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste, it cannot streak. Eliminates "straw" look. **Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair.** Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application..... $1

FREE *24-page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair Without Peroxide" Free with your first order.*

ERWIN F. LECHLER, Hair Beauty Specialist
563 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.

Be a RADIO EXPERT

Learn to Make $40, $60, $75 a WEEK

I'll train you at home in spare time

$500 A Year in Spare Time
"Doing spare time Radio work only, I have averaged about $500 a year in addition to my regular income. Full time Radio work would net me many times that amount."
Edward H Fawcett, Slough Rd., Ladner B. C., Canada.

$6000 in 2 Years
"Soon after the depression started, I found myself without a job, but I was well protected with N. R. I. training. I swung right to full time Radio servicing and made over $6,000 in a little over 2 years."
William Spartivent, Sparty Radio Service, 93 Broadway, Newark, N. J.

$50 to $75 a Week
"The National Radio Institute put me in a position to make more money. I am in the Radio service business for myself, where it is possible for me to make from $50 to $75 a week."
Bernard Costa, 150 Franklin St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Get my FREE book about the opportunities in Radio. Mail the coupon now. Get the facts about this field with a future. N.R.I. training fits you for jobs making, selling, servicing short and long wave Radio sets, to have your own business; to operate Radio apparatus on board ships, in a broadcasting or commercial land station; for television, aviation, police Radio, and many other branches. My FREE book gives full information and tells how you quickly learn at home in spare time. Stop struggling along in a dull job with low pay and no future. Start training now for the live-wire Radio field. I have doubled and tripled salaries of many.

Many Make $5, $10, $15 a Week Extra While Learning

Hold your job. I'll train you in a few hours of your spare time a week. The day you enroll I'll send you instructions which you should master quickly for doing 28 Radio jobs common in most every neighborhood. I give you Radio equipment that teaches you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. Fred J. Dubuque, 19 Church St., Oswego, N. Y., wrote: "I have made about $1200 in a little over two years' spare time Radio work."

Get My Book—FREE—Now

My book has shown hundreds of fellows how to make more money and win success. It's FREE to any ambitious fellow over 15 years of age. Investigate. Find out what Radio offers; about my Course; what others who have taken it are doing and making, about my Money Back Agreement, and the many other N.R.I. features. Mail coupon NOW.

J. E. SMITH, Pres.
National Radio Institute
Dept. 4 N T
Washington, D. C.

MAIL NOW for FREE PROOF

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Dept. 4NT
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Smith:
Without obligating me, send free book about spare time and full time Radio opportunities, and how I can train for them at home in spare time. (Please print plainly.)

NAME.....AGE.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

tobacco, and from then on you bet he always carried some with him!

"And here's another— You know, whenever an Indian chief died, the braves of the tribe tried to capture a white man's scalp for the chief to take with him to the Happy Hunting Ground. Well, a friendly Indian tipped my father off that a chief's death had occurred, and advised him not to ride the mail route for a few days. Father took the advice and laid off, but another fellow scoffed at the story and volunteered to substitute. They found his body a week later."

Robby never "rode the mail" with his father.

"That was long before I was working," he says. "My first job was with him, though. He was a cattle buyer then, and I used to go out and help him bring back herds of cows across the prairies. Let me tell you a funny story about my first trip:

"A smart cow pony, in case you didn't know, works automatically. If a cow busts loose from the herd, the pony takes after it without having to be told. Well, that happened on my first drive, and my pony went right after it. Suddenly the cow came up to a barbed wire fence and took a short turn to the left. So did my pony. But I didn't. I kept on going, right over the fence. Boy, was I mad, sitting there on the ground with my father laughing at me!

"My horse came back and I got on him again. I decided to get square with that cow, and picked up my blacksnake whip—that's a whip with about six inches of handle and twelve feet of lash; if you don't know how to use it, you're likely to have some trouble. Well, I took an awful wallop at the cow with that whip, trying to use it just like my father could, and the lash wrapped itself around my neck and I mighty near yanked my head off.

"After I'd practiced a few months, I got to handle the whip pretty good—could knock a fly off a horse without touching the horse at all—but I never got very expert with the lariat.

"When I was about fourteen, I left home and went down to Vinita, Oklahoma. I did all sorts of work there. A little riding, a little clerking in the general store—everything. After that I got a job on the railroad and started to write some music. My first composition was an anthem, for the choir in my home town."

That first composition was sung entirely by Robisons—a quartet of them, in fact. Carson played the organ, and admits to having had the worst case of stage fright of his entire career.

During the war, Robby was in the army, but after the armistice devoted himself entirely to music, specializing in hillbilly and western airs. "You can't tell some of 'em apart," he says, "because sometimes hillbillies went west and became cowboys, and other times cowboys moved to the mountains and turned into hillbillies."

AMONG his numbers that have won world notice are "Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie" and "I Left My Gal in the Mountains." All in all, he has written some two hundred and forty songs. "Barnacle Bill" is one that he wrote in collaboration with Frank Luther, with whom he shares an office. He and Frank have the some birthday, by the way—August 4—but Frank is thirty-four and Robby, forty-four. Many of the songs, designed for mountaineer consumption, deal with current news events—one of the biggest sellers was all about the sinking of the Vestris. "There's a regular formula for those songs," Robby said. "You start out with some colorful descriptive material, then you get as gruesome as possible, and finally finish up with a strong moral—like 'you may be killed at any moment; be prepared to face the hereafter' ".

He broke into radio via WDAF, of Kansas City, Mo., in 1923, and the following year Wendell Hall, the Red-Headed Music Maker, suggested that he come to New York. He did so, but didn't start radio work in the East until 1930. In the meantime he made dozens of phonograph records, wrote scores of songs, and took a six months' trip to England, where he made the stolid Britishers Hillbilly-minded.

He has been broadcasting for the Health Products Corporation ever since November 4, 1933, advertising first one product and then another. For example, he was plugging Feenamint when this was written, but by the time it gets into print, he'll be putting in a good word for the same manufacturer's Aspergum, and on the first of January, 1935, he expects to change to something else.

Robby has no desire to go back to the Little Grey Home in the West when he retires.

"It's too blame hot there," he says. "I wouldn't want to stay in New York City, though. People here put too much emphasis on the dollar—not that I haven't made some mighty fine friends. But what I really want to do is settle on my farm in Pleasant Valley, up state, where I can take it easy with the wife and kids."

"The Wife" was formerly Catherine A. Barrett, and it's a real radio romance, for she was secretary to Bandleader Nat Shilkret before Young Robison had Come Out of the West. They have two children—Patricia Ann, going on six, and Robert Arnold, nearly three.

And Robby isn't the only Westerner in the program, either. Mrs. Bill Mitchell was born in Lebo, Kansas, where her father had a ranch. Besides being an expert horsewoman and cow girl, Pearl was educated abroad, sings German and speaks four languages. Bill and John both come from Columbia, Tennessee, and John Battle, who plays the youthful leads in the dramas, is a native Texan. Anne Elstner, opposite him in the leading feminine parts, comes from Texas, too. She's been with the program since the start. Ken Daigneau, specializing in big, bad villains, spent years on the Mexican border, as a member of the U. S. Cavalry.

SOME of their dramas have been radio versions of actual occurrences, such as the fall of the Alamo, various covered wagon journeys and so forth. But lately they've been purely fictitious, the brain-children of Finis Farr, of the William Estey Agency. Farr may write 'em, but Robison edits 'em, keeping them true to Western life. For example, he removes any modern or eastern slang. Cowboys in the Old West never said "Step on it, kid" or "You said it." When skeptical they might remark "Yeah!" says Robby, but never, "Oh, yeah?", which is purely modern.

And, just in case you want to know, it takes thirty-eight pages of script, besides the songs, to get them through a half hour's broadcast.

In the Stars' Kitchens

(*Continued from page* 51)

egg and enough flour to knead. Allow to rise until double in bulk, turn on to slightly floured board. Knead and shape into short thin forms about 3 inches in length. Cover with cloth and cooky sheet and let rise until double in bulk. Bake in hot oven 425 degrees F. for 15 minutes.

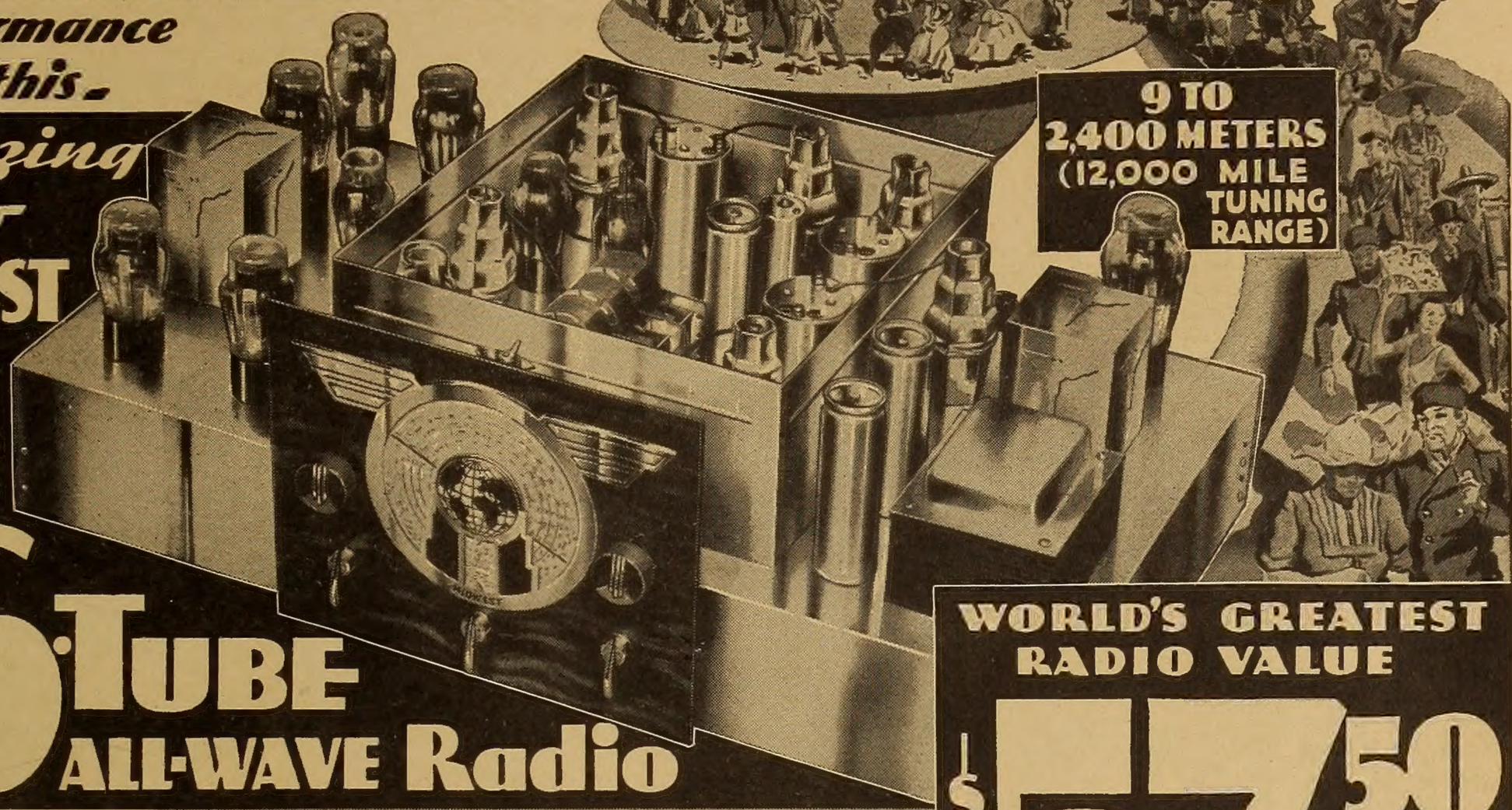
FRUIT CAKE

- ¾ cup wine
- 3¾ cups seeded raisins
- 2½ cups currants
- 4 oz candied cherries
- 4 oz candied pineapple
- 1½ cups mixed candied peel
- 2½ cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon mixed nutmeg
- Allspice
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup chopped almonds
- juice and rind of 1 lemon
- 1 cup butter
- 1¾ cups brown sugar
- 5 eggs

Soak fruit and chopped peel over night in wine. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and spices together. Add fruit, candied peel and almonds to other ingredients. Cream butter, add sugar, beat well; add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add dry ingredients, lemon juice and rind. Mix thoroughly, pour into a large greased paper-lined cake tin. Steam 6 hours and bake in slow oven 250 degrees F one hour to dry out.

THOUSANDS ARE *Enthusing* OVER THE *New* 1935 MIDWEST·16

Thrill to **UNEQUALLED** *and* **GUARANTEED** *World-Wide Performance with this.*



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Amazing All-Wave Reception

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BEFORE you buy any radio, write for FREE copy of the new 1935 Midwest "Fifteenth Anniversary" catalog. See for yourself the many reasons why over 110,000 satisfied customers have bought their radios direct from Midwest Laboratories . . . and saved from ⅓ to ½. Learn why Midwest radios out-perform sets costing up to $200 and more.

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You, too, can make a positive saving of from 30% to 50% by buying this more economical way. Why be content with ordinary "Dual Wave," "Tri-Wave," or so-called "All-Wave" receivers when Midwest gives you more wave lengths in today's most perfectly developed 16-tube Super De Luxe ALL-WAVE radios that are proven by four years of success . . . that carry an iron-clad guarantee of foreign reception! These bigger, better, more powerful, clearer-toned, super-selective radios have FIVE distinct wave bands: Ultra-short, short, medium, broadcast and long. Their greater all-wave tuning of 9 to 2400 meters (33 megacycles to 125 KC) enables you to tune in stations 12,000 miles away with clear loudspeaker reception. Write today for new FREE catalog.

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Now, you can enjoy super American, Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts . . . and derive new delight and new excitement from unequalled world-wide performance. Now, you can enjoy the DX-ing hobby and secure verifications from some of the world's most distant stations. Thrill to the chimes of Big Ben from GSB, London, England . . . tune in on the "Marsellaise" from FYA, Pontoise, France . . hear sparkling music from EAQ, Madrid, Spain . . . delight in lively tangos from YVIBC, Caracas, Venezuela...listen to the call of the Kookaburra bird, from VK2ME, Sydney, Australia, etc. Send TODAY for money-saving facts.

50 ADVANCED 1935 FEATURES . . .

and 16 tubes make this radio today's most powerful long distance receiver The many exclusive Midwest features include: A large airplane-type, modernized dial which is triple calibrated in frequencies, wave lengths and call letters. This exclusive feature, together with simplified tuning guide lights, enables you to tune your Midwest as quickly and accurately as an expert. Among the other features are: Controllable Expansion of Volume, Selectivity-Sensitivity (Micro-Tenuator) . . . Fidel-A-Stat . . . Triple Calibration . . . Pure Silver Wire . . . Ceramic Coil Form . . . Separate Audio Generator . . . Simplified Tuning Guide Lights...Compact Synchronized Band Switch ...Amplified Automatic Volume Control...7 KC Selectivity...Power Driver Stage...16 Latest Type Tubes, etc. Read about these and other features in the new 4-color FREE Midwest catalog. Fill in and mail coupon NOW!

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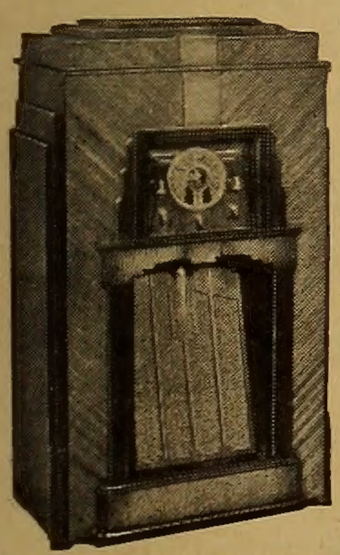

The new, big Midwest 36-page 1935 catalog pictures a complete line of beautiful, artistic de luxe consoles and chassis...in four colors ... a model for every purse. Hand made by master craftsmen, they harmonize beautifully with any furniture arrangement. Write for new FREE catalog TODAY!

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JK-1 . . . The most beautiful engagement ring we've ever shown at such a moderate price! Richly designed, 14K Solid White Gold square prong ring. Certified, fine quality, fiery genuine diamond. *Only* $1.88 *a month.*

A Royal Sensation!

***Only* $24.75 5 GENUINE DIAMONDS**

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JK-3 . . . A dazzlingly beautiful engagement ring of 14K Solid White Gold set with a certified genuine center diamond and 2 matched fiery diamonds on each side. Looks worth double this low price. *Only* $2.38 *a month.*

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***2 Diamond* LADIES STONE RING**

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JK-6 . . . A lovely gift at a very low price! Fashionable ladies ring of 10K Solid White Gold set with a fiery genuine diamond on each side, and a simulated Ruby, Sapphire, Emerald, or Amethyst. Specify Choice. $11.95. *Only* $1.10 *a month.*

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It's all in the CENTER DIAMOND

$3.65 a month

JK-4 . . . A solitaire engagement ring De Luxe for those who prefer maximum value in a single, specially selected, certified, first quality, genuine diamond of dazzling fire and brilliance. Exquisitely designed, 18K Solid White Gold Mounting. $37.50. *Only* $3.65 *a month.*

***Both* Now only $29.75**

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6 Certified Genuine Diamonds

JK-2 . . . Two exquisitely matched, betrothal rings of beautifully hand engraved and pierced 14K Solid White Gold, for less than you'd expect to pay for one alone! 3 certified genuine diamonds in the engagement ring and 3 matched genuine diamonds in the wedding ring. Now only $29.75 for both rings—$2.88 *a month.*
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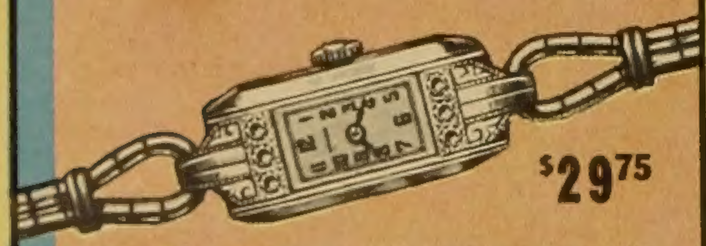
JK-7 . . . BULOVA'S most popular, slenderized Baguette at BULOVA'S lowest price. Daintily engraved; guaranteed BULOVA "radio time" movement. Lovely tubular bracelet. *Only* $2.38 *a month.*



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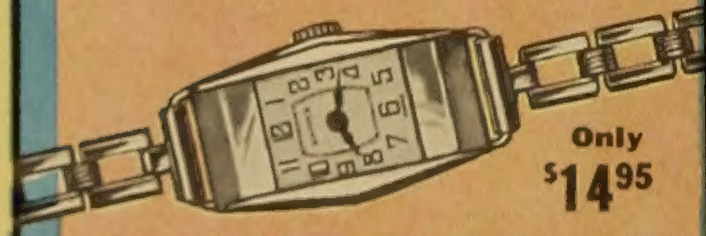
6 *Diamond* BAGUETTE WRIST WATCH Only $2.88 a month

JK-9 . . . The last word in dainty elegance! Exquisitely engraved, slenderized Baguette Wrist Watch adorned with 6 brilliant genuine diamonds. Fully guaranteed dependable movement. New barrel-link bracelet to match. A feature value! *Only* $2.88 *a month.*



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A beautiful gift for only $1.39 a month

JK-8 . . . Extraordinary value! Smart looking Baguette effect ladies wrist watch; white "streamlined" case; fully guaranteed movement. Latest link bracelet to match. *Only* $1.39 *a month.*

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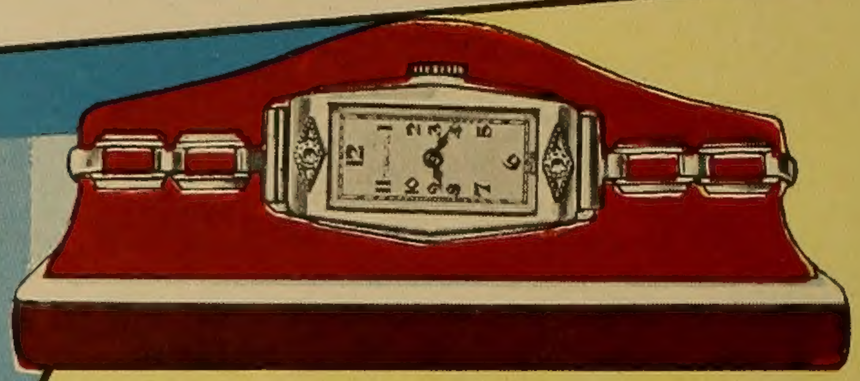
Featuring hundreds of money saving specials in certified first quality genuine diamonds, standard watches, fine modern jewelry and silverware offered on ROYAL'S liberal TEN PAYMENT PLAN. Adults: Send for your copy to-day.



Our Greatest Ladies Wrist Watch Value!

SET WITH 2 GENUINE DIAMONDS $17.95

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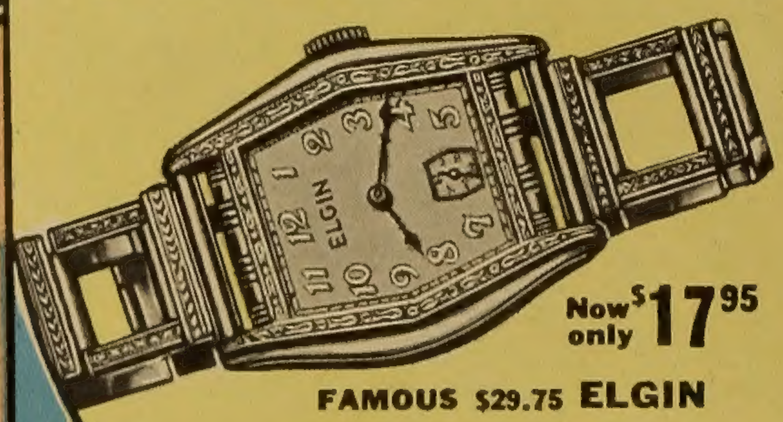

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FAMOUS $29.75 ELGIN

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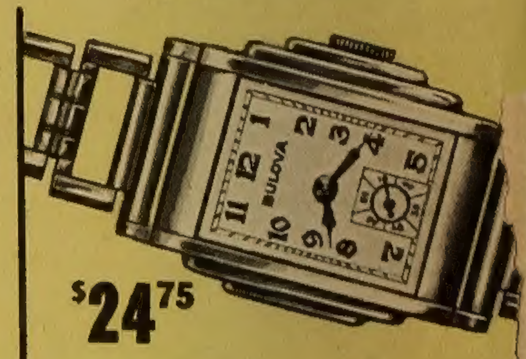
JK-11 . . . Save $11.80 on this nationally famous ELGIN Wrist Watch! Handsomely engraved, new model white case, fitted with a guaranteed dependable ELGIN movement. Sturdy link bracelet to match. *Only* $1.70 *a month.*



$24.75

Only $2.38 a month

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